THE JO-BOAT BOYS

REV. J. F. COWAN

In this
Garden of Thought
Pluck the flowers
if you will,
But remember
my friend,
though gladly
I lend
The Book is mine
Still.
Virginie T. Van Löben Sels.

Tim's feat.

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THE JO-BOAT BOYS.

BY

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"OUR YOUNG PEOPLE," "OUR MORNING GUIDE," "OUR CHILDREN," ETC

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TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND.

Mr. H. J. Heinz,

OF PITTSBURG,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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THE JO-BOAT BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAJORITY.

According to our geographies, the raindrops have a three-fourths majority over the grains of sand in the make-up of this world of ours; and, according to the best observation of the passengers on the early express of the Riverside Railroad that afternoon, a number of boys were in this majority and in — nothing else. Certainly they were not attired in the usual garb of civilized youth: the suddenness with which some of the car windows were banged down attested to the shock this discovery had caused to the modesty of some of the more modest ones. Of course, had the boys been more in this majority of raindrops, and less out of it, their lack of attire would not have been so noticeable, as one of the characteristics of Monongahela water is not transparency; but that the boys did not appreciate this was due to their bringing-up.

You cannot expect a boy whom this niggardly little one-fourth minority of land surface has crowded entirely off itself to make room for the more favored in this world's wealth, and who has, therefore, of necessity, to make his home in a boat on the water, to know much better than to disport himself in the same element as

nude as nature brought him into the world, in the most flagrant contempt of the nice feelings of those who have not been brought up in so close relations with the majority.

But I must drop the figure and speak plainly. The boys who were bathing in the river in plain sight of the passengers on the train, did not have to go far to indulge in this pastime; their homes were in the shanty-boats that lay moored along the bank between Smithfield-street and Point bridges in Pittsburg.

Maybe you never happened to see a house from the back window of which you could go fishing, or where the bucket had only to be dropped down from the porch and water hauled up to wash or scrub with, and where the front yard never needed sweeping, and no expense was necessary for a cellar-wall, or yard-palings, or gate-hinges. Well, all that and more, you will yet have the pleasure of learning about the house in which our bathers lived — a shanty-boat.

Mrs. Bridget Muldooney washes for a living, or a living and a half, you might say; that is, she washes other people's linen, and the half of a living is about what she contributes toward the support of her husband, the free lunches of the saloons contributing the other half, and Mr. Patrick himself contributes nothing.

She tried renting for a while, but the rent had a provoking way of coming due the first of each month, whether there was anything in the treasury to pay it with or not; so she concluded to save money and the wear and tear of a wash-tub and clothes-line by moving into a shanty-boat.

She and the boys found one in a cove in the river below the island, that had been upset and carried away with the driftwood. It was high and dry, and a little

nailing and calking soon made it as good as new, and the boys towed it back from its suburban site to more citified surroundings and tied it up. It already had the name "Ark" daubed on its sides, so they did not need to christen it.

The bottom of the boat was just a small flat or scow, on top of which had been built a flat-roofed shanty. There was one room, with a porch, "stem" and "stern." Into this six-by-nine room the Muldooney family of five crowded — when it happened that they were all in at one time. Do you wonder where they put the beds for so many people? A shelf fastened to the wall by hinges so that it could be dropped down by day and swung out at night, where it was propped with a stick, made a bed. All you need is as many of these shelves as there are people to sleep on them, and the sleeping question is all settled. Where did they find room for a table and other furniture? Why, that's simple enough. People don't often eat and sleep at the same time, do they? Then, what better dining-table do you want than the lower shelf which has just done service as a bed? With a soap-box or two for chairs, the furniture is about complete. The river drains the yard of soap-suds, the flat roof dries the clothes, and while there is not much of a show for chickens, a pig, or cow, what a fine opening for ducks!

Just below the Muldooney mansion was moored a floating photograph gallery, while just above them was tied a dime boarding and lodging house. Blocked up above high-water mark, on the shore above them, was a much larger boat than any of the three, which was painted a neat white, and had dainty lace curtains at the windows, while vines and flowers ran up trellises at

the front and back, and bloomed in their pots on the porches; and, moored at low-water mark farther down was another, — a double-decker. This was the home of the man who had charge of the coal-tows that, in high water, were made fast to the shore just below the bridge, and finally taken by the steam-tugs down the river to St. Louis and New Orleans; and the empty coal-flats that were moored there in low-water seasons, waiting to be loaded in the pools above the slack-water dams, ready for the next rise.

You may think that empty coal-boats ought to be quite capable of taking care of themselves, admitting a necessity for a watchman when they were full of coal and the weather cold enough to require the inhabitants along the river bank to keep a fire; but Mr. Hedges knew to his sorrow that there were things as tempting as coal, to the hands that hung down for the want of something to do, — odds and ends of rope, hand-spikes, or poles for the pump, and loose bolts and rings, and such other little things as could be readily turned into cash at the junk-dealer's.

It was some years before this, — Patrick had not yet taken to drink, and he and another man had charge of the pumping boat of Wharton, Brown, & Co., just below the Smithfield-street bridge in the Monongahela River, — that quite an exciting event occurred. Their business was to pump the bilge-water out of the fleet of coal-barges that lay there waiting for a boating stage of water, and to keep an eye on the fastenings that none of the cables worked loose or that too much driftwood did not collect about the fleet. Just at this time there was nearly an acre of loaded barges tied up in a solid body, and some of them were water-logged; but they had

a twenty-horse-power engine and worked double turn, Pat taking it from seven in the morning to seven in the evening, and Joe the other turn. To be ready for an emergency, they bunked on the little pumping boat, and for convenience got their meals at a cosey house or shanty-boat tied just above them, where a very tidy old couple took day boarders. It was a very tidy, white-painted affair, with green shutters, and a vine running all over one end, and a small porch on the other, where the old lady raised house-plants. It was tied just where a long sand-bar made out into the river, which threw it nearer to the channel than the pumping boat by fifty feet, which lay in a sort of cover just behind the shore pier of the bridge — a pretty snug place for coal-barges when the old Monongahela got on a sudden tear, as she sometimes did, or anything broke loose above. The old couple on the shanty-boat had one of the sweetest of little cherubs of a boy. He was half the attraction of the place to Joe and Pat, and they made more of the boy than if he had been their own. He always had a basin of water set ready for them to wash when they came in, and he would cut the old lady's geraniums and pin fresh bouquets to their coats.

Well, there had been big rains up in the mountains of West Virginia, and the river was rising with great rapidity. The coal-boats never go out on a big rise, for fear of being caught in the side tow or back-channel currents, but wait for the waters to fall. While they are waiting for that, the boats have to be watched closely. The river was fifteen feet by dark on the first day the old Monongahela commenced to pour her muddy floods down, and the Signal Service reports said it was still raining in the mountains and would reach twenty feet by morning.

Before Pat went into the engine-room that night, he took an extra turn at the capstan to be sure the cables were all right. Then he sat and listened to the swirl and swish of the angry waters as they swept past the piers and on down into the Ohio. Now and then he could hear a dull thud when a piece of driftwood struck the bows of the fleets, but he wasn't afraid of driftwood, for he was too far in shore. The lights were out, and, though he knew some of the coal men would be caught, and the steamboats would be flying around pretty lively, he felt quite snug. Wharton, Brown, & Co. had their coal all in good shape.

Occasionally he would glance up the river, and catch the light in the window of the little shanty-boat. It was somewhat exposed, and he had often told the old man that he was foolhardy to tie up in such a place. He laughed and said he would put down nearer to them when the first flood came.

All the evening Pat could hear the hoarse blowing of the tugs, and see the red and green lights flashing, but he was used to that. It was along about ten o'clock when he took his last look out. The light was not in the window, and he knew the old folks had gone to sleep. Just then he heard the most unearthly screeching of steam whistles, and, looking up the channel to find what it meant, he noticed a red light coming down mid-stream, swinging across the channel back and forth. For a minute it puzzled him, but when the screeching kept up, and he could, by the other lights, see that the tugs were scurrying to catch something, he knew that a flat was loose and coming down in the current with a terrific swing that would smash into smithereens anything that was in its way. You have read Victor Hugo's

description of a cannon that broke loose on a man-of-war in a storm at sea, and created a scene of terrific confusion; but I don't think it can be a much worse situation than a loaded coal-barge broken loose and careering down the mad current of the Monongahela River through Pittsburg harbor, with its millions of dollars of property tied up along the banks, and its hundreds of lives rocking on the waves along the shore.

As soon as Pat saw that mad thing tearing down toward them, he knew that the tugs were after her, and began to calculate the chances of their capturing her. It was a risky thing for any boat to go nigh her while she was on the swing. But if she kept on, there was nothing safe below her. She would strike with a force that would break the strongest cable, and might set everything in the harbor adrift.

All at once, he thought of the folks in the little shanty-boat. Would the barge swing round enough to strike them? She was already just above the Pan Handle railroad bridge, and the boats had given up the chase. In a minute more, if she swung through the spans, she would be upon them. He ran to Joe's bunk and roused him, telling him to run and give them warning. There would barely be time at the best.

While Joe was running, Pat was straining his eyes to calculate the chances. The drifting barge was through the bridge, and the red light on her bow was on the down swing. That would bring her close to the wharf below the Baltimore and Ohio Depot. When she swung up again, he calculated she would not miss the shanty-boat by an inch. Joe was about twenty rods of the way now, and hallooing with all his might. Had they heard, or had the swell of the barge rocked the boat and wakened

them ? He saw a light flash, as though some one had struck a match, and then it burned steadily again in the window. He could tell by the motion, that the boat was rocking violently. Then, all at once — what did it mean ? — the little dancing light began drifting out into the stream to meet the baleful red light that was sweeping toward it. Joe was too late, and the old people and the little boy would be swept to destruction !

Joe came running back trying to shout something above the roar, but Pat knew what he meant though he couldn't understand a word. He was too fascinated watching the huge monster and the frail cockle-shell come together, to listen. But in a minute the situation changed. The little boat had drifted out far enough to catch the current, and it began to drift down stream like a chip on a waterfall. A new hope sprang up : it might get out of reach of the barge. It did for the minute, but the other end came hot after it on the down swing, and it was a race for life between a monster and its prey. He thought of everything — of putting off in a skiff, of plunging in and swimming out to the boat — and he threw off his coat, but Joe held him like a vise. What he did do was to drag Joe over the fleet out to the channel edge, and watch the mad race, thinking of the helpless ones in that frail shell on the raging waters.

They were nearly opposite them now, and the tremendous swell of the barge was making the foundation tremble under their feet. The rush of the thing was terrific. A minute more, and all would be over with the boat ; he grew dizzy with the thought, and hot and cold by turns. He hung over the side of the flat until his hands dipped in the water, but Joe held on to him. He knew he could do nothing alone in such a current; he

thought he could see faces through the windows of the house-boat. Then the door opened, and with the flood of light he saw a little form in white come out and stand with imploring look, and gesture toward their boat. Then the big black thing behind loomed up and shut them off from view. He would have fainted from horror but for the shock of something striking against his arms in the water. It had a familiar touch as it dragged over them; after the first contact it seemed to be a wet rope. More from force of habit than anything else he seized it. It began to tighten and pull as though there were something at the other end. He held on with both hands, and it pulled harder. Suddenly he called to Joe to lay hold, and began to tug like a madman to get a bight around a stanchion on the flat. It was the cable with which the shanty-boat had been fastened, and if they could pull it in shore far enough, it might yet be saved.

In another minute it was all over. The runaway barge missed the shanty-boat by a foot or two, almost upsetting it by her swell, and crashed on down into the wharf-boat on the other side, knocking it loose and doing almost irreparable damage to the flats below. But the prize was safe, or seemed to be. The boy was taken safely off the rear porch and wrapped in a coat, when, all at once, the frail craft gave a lurch, careened, and went down on her side in the water, filling and sinking before the horrified men could stir a hand. The old people were drowned before their very eyes without time for a cry or a struggle. They never knew whether the boat had been sucked in by the undertow of the flat, or had a sun-crack somewhere above her water-line, through which the water had been gradually washing, causing her to settle.

Our young swimmers belong now in the locality just

named, and in which they may be found, when not across the bridge on the crowded business streets of the city, selling the morning or evening papers, or doing a lively business on a capital of shoe-blacking, bristles, and elbow-grease. But this was one of the spells between editions of the papers, and a bright, dry day when there was no mud or moisture to soil the shoes that had come from home all nicely polished in the morning.

So the boys were enjoying themselves in the cheapest kind of amusement the city afforded, for even the more common one of pitching pennies in the back alley cost something to the loser. If it had been winter instead of summer, you might have found the boys exercising in a different way. Back of one of the newspaper offices was a rudely improvised gymnasium — a broom-handle horizontal bar and some weights — with which they toughened their muscles.

All the while I have been telling you this — and it is much longer than the time occupied by what has really happened — the train has been slowly pulling past at the six-mile-an-hour pace the law requires within the city limits, and the passengers have been amusing themselves, some by laying aside their papers to chuckle and stare, and some by voicing their indignation with such remarks as: "I declare, it is a shame that the authorities allow such things!" "Where are the police, that they do not arrest the young rascals? Ah, what are the little imps scampering so for? I declare, I believe there is some one after them now! See them scramble for their clothes! Yes, there are the officers. They'll capture them, sure! No, those two are making straight for the middle of the river. What can they mean? See the dog, there, running away with them!"

"Come back here, you little game chickens."

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The dog was a huge, curly fellow, part Newfoundland, who had been splashing and floundering about in the water with the boys, now racing them with the speed of a professional swimmer, and now going for a stick or diving for a stone they threw in for him to bring.

When the alarm was raised, most of the boys had scattered up and down the bank; the dog and two of the boys had struck out for mid-stream, though one of them seemed to hesitate and want to go back for something.

"Never mind the clothes; here, get on my back, Jeems, you ain't so stout as I be. It ain't so bad to lose your clothes as to ride in the hurry-up wagon to the Central. Dad's been there, but I ain't, and never will, and I don't want you to."

"Are the young fools going to try to swim the river?" exclaimed one of the policemen. "Come back here, you little game chickens! You'll be drowned! You'll be caught on the other side!"

But the boys kept steadily on toward the middle of the stream, every stroke taking them into deeper water and a stronger current.

The passengers in the train craned their necks and strained their eyes, as the train rounded a curve far down the river, to see what their fate would be. Women shuddered and covered their faces, expecting to see them swept under by the swift eddying current of muddy water, and forgetting in pity and alarm their indignation of a moment ago; and strong men shook their heads and looked dubious about the "little fellows ever getting out of that fix."

"Ah!" All at once there went up a sigh of relief. "They've struck a shoal. No, it must be — why didn't we see the bottom of that sunken barge before?"

Panting and gasping so that he could hardly make his words of encouragement understood, and wasting as little breath on talking as was necessary, the larger boy had kept tugging toward the middle of the stream with the smaller one clinging to his back; and when both became tired, the big dog wheeled into line at a call from the elder boy and grasped the younger's arm in his teeth. All at once they had ceased struggling, and rested on something — their goal, the sunken barge.

Several boys who were caught were hustled away to the patrol-wagon which had been called as soon as the prospect for a "haul" became good. The police department had been urged by the press and citizens to put a stop to the violations of the city ordinances against public bathing in the river, and having leisure to attend to it now, had sent a detail of men who entered into the work with a zest, as a sort of pastime compared with their routine work, chasing the boys until they were out of breath.

Tim and Jeems, having made good their escape, remained until the policemen had gone, and they were at liberty to swim back more leisurely and get something to cover their nakedness.

"It's always yez are a-gettin' me inter trouble! Clothes is it yez wants? Yes, and clothes ye'd had none but for meself a-slippin' out and grabbin' the duds of yez good-for-nothing boys. It was meself that saw the blue-coats comin', and got out in time to save yez from being naked this minute. Little thanks have I for it. Are ye cold, or is it scart to death clear that ye are, Jeems? Hurry and dress yerself now, and stop your chattering."

Thus admonished, the boys were only too glad to

hurry within the protecting folds of garments which, if they failed to fit or match in shade or style, had sheltered them from many a storm, though the younger of the boys still shivered and shook as though he had lost all control of his muscles.

"Jeems," as the name of the younger had been corrupted by the family, was as unlike the others in the shanty-boat as his real name was unlike his nickname. No one would have taken for the brother of the sturdy, sun-burned, red-headed Tim, the pale, fair boy with beautiful blue eyes with a depth of expression in them that in a child so young was often a puzzle to those who saw him, and hair that wanted to cluster in little golden ringlets about his brow. And he seemed to be in need of all the chivalrous protection that the sturdy, hearty Tim was able to give him, and all the motherly tenderness that Biddy had left for him from her back-aching toil from morning till night over the laundry work of her patrons, for just now he seemed to be suffering from a severe shock which had prostrated his nervous system. Leaving Tim to make his own toilet, Bridget bustled around the smaller boy, buttoning, and pinning where his buttons were lacking, at the same time crooning out words of encouragement in her rich brogue.

The fifth member of the family was lying on the floor just inside the doorway — Jeff the dog.

Suddenly he left off lolling from his late exertions, and gave a deep growl, and they were interrupted by a darkening of the narrow doorway, by a form almost too large to gain admittance; and, with a cry of dismay, Bridget strove to hide Jeems under her skirts, while Tim made one bound and landed himself outside the starboard window of the Ark, if you can call it "land-

ing" to hold one's self suspended by the window-ledge over water.

The cause of all this consternation was the sight of a burly policeman standing in the doorway. Naturally the first thought of all was that he had come back for the boys.

CHAPTER II.

A SNAIL MOVE.

"Does Patrick Muldooney hold forth here? Where's your old man? Tell him to trot out," was the cool demand.

When it was found out that only Patrick Muldooney was wanted, Tim began to crawl back in the window, having first assured himself that the policeman standing in the door was not one of the party who had been chasing the boys, and Jeems ventured to poke his head from under the familiar folds of Bridget's skirts. It was no strange thing for "dad" to be wanted by the police, and the cool unconcern of Mrs. Muldooney when she heard who it was that was wanted, might have shocked one not familiar with the peculiarities of Patrick.

"If it's me old man yez after, bad luck to yez if ye don't find him. It's mesilf that'll be glad to get rid of boarding him for a while, but his shadow hasn't darkened this door since the yesterday morn, sure's me name's Bridget Muldooney, sure. Yez can come in and search if yez likes."

Of this invitation the officer of the law didn't avail himself, for two reasons: in the first place he was as far in as he could get without danger of wrenching the brass buttons off his coat, and in the second place there was no use coming in to search, since all there was of the

house was plainly visible from without; so, after indulging in a threat or two about what would be done to Pat if he were caught, and a warning that he would shoot the dog for growling at him, the very first opportunity, he hung his mace on his belt, and sauntered off, leaving the boys free to complete their toilet at their leisure.

But they didn't happen to be gentlemen of leisure, as I have already indicated. Tim was a leading newsboy and bootblack, and Jeems assisted at the same when there was enough for both to do, but he had the promise of a position as messenger boy, and he had already worked at it at odd times as a substitute for another boy who had been compelled to "lay off" on account of illness.

The boys were soon across the bridge and with the crowd that thronged the pavement in front of one of the evening newspaper establishments, elbowing and jostling one another in a scramble for the place nearest the door where the papers were issued to the newsboys as soon as ready. Every one had the instincts of a tradesman for the little advantage there is in being first in the market. With the exactness of experienced business men, too, each one had his coppers and nickels counted out and in hand ready to pay for what he wanted with the utmost possible despatch.

For big, broad-shouldered Tim, it was not a serious problem to crowd into the best place and hold it against any who came; but slender, backward Jeems had a pretty hard squeeze, even with Tim to elbow and fight for position for him, to keep from falling to the rear.

"You here, Coat-tails?" demanded one of the larger newsies, using a title which had grown out of Jeems's practice of keeping close to Tim and holding fast to his

coat-tails; "I thought they had curled your hair and sent you out for a missy."

"Let the missy alone, can't you?" exclaimed another; "haven't you heard she's going to get a blue jacket and trip over the stones with corked lightning in her pocket? Won't you shine in brass buttons, though, sissy?" he taunted, alluding to Jeems's prospects of getting the messenger-boy appointment.

"Did you hear that Biggers's folks had taken Jim off the route for good? They're all going to the country for their health, or to live on their relations, or something — you needn't to look at me so, Muldooney; I'm givin' it to you straight."

"No?" interrogated the doubting Tim.

"Hoptimaydie," the boy affirmed, seriously.

"You cut, then, bub, and leave these here papers to me, and if you don't hurry the job may be gone before you get there."

A minute later the occupants of the offices in the square might have heard a swelling chorus of youthful voices on the street, as though a pack of merry children had been turned loose from school. But it was no playground cry; every tone was accentuated by the sharp demands of hunger and want. It was the cry of the newsboys.

Jeems needed no other urging than this to make the best time he knew how to the big Western Union building, a square or two farther down the street, to see about his chances for the blue uniform and "steady pay" of fourteen dollars a month. To his great delight Jeems found that he was already booked for the place, and he was told to come in the morning ready for duty. He rushed back to Tim as hard as he could to tell the good

news, and was not long in finding him, and at once began to assist him to dispose of the papers the elder boy had got in advance of all the rest.

"You take ten *Tellies* and six *Leaders*, and skip down toward Union Depot, and I'll work Fifth Avenue and the South-side cars; and we'll have to hustle or get left to-night. *Penny Press*, only a cent! Er's yer *Leader*, *Telegraph*, *Press*, evenin' papers, all about the fire!"

The next Jeems saw of his brother, he was bounding on to a yellow street-car, his blacking kit swinging from his shoulder, and his pack of papers under his arm. His own route proved a good one, and his ten *Telegraphs* were soon gone and the demand not yet supplied. "A *Leader* for a *Tellie!*" he called out to a boy as dwarfed and ragged as himself on the opposite side of the street, and the exchange was soon made.

"Oh, Coat-tails!" next called out the big boy who had begun to chaff him at the office; "two *Presses* for a *Tellie!*"

"Nix," was the reply; "sold all I have; give you a *Leader*, though."

The early evening trains, suburban and through, had all puffed out of the depots, and the stream of comers and goers on the business streets thinned out to one-half of its daytime proportions, while the rumble and roar of the heavy-laden wagons over the stones had almost subsided, before the boys met at their appointed place to go home together.

"She's making for ten purty fast," said Tim, looking over his shoulder at the illuminated face of the city hall clock; "you see I had to hold out for strays to-night, you was away so long, and when it comes down to standing on a corner and waiting for strays as has not picked

up a paper yet, it's slow enough work. But you got the place, did you? You're hunkydory, then. On at seven and off at six. Have to put up for the uniform? What's the matter of buying Shorty Biggers out, if he's going out of the business? he's always been a-wantin' Jeff, and if he's going to the country, that'll be about the figure; you know what the policeman said last night. Chirk up, now, and if this thing's got to be done, why, it's got to be done, and that's all there is of it, and I guess we ain't going to let a dog stand in the way of gettin' you a good posish, and lose his own head and ears at the same time." The last he had felt bound to say, by the long face that Jeems had put on the minute that Jeff's name had been mentioned in a trade with the Biggers boy.

"But I won't have any blue suit or position either if Jeff has to be traded," persisted Jeems. "I never thought of that. Why can't I pay a dollar a week into one of them suit clubs, and ask them to let me wear these clothes until I draw one?"

"Cracky! I never heard of that. What a little detective you are for gettin' on to things! I don't believe they would let you wear that so long, though. How long would it be?"

"Why, it might be a week, and it might be twenty weeks. You see every feller has a draw every week, and the lucky ones gets the first suits. Then when all has paid in, they all gets suits 'cause they has paid for them at a dollar a week, don't you see?"

Tim saw, with an admiring glance at Jeems's facility for "getting on to" such a clever thing. Still he shook his head doubtfully as though afraid it might not work.

By this time they were across the bridge, and, climb-

ing the fence of the railroad yards, had clambered down the bank to save a long circuit round by way of the street, and were on the banks of the river below the tracks. From the upper bridge to the lower one it was about half a mile. The two boys still chatted together as they walked along past one boat after another. They were so familiar with the way that they paid no attention to their surroundings or where they were going. Instinctively, or by the sense of feeling, as the blind man knows, they knew that they were near home, a few rods from the narrow plank that served as a bridge from the shore to the forward deck of the boat; in a minute they would step on it, and then, as soon as they had counted up profits for the day, and Tim had made an entry in an old blank-book he had fished out of an ash-heap and humorously dubbed his "bank-book," clamber into the bunks that Biddy would have let down ready for them, and rest their weary bones for a few hours. Yes, there was the chain that anchored the boat-keeper's plank; a little farther on was the lodging boat, there were the lights in the window now. Next was — why, there ought to be lights in their own window too! There were none. What did it mean? Bridget never failed to have them.

As soon as Tim realized that something was lacking, he set out at a run, followed closely by Jeems. They reached the little landing of their own. All was dark and quiet beyond, except the soft splashing of the waves that washed the bank. One, two, three steps Tim took along the plank toward the boat, and then all at once he stopped with an exclamation and something that sounded like a splash in the water and the dripping of something just drawn out of the water.

"Jeems," he gasped, almost breathless with the surprise of the sudden wetting and the shock of some greater surprise; "where's the boat? — the boat's gone!"

"No!" exclaimed Jeems; "where could it be gone to?"

That was a question neither could answer, but, sure enough, the boat was gone, and the end of the plank that had led to the entrance of their home, led to nowhere but down into the water.

The two boys stood on the shore and gazed in silence; then they called, but they could neither see nor hear anything that looked or sounded like an answer to the mystery. The elder Muldooneys must have gone away, and, snail-like, taken their house with them.

CHAPTER III.

NEW NEIGHBORS.

While the boys were standing and peering in vain into the gloom for some hopeful sound or sight to relieve their suspense, something bumped against Jeems's knees so hard from behind as almost to knock him off his feet. Then, as he was about to cry out in alarm, something warm was thrust into his hand, the touch of which he knew at once. "Why, Jeff, where did you come from, and where has the boat gone to?" was Jeems's greeting.

"Is that Jeff, sure enough?" Tim asked; then as the dog sprang up and put both paws against Tim's breast, and insisted on licking him in the face, "I know it's you now, old fellow, without your slobbering all over me. Down with you, sir; down, I say!"

"I'm glad Jeff has come," said Jeems; "for if a feller's got to sleep out doors, he's warm to sleep next to, an' makes good company."

"We've got to sleep somewhere, that's a dead go," Tim bethought himself on hearing Jeems's remark. "There's the dime lodging boat; I've got enough chink to put us through."

"I don't want to go to the dime lodging boat," Jeems objected: "the men there drink and swear so, and one of them wanted to make me take a drink once."

"Well, it wouldn't a-killed you if you hadn't a-drunk too much. And swearing at a feller doesn't hurt, does

it? I don't care how much they swears at me if I can only keep out of the reach of their fists and boot-toes. You can cuss back; but you're such a queer little chap. If you don't want to go there, why, that settles it. I know where there's an elegant cellarway where they throw old papers, and I don't s'pose the watchman ever thinks to look in there; come on."

With this the boys both started away from the place where they had been standing, and they had gone quite a distance before they noticed that the dog was not following.

"Here, Jeff! Here, Jeff!" Jeems called, whistling between the calls. But Jeff stood as motionless as a stone, as if to show his disapproval of the plan. "He isn't coming one bit," whimpered Jeems, holding back and whistling some more.

"Maybe he thinks he hears something. He ain't no dog to go back on his orders. Here, I'll fetch him, though;" and Tim got down on his hands and knees to make the sound seem to come from near the ground, and began to mew and cry in imitation of a cat. Then he suddenly sprang up and called, "Take her, Jeff! take her!" But Jeff still stood motionless, his only answer to this tempting invitation being a low whine.

"Let's go back and see what is the matter with him; maybe something's hurt him," said Jeems in an alarmed tone, and both hastened back to where the dog was standing. He welcomed their return with signs of unmistakable delight, capering around them and uttering low barks, and then starting off up the river bank, stopping after he had gone a few steps, to look back and see if they were following.

"There is something wrong with Jeff," Tim was reluc-

tantly obliged to admit. And then, all at once the thought struck him, "Why, he ought to know where the boat is! Of course he does; let's make him take us to where they have gone. That's what he wants, I'll bet a shiner. Let's follow him, and see. You take hold of the strap round his neck, Jeems, and he'll tow you along. You're tired, and I can take care of myself."

Jeems took hold of the strap, and the dog seemed to understand, just as he had while swimming in the river earlier in the day, and started on. But suddenly the boy withdrew his hand, and made an exclamation; there was a scrap of paper in it! Both boys looked at this some minutes in surprise before they thought of opening it. They were just then standing in the light of an electric lamp some distance away. As Tim took the paper from Jeems, and held it up to the light, he started: he recognized the shape and style of the paper. "Who's been tearing up my bank-book, I'd like to know?" he indignantly demanded.

"Look, Tim, there's something wrote on it!" excitedly exclaimed Jeems. "I didn't think mam would go off and leave us no word. Read it!"

Tim stared at the paper a minute longer, and then began to spell out what was scrawled there by a hand unpractised in writing as his eye was in reading that sort of characters. "H-u-r-z, Herrs, I-l-n-d, Herrs Island. Wot's this other? Oh, yes; b-r-i-g, bridge,— Herrs Island Bridge."

"That's it! I knowed Jeff wasn't acting so for nothing. They've taken the Ark up the Herrs Island Bridge; don't you see?" said Jeems.

"Well, I declare! If you ain't the sharpest little tacker to get on to things. Who would ever thought of

such a move as that, now? I guess I know what it all means: it's on account of dad's tricks. He's skinned out to dodge the police. Well, come on; it's a long walk up to the Junction Bridge, and that's about where we'll find the Ark. If we get to snooze any to-night, we've got to hustle to get around before the morning editions are out."

The boys turned, and retraced their steps over the Smithfield-street Bridge, continuing through the city to Allegheny, and then following the river up on that side past shops and foundries and railroad yards and poor-looking tenement houses, until they must have travelled two miles. Tim whistled and chatted, and tried in every way to keep up the spirits of the tired and sleepy Jeems, while the latter clung fast to the collar of the dog, who walked steadily along, never minding the strain at the strap.

"He's a steamboat, and you're his tow of barges," playfully suggested Tim, when he saw the other's spirits beginning to lag; and the faint laugh which Jeems managed to force out fully rewarded the watchful brother for his effort at rallying the other's courage. It was indeed a lonesome walk, for nearly all the lights were out by this time, and the streets quite deserted. "Must be somewhere in along here," Tim said, looking anxiously at the jo-boats that at this point began to line the shore. "Let's make sure and not pass it, Jeems. I guess we'd better take a look at each one, it's so plagued dark, and they all look alike unless you go close up."

The first boat that loomed up on the river's brink proved to be only a stable built on one end of a flat, in which the teams of a sand and gravel company were kept. There was a watchman in the stable, who yelled,

"Get out!" when he heard the footsteps and voices of the boys. Perhaps he thought, from their low tones and cautious tread, that they were some midnight marauders meditating a raid on the stables.

The boys were not long in scrambling over the gang-plank after they heard his shout, and were still more cautious in their approach to the next one; but it was only a house-boat at which skiffs were kept for hire. Had it been day, they might read this unique sign painted on its side: "Botes for hier and taken care of rafts." And the business of the inmates was almost as unique as the sign, or at least that part of it pertaining to rafts. With every spring freshet there float down the Allegheny immense rafts of round and square timber, posts, shingles, and sawed lumber. The people who make a business of rafting are called "river-men;" they live during the voyage in little huts built "amidship" of the rafts, but, as soon as their cargo is safely anchored, take the cars and are back again at railroad speed to headquarters, ready for another rise in the river to enable them to bring down another raft.

The strip of river just above and below Herrs Island is the great lumber mart, just as the stock-yards on the island and out at East Liberty are the great cattle markets of Pittsburg, and just as the open space opposite the Allegheny market-house is the great hay-market. The lumber may lie here for months before it is disposed of, and the rafts need frequent attention, to see that they are securely fastened, or that no one has stolen the cables. The ropes rot very quickly, and sometimes a tow-boat bumps up a little too hard against a raft, in making a landing for some purpose or other, and loosens it from its moorings. The people who lived in the house-boat we have just described, managed to eke out

a partial living made by renting skiffs to pleasure-seekers on pleasant Sunday afternoons, and by looking after rafts for their owners.

The boys did not disturb them when they found out what sort of a place it was, but pushed on to the next boat, through the window of which they thought they detected a faint light glimmering. Tim tiptoed down to it, and peeped through a crack. The inmates were not asleep as in the other case, but eight or ten hard-featured men were drawn up around a table playing cards. In the middle of the table was a bottle from which they took frequent long pulls, and some of them were already becoming excited and loud, while the cooler ones tried to subdue them by whispering cautions against calling the police down upon them. "Bother the police!" cried one impatiently; "they will never think of coming to this place."

"You don't know where they would think of going," said one of the soberer ones. "There may be some cursed spy hanging round here this minute ready to run and squeal on us, then the game's all up;" and he glanced greedily toward two of the party, who, while they seemed to be as deeply interested in the game as the others, did not appear to be of exactly the same stripe, but looked more like river-men or oil-drillers who had just been paid off, and were "blowing in their piles" with this rough crowd. If such was the case, there was reason enough the others should fear the interference of the police, for it meant an end to their plans for robbery. The suggestion of a spy was enough to bring one of the men to his feet with a pistol in his hand, swearing that he would shoot the first one he found outside.

"Scoot out of this, bub!" whispered Tim in an ex-

cited manner, as he rejoined Jeems and the dog on the river's bank. And he seized him by the arm, and lost no time in getting out of harm's way. A little farther they met a policeman on his lonely rounds, and to him Tim, after he had made satisfactory explanation of their own presence there at that hour, communicated his belief that the men he had seen in the boat were going to "do a couple of victims up," at which the other politely asked him to go back and show him the place. He left Jeems where he was in care of the dog, and went reluctantly back. The policeman went near enough to satisfy himself that there was some kind of dark work going on, and then went away to send in an alarm for the patrol-wagon, at the box farther down. Then he let Tim go on his way.

"The next one will surely be the Ark," said Jeems in a discouraged tone when Tim had rejoined him again, and they proceeded on their way. But they saw by a dim ray of light that stole down a cross street that it had the name "Trader" painted on it. Tim knew that might mean two different things: it might mean that the people in the boat retailed a low, vile grade of whiskey without paying the customary license, and that it was a den of the worst kind of crime and the lowest degradation, or that it might really be a store-boat, loaded with a stock of tinware, groceries, and notions, which would drop down the river in the morning to some point near where a railroad was building, or a government dam, or close to some large pottery or fire-brick works, where it would drive a thriving trade. It proved to be the latter sort of a "trader."

"No use to try this one: I know by the smell it's a junk-boat," said Tim, sniffing as he said it, on their

approach to the next one. And his eyes peering through the gloom were able to corroborate that of which his nose had more than half satisfied him. Both the decks were piled with coils of worn rope, heaps of scrap-iron, and collections of bones, while the roof was covered with battered copper kettles, short ends of lead pipe, and assorted lots of old clothes, shoes, rubbers, and odds and ends of all descriptions. The owner probably kept a spavined, blind rackabones stabled in one end of the boat (his own apartments being in the other end), which he drove through the streets attached to a rickety old wagon, collecting as much of such stuff as he could beg, or buy for a trifle, while he might at the same time have a dozen children out with sacks over their shoulders doing the same business on a smaller scale; and he probably bought of all the ragged boys of the neighborhood whatever they offered, and was not over-scrupulous as to how they had gained possession of valuable brass castings or coils of copper wire, provided he could buy at a figure securing him a big profit.

These are some of the neighbors with whom our boys are to be associated from day to day, but only some of the streaks of human nature which go to make up life among the shanty-boat people. You must know a man's neighbors in order to know him. But while we are studying them as we go along, the signal the boys have been looking for, and almost given up seeing, suddenly flashes on their delighted gaze. From the river bank there gleams a bright light. Jeff darted forward with a sharp bark, forgetting and almost upsetting his tow of barges.

"That must be the place! See the light burning just as it used to in the old landing."

And so it was, and Bridget was waiting for them, with the explanation of the sudden move what Tim had suspected it was. The boy was far from being a saint, as you may already have suspected; and if Pat had not been sleeping too soundly to hear it, he might not have enjoyed the sound thrashing he got in pantomime from the tired and thoroughly disgusted Tim, who ground his teeth and gave mock battle with his fists to show how thoroughly he detested such actions on the part of his sire as had necessitated so sudden a removal, with the consequences it had entailed on his offspring.

But the bunks were let down ready, and shortly all were in forgetfulness of the fact that a moving day not in the calendar had come and gone without the usual offices of a tack-hammer or an express-wagon, and that henceforth their street and number would be "Mud-sill Row, Back Channel Lane, Allegheny," — until they moved again. But there was a revelation in store for them in the morning which was likely to make another move a speedy necessity.

CHAPTER IV.

NO NEIGHBORS.

"WHERE'S every one going to? Where have we gone to? What's the matter with the river?" were some of the questions that broke forth from Jeems, as he peered out of the little window of the Ark cut through just over the shelf on which he bunked.

The questions were not without occasion. In the first place, it did seem as though every one had decided to move out of that neighborhood just about the same time they had decided to move in, and was now putting that resolution into effect. I mean, of course, all the shanty-boat people. Above and below them along the river bank, all was bustle and activity. People were calling to one another to hurry; men were casting off lines and pushing at the ends of pike-poles, cursing and abusing every one around them because one boat would foul the line of another; while the more fortunate ones, who had got off before the confusion began, were already drifting down with the current, some below the point of the island, and making for the Pittsburg shore as fast as they could. By this time Jeems had managed to waken Tim and Bridget, who, worn out with loss of sleep the night before, were as stupid as logs.

"I should say something was wrong!" said the former, springing excitedly up, after taking one look out

of his window. "Hallo, there!" putting his head out and calling to the man nearest him; "what's everybody getting out of here in such a hurry for?"

"What time of day did you get in here, and where did you come from?" demanded the man, noticing the new-comers for the first time, but never relaxing his efforts at his pole.

"My gold watch has run down, and our ticker doesn't work, so that I can't get the time to set it," was Tim's jeering answer to what he regarded an impertinent question.

"Oh! I've no time to fool away with Puck's funny man," growled the boatman angrily, casting off his line and receding from the shore. "If you've got twenty-five dollars to put up with the mayor, this is a good place for you to stay — that's all."

"To put up for what?" shouted Tim, his father's escapade being the only thing which occurred to him as a cause for interference by the mayor.

"Just you wait and see what for, or guess it if you're so smart," and the man gave his boat a vigorous shove, which sent it almost beyond speaking distance. By this time there was not another shanty-boat left anywhere along the banks, and the usual crowd of loiterers who may always be found in a city where anything unusual occurs, whether it is only a horse that has fallen down, or a Punch and Judy advertisement in a dry-goods window, began to saunter off, one solitary straggler remaining standing and staring at this craft which showed no signs of putting out.

"Ain't you going too?" he drawled out to Tim, without removing his hands from his pockets.

"Goin' where?" demanded Tim, just the least bit

provoked at the results of his former attempt to get information.

"Why, where the rest of 'em is; anywhere away from this side."

"Ain't this side all right?"

"If you run a bank, I s'pose it's all right," and the man turned to go with an indifferent look on his face.

"Wait!" cried Tim; "does anybody own this part of the river?"

"No one but Uncle Sam, I guess; but the city of Allegheny claims to own this here wharf, and the mayor has ordered all you fellers to pay wharfage or move out, hain't he?"

"Not as I ever heard of. Is that what they're all moving out for?"

"Ain't that enough to leave for, when the mayor only gave them until sunrise this morning to get away, or he'd have every last one up before him?"

The argument was unanswerable, and the man eyed Tim for a minute, and then turned away whistling a tune and wondering what strange freaks those people were who didn't know their own business as well as an outsider.

But Tim and the rest of the wakeful members of the family showed anything but indifference to their situation when once they realized it. Something had to be done and that quickly, or the move of the night before would all count for nothing; for, once in the Allegheny mayor's court, Pat's identity could not long be hidden from the police of Pittsburg.

"It's past my time to be after my papers now," said Tim with a start, as if he had just awakened, as far as the newspaper business was concerned.

"And I have to report at the Western Union at seven," put in Jeems.

"And this boat's got to be got off here before sunrise. You're a sharp little fellow, Jeemsy; can't you figger it out?"

The younger boy was looking across the island in a dreamy fashion that might mean calculating the market price of cattle on the hoof, over in the stock-yards, or the distance to the moon. "Is this island Allegheny or Pittsburg, Tim?" he asked at last.

"Don't know," was the curious answer; "what about it?"

"Do you think any one could see the top of the boat from here, if it lay over on the other side of the island?"

"But it isn't over there; it's here."

"But I mean, to take it around there. I don't believe they would ever think to go over there after they had come down here and found the boats all gone, do you?"

"Of course they wouldn't; that's just the thing! I knowed you could think of the scheme if any one could. Let's get her around there in a jiffy now, and get off to biz."

And if the last loiterer at the river-side to witness the exodus of the shanty-boats had chanced to turn in his tracks, he would have seen the last of the shanty-boats pulling apparently for the Pittsburg shore, two boys and a woman poling in the rear, and a big Newfoundland dog swimming and towing it by a rope from the front. And he would have thought this the last act in the mayor of Allegheny's famous eviction of the jo-boats from the wharves; and so thought every one, I guess, for the little Ark was not disturbed, neither was Patrick

Muldooney tracked down by the Pittsburg police. But Tim was late for his papers that morning; the cream of the market had been taken by others before him, so he bought only a few to supply his regular customers in some offices and stores, and to sell to the occasional customers he might pick up on the street, devoting his time chiefly to blacking boots.

When he heard the boys crying on the street: "All about the shanty-boat raid!" and took up the same cry himself, I doubt if he once thought of his own experience of the night before, or connected it with what he was saying.

All the morning his mind seemed preoccupied with something besides his work. Several times he lost customers by not being wide awake.

"I'm sure I can do it," he was muttering to himself, stopping a minute to glance into the window of a dealer in curios, where some rare old coins were displayed; "he told me one day he would give me that much; and then Jeff won't have to be traded — I don't see how we can let him go after that last night, anyway. But then, Jeems he's got to have the blue suit, root hog or die; I guess" —

"Hi! hi, there! Come here, you boy with the savings-bank kit. Come over here; do you hear anything?"

The call broke up Tim's revery, whatever it was about, and he hurried to the post-office corner whence it had come, and got down to the task of blacking the gentleman's shoes without delay.

"Where in the world did you get that dime-museum trap?" laughed the customer, pointing to Tim's kit.

The boy's eye flashed with interest at once; for if there was one subject more than the one he had just been think-

ing about, on which Tim was enthusiastic, it was the decorations of his blacking kit. Newsies and bootblacks have their fads as well as the select four hundred of New York, and one of the latest fads of Newspaper Row was the decoration of the bootblacks' kits with brass nails of the largest conceivable area of head surface, and brass chains by which the kits were hung over the shoulders, both of which were kept polished to the highest degree of brilliancy of which they were susceptible. Sometimes the initials of the owners' names were constructed of these nail-heads; and sometimes animals, stars, and various geometrical figures were attempted.

Tim had been a leader in this fashion, as he was in everything else, and he had contrived all along to drive more brass nails and larger ones than any of the boys, until, suddenly, a new idea struck him; he would put something better than brass nails on his box. So he nailed a row of new copper cents around the front, and these he kept burnished like new saucepans. But the leader in fashions never dares stand still. Copper cents soon became common and vulgar, and Tim went on to nickels and dimes.

In all these changes he was quickly followed, until Tim struck an idea of placing himself out of the reach of all rivalry of the ordinary sort. A commercial traveller with whom he had become acquainted, suggested that he pick up foreign and odd coins, and henceforth Tim haunted the depots, buying of the immigrants; he made trades with the other boys, and picked up every stray odd coin he could lay his hands on, until, as the gentleman had remarked, his kit resembled somewhat a section of a museum. His collection was a really valuable one, and a collector had offered him, as he had

just muttered to himself, a price that would enable Jeems to have his blue suit without the sacrifice of Jeff.

"I say, boy," said his customer as Tim brushed away at his congress gaiters; "I own one here you ought to have," and he fished from his pocket a curiously shaped piece of gold covered with strange characters; "picked it up in Persia where I travelled for a firm several years ago. What'll you give for it?"

As he said this in a bantering tone, he watched the boy closely, as if to note the effect the exhibition of the coin would have upon him. Tim's eyes flashed with interest as he looked closely at it, and perhaps something of a longing light came into them, for he could not help knowing that it possessed great value. But the light died out again, and he shook his head soberly as he handed it back. "Couldn't touch it," he said.

"Yes, you can," assured the other; "if you want to make a deal I'll sell." But he looked as if he said it more to test the temper of the boy than anything else. There is that weakness of human nature which makes it eager to discover and quick to admire in another the ruling traits or passions of one's own heart. He thought he had found in Tim the enthusiasm of a true numismatist, and was correspondingly pleased.

"Oh, I'd find a way to get it if I weren't going out of the business myself," said the boy.

"No! What for? You have too good an eye to do that."

There was something so appreciative and cordial about the manner of the gentleman, that, after a few words more, and without intending it, Tim had confided to him all that he had in his mind to do: sell the coins in the kit, and use the money to buy Jeems's uniform.

"Why," said the other, "haven't you anything else you could fall back on until the other boy can earn the money himself?"

"Nothin' but Jeff."

"Who's Jeff? another brother who earns some money, too?"

"Jeff's a dog, and a mighty good one. He can't quite talk, but he knows almost as much as if he could." And then, while the other shoe was being finished, the accomplishments of Jeff were narrated to the willing listener.

"No," he said, shaking his head; "I don't think I'd sell the dog. We can surely find a better way than that. There's my car! Be here to-morrow about this time, and I'll talk with you." And the gentleman hurried off to catch the car, leaving Tim in a whirl of bewildered curiosity.

CHAPTER V.

BLUE AND BRASS BUTTONS.

Jeems hurried over to the Western Union building, and presented himself at the desk where he had been told to report.

"To take the place of Biggers? who in the land is Biggers? we don't know any one by the name of Biggers or any other name: we know every one here by numbers. What was his number?"

"Ninety-three," Jeems just had breath enough left to say.

"Well, then, you're Ninety-three, do you understand? and you'll have to find more voice than that. Come around to the desk to-night, and I'll give you an order to be measured for a uniform. You have to put up for that, I suppose you know, Ninety-three? Here's the badge; pin it on in a hurry, and get off with this delivery book; you've been on as substitute, of course, and know what to do. There's a G. Q. the first thing, and you're on your mettle, mind. One hundred and thirteen, where are you? Take this route."

And Jeems turned away from the desk to make room for the next one, puzzling his brain over what a G. Q. might be, and how it was different from other messages.

Seeing no chance of inquiring at the desk, he walked over to a group of boys waiting their turns. They knew him as the boy who had been on as substitute, and was

now promoted to be Ninety-three regular, and almost all the boys in the crowd had been interested in getting some friend of theirs into the same place, and therefore had not the most cordial feelings in the world for the one who had succeeded over their heads. So they began to guy him at once.

"Morning, missy; you've lost the ribbon off your hair," said one.

"She's going to get bit by a dreadful dog, boo-hoo! so she is," another delivered in a dramatic style.

But the fair-faced little fellow had more manliness than any of them. "All right," he replied pleasantly; "but what's a G. Q.? I never had one before."

This brought out a roar of laughter from the boys. "A G. Q., missy; why, that means a message to Jay Cooke, doncher see?"

"No, it's John Quincy," said another; "find him sitting on his thumb, corner of Nowhere and Ditto Streets."

"Oh, I can go to the place quick enough, but what is there about a G. Q., different from any other message, that's what I want to know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other boys at his innocence; "he can go quick enough, can he? and he don't know what a G. Q. is. Ho, ho!"

Jeems turned away and went outside the door. He had given up hope of learning anything of the boys, and was about to start on his trip, when a tall, thin fellow, whose pants were much too short for his legs, and whose jacket sleeves were just as much too scant at the wrists, stepped out from behind a pillar at the entrance of the building and said, "See here, they're making a gawk of you. G. Q. means go quick, and you hain't no time to lose fooling around here. They always

gives one of them to a new boy the first thing, to see what kind of stuff is in him, and the others always tries to keep him back all they can so as to keep the record down. It goes harder with them, of course, if the new boy shows that it can be done in less time than they have been taking. Don't you try to be too smart, now, and kill yourself, but if you want to keep on the right side of the boss, go quick, that's all. Yes, I'm coming." And the tall, thin boy ambled off in answer to calls for "Shanks."

"You take the electric out to Glenwood, and then it's up on the hillside," were his parting words.

Ninety-three hurried off up street as though he were going for a doctor. He was in too great a hurry to notice that he was not the only one hurrying: at right angles to his course, so as to reach the Diamond, a narrow parallel street, shot a blue-coated form, turning the corner and darting up the alley or narrow street in breathless haste.

Up Fifth Avenue a square sped the new boy, then turning to the right on Smithfield. He had another square to go to catch the Second-avenue electric cars that, in this part of the city, came down Third Avenue and went up Fourth; but between Fifth and Fourth was the narrow street of which we have spoken, — Diamond Street.

Just as he had darted past the intersection of Fifth and Diamond, the other blue-coated boy, who had left simultaneously with him, appeared close to his heels and out of breath.

"Wait! Wait!" he called; "Ninety-three, wait a minute, there's new orders for you."

Ninety-three turned and saw one of the boys who had

been teasing him a moment ago. He halted with an inquiring look. Already he could hear the gong of the electric car as it came up Fourth Avenue, half a square away.

"Tell me quick," he said; "or I'll miss that car."

But the other seemed in no hurry to tell him. He had either lost his breath, or else he didn't want Ninety-three to make the car.

"Out with it; I must make the car, I tell you! This is a go-quick message, you know."

"That's all right," said the boy at last. "But you're not to go with it: give it to me."

The boy said this with such an appearance of truthfulness that Jeems at once handed the envelope over; but before the other could take it he thought of something, and, drawing it back, handed his book instead, saying, "Here, sign then."

"Sign what?" demanded the other boy scornfully.

"Why, sign for the message, of course." He remembered now, more clearly than ever, that his instructions at the office had been to deliver a message to no one, except his book had been signed by some responsible party.

But the other boy made no motion to take the pencil or the book; his lip curled in derision.

"Hurry; if you're not going to sign for it, then I must catch that car and go myself. My orders stand. You won't sign? Then I'm off; there's the car, now."

It had just rung for the stop at the crossing, and Jeems had not a minute to lose. He bounded away like a deer; but the strange conduct of the other boy now explained itself in its true purpose — to hinder Jeems and prevent him catching the car: the next one would not be along

for ten minutes. Springing after Jeems, he caught his coat-tails, and tried to drag him back.

"Let me go!" shouted Jeems, twitching and struggling to loose himself.

"In a horn I'll let you go, and break the record on the delivery of that message. You're too all-fired green to know what's for your own good."

"But you will, you must let me go. There, the car's starting: please do."

"Say please to your granny; see if I do."

"See if you don't then," and a blow from behind landed the boy in the gutter before he had time to see who Jeems's new ally was. And Jeems himself didn't look to see, so intent was he on catching the car, which had now begun to whirl swiftly up the avenue with the rattling, grinding noise of the electric motor. He only knew that there was a familiar ring in the voice which gave him strength and courage, and he darted away, determined yet to catch the car.

He plunged into the double procession of passing teams, taking a diagonal course to save time. "Stop!" warned the big policeman, who stood on the corner to guard the crossing. "Look out!" yelled the crowd, as he darted forward under the feet of the horses, intent only on making his point. "Hi there!" shouted the driver in front of whose plunging horses he threw himself; but all the calls came too late: in a minute more he would have grasped the rail of the car; but his foot slipped, and down in the mud of the street he rolled, under the iron feet of the swiftly moving draught-horses, to be trampled and crushed and maimed before the cruel hoof-beats could be checked, or a hand of the many could be outstretched to save him. He was only a mes-

senger boy, whom the world has made a byword and jest for slothfulness and inattention to duty; and yet, in his effort to be faithful to his first trust, he had risked life and limb.

Foremost in the ranks of those who started forward to pick him up after the teams had been stopped, was the lithe, sturdy form of the one who had flung his persecutor and almost murderer aside — it was Tim. Tender hands lifted him into the drug-store; and the officious policeman had summoned one of the hospital ambulances, for it was seen that his injuries must be considerable.

Then public interest in the matter was over, and the throng that had collected melted away; the belated teams hurried on — all but one — leaving, to fill its small space in the day's events of a great city, what was but one of scores of such accidents.

The one driver who didn't hurry off to make up for lost time, had stayed at the command of the inmates of the carriage he drove — a handsome coupé containing a gentleman and a little girl.

"Oh, do please let's stay, papa, and see that the poor, dear little fellow is cared for!" pleaded the white lips of the fair-haired child, the petted daughter of wealthy Abner Raynor, one of the most philanthropic and generous men of the city.

"Of course he will be taken care of, now that the ambulance has been sent for, and the officer has the matter in charge; it's his business to see to that. We might as well drive on."

"But let's wait just a minute, and make it our business, too," she insisted; and she usually had her way, and got it in this.

Through the window of the close carriage she could

see the pale, blood-stained face of the boy, with the ringlets of golden hair that had been Bridget's pride, clotted and smeared with mud; and though her own cheek turned pale, she never shrank back, or once lost sight of the picture, until the attendants had carefully lifted him into the covered wagon, and the curtains shut out from view the still form on the stretcher.

"Turn around and drive home, James," was the order to the coachman; but an importuning hand was put on his arm. "Papa, dear papa" —

"What is it now, dear?"

"Oh, papa, you know that sometimes the hospital is so crowded that we read of suffering ones being turned away; what if there were no room for this poor, hurt boy?" and two hot tears chased each other down her cheeks to tell of the pity that welled up in the heart.

"Don't cry, love; there will be room, no doubt."

"But I should sleep so much better to-night, papa dear, if I knew that."

"Do you mean" —

"Yes, let James drive on after the ambulance, and then I shall be satisfied."

With an indulgent smile the order was given, and down the crowded street, close after the yellow flag, and the clanging gong, at whose sound drivers pulled into the gutter, drove the rich man's handsome coupé with its colored coachman. The whip was held over the flanks of the prancing bays, to urge them into step with the flying, trained steeds of the chariot of mercy; and the throngs on the street who always pause to look after this angel of ministering to suffering humanity, wondered who had been hurt, what distinguished person had met with an accident, that he was so closely followed by so

fine an equipage. "Some rich man's son this time, instead of a poor mill man," and the crowd heaved a sigh of relief at the thought that it was one whose family were better able to stand it.

There was another in the procession, too, who was not at first noticed or counted in at all; it was poor, distracted Tim, who, when he saw that all was being done that could be for the object of his best love, had sprung on the hind part of the coupé, determined not to lose sight of the one he had been taught to call his only brother, again blaming himself in his heart that he had not always kept him near his side.

Swiftly they rolled down one street after another toward the hospital, until, as they crossed one of the leading thoroughfares, the boys on the street corner, whose quick eyes never lose anything, began calling out, "Look behind! Look behind!"

The driver of the carriage turned and cracked his whip, and the policeman on the corner ran into the middle of the street, brandishing his mace, and ordering the culprit to "get off of that, or he would march him to the station-house."

Having no alternative left, Tim slid down, losing his footing as he did so, and rolling in the gutter. The crowd surged past him, and by the time he had jumped up and elbowed through it, neither ambulance nor carriage was in sight; they had taken a sharp turn and gone down a side street.

In vain did the poor boy run this way and that, and inquire of the passers-by. The crowd passing now was not the same crowd as that of a moment ago, and nothing could he learn.

Weak and despairing at last, he turned away, dropping

his hands by his sides, in helplessness for the first time in his life. As they fell, one of them struck something in his pocket — it was the delivery book of Jeems which he had picked up where he had fallen. On opening it, there was the first message, the one which had cost all the trouble.

"Wot's that on it?" he said to himself: "G. Q., — oh yes, one of the boys told me that meant go quick. Poor Jeems, he'll never go quick again, I'm afraid;" and the boy sat down on the curbstone and began to cry.

CHAPTER VI.

A VAIN SEARCH.

Tim was a boy of action. He did not sit long on the curbstone; as his eye caught the envelope of the message which Jeems had been sent to deliver, he started up. "If he had it," he said to himself, "he wouldn't be sitting here moping over what he couldn't help. He would do what he had been sent to do, if he lost a leg — Boo-hoo-hoo! I'm afraid he has lost more than a leg!" he broke out again as the terrible force of his own figure of speech burst upon him. Then dashing his hand across his face: "Here goes; I guess I'll find the kid just as soon if I try to do his work all up clean."

To think a thing was to act upon it, and the next minute Tim had bounded upon an electric car and was on his way to the suburb to which the envelope was directed. He had no difficulty in finding the place, and did not have long to wait after he had rung the door-bell. Evidently the message had been expected.

"Humph!" growled the gentleman who came to the door himself; "8.30 A.M. G. Q., I should say so! Here it is eleven o'clock, and this message ought to have been here two hours ago. What's your number, boy? I think I will make an example of you. I've exercised patience with these messenger boys long enough. I think I'll make an example of this one."

"Please, sir," said Tim, "I ain't a regular boy, and

hain't got any number ; the boy wot started with this got knocked down by a wagon and maybe killed, boo-hoo-hoo ! "

" Oh, that's a different tale. Come, what's the matter with you ? Was he any relative of yours ? "

" He was my brother, sir. He'd just started in, and hadn't got his uniform yet, and I was going to sell my coins and get him one to-day, though he didn't know " —

" Why, look here," said the gentleman suddenly, " what's this ? Where did I hear something about this before ? why, yes, ain't you the boy I was talking with on the post-office steps yesterday ? You are, I know. Tell me all about this ; " and the gentleman drew him into the handsomely furnished room, and made the now weeping boy sit down in the softest seat he had ever known in all his life.

The story was soon told, and the interest which the coins on Tim's kit had the day before aroused in the gentleman, also an enthusiastic numismatist, was heightened to a great degree by the recital.

" Never mind," said he in comforting tones to Tim ; " this may not be so bad as you think. He may have been only stunned, and is all right by this time. There'll be no difficulty in finding him. I'm going to be so busy to-day with this claims-case meeting that I can't help you any. But I'll tell you what to do ; get the first evening paper you see, and you will find exactly where they took him ; then I'm sure you will find that he is not so badly hurt. I'll see you to-morrow."

Tim's heart grew lighter at once, and he set out on his return to the city feeling better than he had at any time since the accident had befallen his brother.

There was one watcher at the door of the evening

newspaper office that day, whose eagerness to get the first edition was not of the same stripe as that of the ordinary newsboy, thinking only of the profits — it was Tim, scarcely able to wait until the first copy came from the press to learn what had become of Jeems.

Nor was the excitement confined to himself; it had spread to all the other boys of his acquaintance, and when the damp copies were passed out, a score of pairs of eyes scanned the columns for the item in question. There was the usual complement of terrible storms, explosions, murders, wrecks, and robberies, which delight the heart of the vender of papers and give him catch-words to cry in shrill tones upon the streets. But none of them were looking for a cue, or rather it was a cue of a different sort to-day.

It was not long until a sharp pair of eyes found in one of the most obscure corners of the paper this brief item: —

"RUN OVER BY AN EXPRESS WAGON.

"A district messenger boy was knocked down and hurt by an express wagon at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Smithfield Street this afternoon. He was taken to the Allegheny General Hospital."

"That's on Stockton Avenue; here's a nickel, take the Pleasant Valley 'lectric and make for it," cried one of the boys excitedly, and two or three nickels were thrust into his hands, out of the profits of the day's sales, the boys knowing that Tim had lost most of the day himself. He pushed them all aside and sprang away like a deer to the second square below the post-office, where the cars turned and started back for Allegheny. Fast as the rattling, whizzing thing rolled down the streets and over

the bridge, it moved too slow for Tim. Even the lightning on the wires would have been too slow for his desires and thoughts that morning. He leaned forward as though he would push the car faster by the momentum of his own impatience. He set his teeth tight together and almost held his breath as some blockade of the street stopped them for a moment, and when Stockton Avenue was at last reached, he bounded off the car before it had cleared the crossing, and was at the door of the hospital by the time the conductor had rung his gong to stop.

"It's Jeems! The papers said he was here. The man said he didn't think he was much hurt," was his breathless answer to the inquiry of the man at the door, as to what he wanted.

"Do you want to see the ward register? It's some patient you're looking after, I presume."

"Yes, it's Jeems; he was hurt on the streets this morning, you know; is he much hurt? he isn't, is he?"

"You'll have to give me the name in full, and I'll look on the register," said the patient attendant; "at what hour was he hurt, and where?"

"Why, it's Jeems Muldooney. He was trying to catch the 'lectric car at Smithfield and Fourth, and he"—

"Oh, that was in Pittsburg; he wouldn't be brought here, then," interrupted the attendant again with a shake of his head.

"But the paper said so!" burst forth Tim impatiently.

"Oh, well, the papers often get those things wrong. I'll look to satisfy you, though. There's no such name on the book," he reported a minute later; "I'm sorry, though, but mistakes will"—

But it was Tim's turn to interrupt now. His eye had

caught sight of the evening paper lying on the anteroom table, and he had snatched it up, and turned triumphantly to the item which had directed him thither. "There!" he exclaimed; "he must be here, for I saw the wagon driving this way myself."

"All that may be as you say, but I am sure that there is no such person here. Maybe at the Mercy — oh, doctor! there's no such patient in as James Muldooney, is there? I knew there wasn't. Sometimes they find they are not so bad, or only stunned perhaps, and leave them to take care of themselves while on the way over. He'll turn up, no doubt. Have you been home since?"

"No," said Tim, starting up suddenly with this new idea in his head.

"Then I'd advise you to go there first, and probably you'll find him there."

That was what the gentleman to whom he had taken the message had said, — that probably Jeems had only been stunned. Why, yes, that must be it. And off started Tim on this new tangent, sure that now he was on the right track.

While he is gone, let us follow the hospital ambulance after Tim had lost sight of it by his fall in the street. Entering Liberty Street it had taken a sharp turn to the right, and driven rapidly on over the bridge crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad, following a road which skirted the hillside, until it reached, after a long drive, a large, long gray brick building, and, entering into the driveway, stopped at a side entrance. As it did so, the driver had to give the horses a sharp turn to prevent running into the wheels of another wagon of the same kind which had pulled in almost at the same moment.

"Cots nine and ten in ward five," briefly directed the

ward officer who stood at the doorway to oversee the reception of the new patients. The attendants quietly took their places at the litters, and one after another carried into the hospital two quiet forms so near alike in size and general appearance that one not acquainted would have had hard work to distinguish between them.

The same officer stood ready at the head of the cots to make his entry. It read thus : —

"Number nine, Robert Graham, passenger on east-bound Pennsylvania express. Father and mother killed. Number ten, unknown, street accident, city patient, vouched for by Roundsman Heally of the nineteenth precinct."

He hurried away to the office to hand in the record to the superintendent, not waiting to see if his orders were implicitly carried out. The orders had been given hastily, and in a jerky, official monotone.

"What did he say?" asked one subordinate to another; "I guess it don't make much difference, though; both unknowns, aren't they? and no one will ever want to find them. Hustle along there, Jim, and let's get them down some way." And so the two new charges were disposed of with the least possible ceremony, and the numbers henceforth told the only tale of their identity.

When the ward surgeons came to make their examinations, the pale, delicate messenger boy, with his golden curls and deep blue eyes, was lying as quiet as death itself in cot number nine, and the victim of the railroad wreck, who was also fair and pale — but the latter more from loss of blood than a delicate constitution — lay beside him in number ten. Closely following the ambulance which had taken charge of Jeems, was the carriage containing the gentleman and the girl who

had noticed the accident, and the latter of whom had become so much interested in the injured boy, that she insisted on going to see him safe in the care of the hospital before driving home. They did not alight, but sent the coachman in with the gentleman's card to see if it was all right, and on being assured that the boy had been received, and that his case was not, in all probability, a critical one, they drove away.

But this satisfied Milly Raynor for that night only. Next morning one of the first things she thought of was the white, upturned face with its clustering ringlets. It seemed to haunt her.

"Did my little daughter have sweet dreams last night?" was the affectionate inquiry of her father at the breakfast-table. He put one hand tenderly against either cheek, and looked into her eyes with gentle solicitude, waiting for her answer.

Milly was his only child now, and, indeed, all that he had left in the world, and she received a double portion of his deepest devotion.

"I slept so soundly that I forgot that my name was Milly Raynor, and thought I was a little bird whose business it was to find another little bird that had been wounded by a cruel thorn, and bring it back to the nest from which it had been stolen," she replied, half in merry banter and half in earnest.

"And did you find it?"

"I don't know, papa; but that just reminds me, I wish you would tell James to have the carriage ready by nine to take me to the hospital; I thought of that poor hurt boy the first thing when I woke up this morning, and I must go and see how he is."

"Do you think you would better, daughter?" was the faint remonstrance of the indulgent father.

"I shan't be able to take my drawing lesson when Miss Archer comes, and so I think you had better say nothing against it, for you know how anxious you are for me to improve in my drawing."

Her father shook his head, but said nothing against it, and so the drive to the hospital was settled.

"It's before visiting hours, miss," answered the door-keeper to their knock, "but I'll take your card in to the superintendent if you wish."

"Hum-m, it's Banker Raynor's daughter; they drove here last night to see if the boy got in — some one they know, I suppose. He's one of our best patrons, and I suppose we'll have to relax rules a little; show her into the reception-room, John."

"I don't know what name, but it's the one who was hurt on the street yesterday — that beautiful little boy with curls, you know."

"Show the young lady to number nine, and do anything you can for her, John."

"Number nine," said the nurse who had charge of that row of cots; "this is a case of severe concussion, and he has not yet shown signs of consciousness, though he seems to be in a natural sleep now and may awaken at any moment. Yes, there he is stirring now. Keep very quiet, please, until he is completely aroused."

CHAPTER VII.

AWAKENING IN A NEW WORLD.

When Jeems first opened his eyes after he lost himself in the whirl of voices and the sharp clanging of iron hoofs cut short by a shock and a flash of light that died out in blackness, he remembered nothing.

Before him stretched a long white wall, with pleasant windows letting in the light here and there, in which hung bird-cages and pots of flowers whose green foliage and bright blossoms made a pretty contrast. A little nearer to him were rows of some white objects like narrow beds, and then, as he turned his head to get a better view of them, he noticed for the first time that he was lying on one of them himself, and that near him, with her fingers to her lips, stood over him a pleasant-faced lady with a white apron coming up to her neck, and a white cap with lace frills on her head. She looked at him inquiringly, but waited for him to have time to take in his surroundings before she should speak. There was something about her that so seemed to impress him that everything was all right, that he said nothing, but let his gaze go on past her. He was not surprised to see standing almost on tiptoe, just behind her, a beautiful creature with long flaxen hair, eyes the hue of the summer sky, and just now filled with a look of interest so intense as to make them shine like stars;

"Is — is — she an angel?"

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this was Milly. He was not in a mood to be surprised at anything. He had strange fancies now.

"Is — is this" —

"Yes, this is a good place to be, and we are all your friends; but you must not say a word about it now. You need to keep very quiet and rest." And the nurse smoothed out his tangled hair, and then took one of his hands and held it.

The boy submitted with a dreamy, languid look, though such caresses and such surroundings were all strange enough to him. After he had gazed dreamily at them for a few moments, opening and shutting his eyes several times in the interval as though to make sure that what he saw was a reality, and not something that would vanish when he next looked at it, — "Is — is she an angel?" he again asked, scarcely above a whisper, trying at the same time to point in the direction of Milly with his weak white fingers.

The nurse smiled, and Milly laughed outright at the ridiculous idea. But the merriment was contagious, for the wan little face on the cot made an attempt at a smile that would have been very comical if it had not been so pitiful. Still it was a good sign, and the nurse nodded hopefully at Milly while she again stroked the boy's hair to soothe him.

While she was doing this, her other hand rested on the cover close to his. He made a feeble movement and managed to clasp her finger in his, drawing it to him and giving it a pressure which meant that he wanted to say something again.

"Yes, what is it, dear? just a word, if you will be quiet afterwards;" and she brought her ear close to catch what he had to say.

"I — I will be quiet and go to sleep again" — and he hesitated for some name to call her by.

"Nurse," she supplied; "I am to be your nurse until you are well again."

"Nurse, — if she'll stay too;" trying again to point to Milly.

"What is that he is saying about me?" questioned Milly, seeing that he meant her.

The nurse hesitated. She had heard the superintendent's orders, and knew that Milly's social position must be much above that of this poor street waif; perhaps she ought not to tell her such a request; it might seem improper, if not to her, at least to her family. "Oh, it was nothing," she said at last; "only a sick boy's whim that I had better not tell."

"Yes, do tell me," insisted Milly; "if it is jelly he wants, or flowers, or a book, or music, or anything that the rules don't forbid, I'll bring it."

"But it wasn't any of these things; it is you that he wants. It is so absurd, of course; he wants you to stay."

Milly blushed with delight. "Why," she said, in a voice much louder with excitement than her tones had been before; "I'll have to go for my drawing, but tell him I can come again, and I'll come often if he wants me to."

But there was no need to tell him; the glad light that came into his eye, and the faint flush that suffused his cheek, and made more lifelike the smile this time, were answer enough. The next minute he had closed his eyes from sheer exhaustion, and was dozing.

The nurse put her fingers to her lips to signify that further conversation was prohibited, and Milly arose and silently withdrew. As she looked at the pleasant-faced

nurse and the sleeping boy, she felt her first real thrill of satisfaction in having here an opportunity of doing something that her father's money could not do — in making a fellow-creature happy.

But we must now follow Tim from the hospital to his home on the shores of the Allegheny, on the evening before this. There was no quicker way to make the distance than to walk, or else he would have taken it.

Over the pavement his feet flew as though he were endowed with the speed of the seven-leagued boots of fairy tales. People stopped and stared at him, wondering whether he could be hurrying with such desperate haste to make a train, or if he were running away from a policeman. But neither the train nor the policeman being in sight, they gave up the problem and went about their business.

Ordinarily he would have been out of wind and muscle long before the distance from Sandusky Street to Herr Island had been travelled; but now something seemed to lend him superhuman strength and endurance, and he never paused nor slacked until he stood in the doorway of the shanty-boat, a startling spectacle, with his excited look, the dark lines of a severe physical struggle under his eyes, the foam of his frenzied breathing on his lips, and too breathless to say a word now that he was there.

"Howly Mother, protect us!" exclaimed Bridget in alarm, as she caught sight of him; "what has come upon the boy? Speak to me, Tim, and don't be scarin' the life out of your poor old mother in this way."

"Jeems! is — he — here? Was — he — much — much hurt?" was all he could gasp.

"The Virgin bless and save us! What's the matter with Jeems? Where is he? Has anything happened

to him? O Timmy, why don't yez be afther tellin' me?" cried the excited Bridget, almost belaboring the boy because he couldn't recover his breath fast enough to tell her all in a sentence.

But at last it all came out, and then there were two sorrowing ones in that humble home, which, though it lacked almost everything that the homes of that city more worthy the name so far as outward pretensions had, yet held in its narrow compass some as genuine elements of heaven, as well as some of the other place, as can be found anywhere. But the germs of good were crude and incrusted with the bad. Something had been needed to bring them into activity. Perhaps a love that has lost the object of its love may be the instrument. We shall see. Tim was at his wit's end, and Bridget was too dull of wit to suggest anything; and so the afternoon wore away, with nothing done to clear up the mystery of Jeems's whereabouts, while all the time from the river-side windows of their floating cabin, they might almost have looked up at the gray walls of the kindly shelter which the hurt boy had found.

At last, however, Tim did have wit enough to remember one thing, — the man at the hospital had told him to come back again after a while. He did not think at the time that he had meant to hold out any hope to him, but now that other hope was gone, he was ready to clutch at anything. He hastily caught up his hat, and told Bridget where he was going and why.

"It's mesilf that's wishin' they'd taken him to the Mercy, where the good Sisters could have taken care of him; for I know that Heaven helps them to care for the sick, and then the howly fathers would have been there to" —

"The Mercy, did you say?" exclaimed Tim; "why, the man did say something about the Mercy! That is a hospital, sure enough! I'll be back pretty soon, mother, and then you'll know about Jeems."

"The saints protect him, and show you where to find him," was Bridget's last pious wish.

Tim retraced his steps to the hospital, though not quite so swiftly as he had gone over the ground a moment ago. But it is needless to say that it was only to have his latest hopes dashed to the ground that he arrived at the entrance of the hospital again.

"There is just one chance," said the attendant, recognizing him; "there are always some brought here as unknowns, who are afterwards identified by friends. I find there have been three such cases to-day, one of which is a boy; but he is in such a condition that the doctors think it is better to let no one see him until to-morrow, or possibly later. His face was so burned and lacerated by the explosion that" —

"That's not him; there wasn't any explosion, you see; the horses knocked him down."

The man raised his eyebrows and hesitated a minute. "Doubtless, your conclusion is correct, then, and it is useless to think further of that, — at least, I think his was the explosion case. Have you tried the Mercy?"

"No," said Tim, suddenly starting up; "it's over on the bluff;" and he had snatched up his hat and got out of sight before the man could say another word.

Back over the bridge which he and Jeems had crossed together the other night, he hurried as fast as his previous exertions would allow. He was growing weak. He had chafed places on his feet, where his ill-fitting shoes had rubbed them. His breath came shorter, and

with more difficulty. Along Sixth Street he lagged perceptibly; and on the crossing of Penn Avenue he was thinking if it wouldn't be best to borrow a nickel of one of the boys, and cross over and take the cable cars up Fifth Avenue to some of the streets leading to the bluff, when, all at once, something startled him. First it was the clanging of that familiar gong, then there dashed rapidly into sight the same black-covered wagon, with its yellow flag floating over its front; yes, the very same identical pair of bays, and the same smooth-shaven driver of the wagon that had taken Jeems away yesterday. Now was his chance to learn where his brother was. With a wild bound, he sprang forward to stop the wagon.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DESPERATE RESORT TO FIND JEEMS.

DASHING at a break-neck speed into the midst of the surging mass of people and teams on the crowded thoroughfare, Tim would have been in a fair way to follow the fate of his brother, in his reckless pursuit of the wagon, had he not been stopped by stumbling against a man coming from the opposite direction. He put out his hand to keep the boy from falling, growling as he did so about being made a buffer to stop every crazy loon on the streets.

"Let me go!" demanded Tim, as soon as he could recover breath to say anything. "I must catch that wagon."

"Catch all the wagons you please, but don't expect to go through me to get to them. A boy must think a ride on a wagon is worth more than human life and limb."

"I didn't want to ride; I wanted to find out which one of them hospitals it belongs to."

"Oh, it was an ambulance, was it? Well, you can easily find that out. You couldn't have caught it anyway; it was going like mad. Just ask the policeman at the corner, and he'll tell you all about it; didn't notice it myself."

Tim acted on the suggestion, as the ambulance was

far away by this time, and there seemed to be nothing else to do.

"The ambulance, is it? There's been none of them things past here this afternoon. That was the van you saw; the Black Maria, as takes the prisoners to the station for the workhouse."

"But it was the wagon wot took Jeems to the hospital when he got hurt."

"Took Jeems, did it? Hurt was he? Then it was Jeems that was hurt by too much rye. We has them kind of hurt people every day. It's up at the workhouse ye'll be after findin' Jeems; thirty days, I s'pose it is," and the man turned to his other duties with a coarse laugh, at what he considered his witty answer, leaving the poor boy more in the fog than ever as to the best way to find his brother. Every way he turned, he was baffled. Why couldn't he find where the wagon had gone? Why was every one and every thing in that great city arrayed against him in his search for Jeems?

But in the midst of this questioning, it occurred to him that if the policeman was right, he now knew where Jeems was; but his mind revolted at the idea. His father in the workhouse had been a thing of common occurrence. Not infrequently, some of the boys with whom he was familiar, would be missed from the streets for a week or two, and the word was given out that for something they had done they had been arrested and sent to the workhouse. On the street it was a thing to be regarded lightly, laughed over. Had Tim himself been sentenced to a term in that institution for pummelling another boy into subjection to him, or for matching pennies in the alley, he would not have been at all discomfited. He had heard, too, of

persons being arrested as common drunkards, who had been made insensible by a blow on the head, or drugged and robbed, or were only suffering from a fit or sudden illness. It all flashed through his brain now with the rapidity of lightning that this was what might have happened to Jeems, since the policeman had said he would find him at the workhouse. A little more use of his wit in analyzing the facts in his possession would have shown him the mistake of this hasty conclusion, but Tim was bewildered and almost stunned by the succession of disappointments and calamities he had sustained.

But it did not matter how the idea got into Tim's head, or how mistaken it was; once it was in, Tim was the boy to seize and act upon it in good faith and with all his might. Young street Arab that he was, uncouth and heathenish, his warm Irish blood was loyal enough to the last drop to court any risk or make any sacrifice that would result in taking him to the side of Jeems, and what he blundered into doing he would do with hot haste. In a minute he had made up his mind and was ready to act, and had stepped back to the elbow of the policeman again.

"If he's been took to the workhouse, how can I get to see him?" he asked, as though there had been no break in the conversation.

"Who's saying anything about the workhouse? Hi, there!" (to a driver crowding in front of a cable car.) "Now, what street do you want to go to, lady?" (to a woman waiting to be directed to her destination.) "Stand one side there, boy," (to Tim) "until I get the crossing cleared; now, what is it you want, quick? How to get to the workhouse? Throw a stone through a window, or — Cross over! Cross over, there, I tell you!" (to

a driver.) "Now, young ragamuffin, to go to the workhouse — where's the young rascal gone to before I can get my breath to answer his question?"

But the question had been answered as far as the boy was concerned. He dodged around the corner to where a comrade was selling papers, and said, "Cuffy, do a turn for me, and I'll pay you back some time."

"You bet!" replied the other heartily. "I'll start ye up any time. How much do you want?"

"It ain't to be started up, Cuffy, though I am broke. Been loafin' so much 'count of — you know," and Tim's voice showed some symptoms of breaking down. "He's been sent to the workhouse 'stead of the hospital. They made a mistake, but that don't make no difference now; I'm bound to get to him, and I want you to find where the Ark is, up to Herr Island on the channel side, and tell 'em I'll be back soon's I can, but maybe not this week. You'll let 'em know to-night, Cuffy?"

"You bet!" was the ready response of the boy called Cuffy, and then, before he could get his quid of tobacco shifted to the other side of his face to allow him to ask a question about Tim's intentions, the other was gone.

A minute later, the lady shoppers in a large dry-goods store on Penn Avenue were thrown into a panic by a crash followed by a chorus of shrieks from the gingham counter in the front of the store. The crash was accompanied by the rattle of broken glass, and, when order had been measurably restored, it was seen that one of the large plate windows had been shattered by a paving stone thrown from the street. And just as the clerk triumphantly picked it from off the pile of samples in the window, a policeman entered, half dragging, half

carrying a good-sized boy, who neither resisted nor shrank from the clutch of the minion of the law.

"Where's your boss? I've got the chap that did it; saw him do it myself. It's a clear case, and you ought to be glad I was watching him. Hurry: I've called the patrol, and I don't want to be off my beat long with such fellows prowling around."

A crowd of curious on-lookers had by this time gathered around, both without and within the broken window. Within, the remarks of the shoppers who had sufficiently regained their composure to make any observations at all, ran in this wise: "Hardened young wretch!" "See how unconcerned he looks." "What a pity such a youth should be so lawless!" "What could have possessed him?" With a solitary, "God pity the poor boy!" Without, the usual grind of street-corner gossip over an arrest flowed copiously enough between streams of tobacco-juice. "Gad, but that was cool! I saw him do it." "On a strike, maybe; I thought Horne paid his boys well." "That one of Horne's boys! Why, he is a street gamin." "He'll get a cool thirty days, whoever he is." "Another barrel-maker."

But all the while Tim was oblivious to what others were saying or thinking. His thought was: "I have done it, and I wish they'd hurry and take me to Jeems." And as soon as everything could be arranged to the satisfaction of everybody, they did proceed to take him — but not to Jeems.

Had Tim been of a more calculating turn of mind, he would have timed his heroic self-sacrifice better than he did. He would have waited until morning so as to shun that night in the station-house, and escaped its long, torturing delay and the horrors of incarceration

with maudlin drunkards, beastly sots in delirium tremens, vile reeking tramps, swarthy Italians odorous with garlic and filth, — an ordeal which, even for this boy, from almost the lowest walk of life imaginable to some of us, was anything but pleasant. But, being the little Hibernian hotspur that he was, he had taken hold of the wrong end of the thing, and inflicted upon himself needless exposure and suffering. I shall not dwell upon the discomforts and suspense of that night. The cold, damp stone floors running with tobacco-juice, the vermin, the close, poisoned atmosphere, the horrid oaths, the ribald songs, the brutal fights, and the still more brutal exhibitions of degradation, are not fit things for narration in a chapter in this book, only as we hurriedly glance at them to help us to understand the heroism of the deed this boy had done out of love for the one he had been taught to call his brother. Suffice it to say, that the hours that intervened between Tim's arraignment before the desk of the station sergeant and his hearing before the magistrate next morning, were like a nightmare, in which he felt himself seized and held down by powers he could not resist, and during which he passed through what he did with a dazed feeling that it was something necessary to take him to Jeems. The scenes through which he passed, and at which we have given only a hasty glance, were blistered into his memory forever after, as though a red-hot iron had branded them into it. It was a sermon to him on the wages of crime, the full force of which he did not feel just then, but which came back to him by contrast many days after.

"Timothy Muldooney, stand up!"

Tim had hardly strength enough left to respond to

his name when it was called by the magistrate, in the hard, official monotone to which all visitors at a police magistrate's are accustomed, even if he had at first recognized himself in the somewhat lengthy rendering of a name that had always, since his earliest recollection, undergone the shortening process before being pronounced in his hearing.

"Up wid yees, ye young rascal!" urged the policeman in charge, prodding Tim with his mace at the same time

"Read the charge," was the nonchalant order of the magistrate.

"Disorderly conduct; broke a window in Horne's retail store; witness, Roundsman Selby."

Then out stepped the policeman who had made the arrest, and retailed, with some recognizable degree of pride in his own efficiency in making such prompt disposition of so dangerous an offender against the laws of the municipality, how he had seen the stone thrown, and heard the crash just in time to make good the arrest of the culprit. This was followed by the statements of the clerk of the gingham counter and one of the bystanders, who, with the policeman, had witnessed the whole offence.

"Prisoner, what have you to say to the information?" asked the magistrate with that weary look upon his face which meant that he wished to dispose of the case in a minimum of time, and that he was only waiting with forced toleration for the prisoner to mumble out the usual denial or appeal for clemency, that he might complete, without the slightest change of countenance, his part of Justice's farce, "Ten days in the workhouse!" and have one less case on his docket to keep him from going to dinner.

"Because I wants to go to Jeems," Tim answered without show of contrition or plea for mercy, and in such a straightforward earnestness of tone as made even the cynical magistrate raise his eyebrows a second, and the triumphant policeman feel that half his glory was taken from him in such a tame acceptance of his doom by the culprit.

"He's only shamming spoony, your honor," ventured the guardian of the peace; "I seed him do it, and it ain't no use for him to deny it."

"What did you say?" demanded the magistrate, eying the boy sharply.

"I broke the window on purpose, and I did it because I wanted you to send me where Jeems is. The policeman on the street said you would."

"Ten days!" rang out the magistrate's tones like the crack of a whip. "Call the next."

"Say, I couldn't just understand that chap," said a bystander, joining the policeman who had made the information, as he sauntered out puffed up with his own importance. "What's wrong with the fellow up here?" and he tapped his forehead.

"Nothing," was the answer; "he's got a pal up there. They do that way — get sent up, I mean — just to get together and hatch out new plots for devilment. You have to know these fellows as I do, to understand them," and he cocked his head to one side, vain of his fancied superiority.

And that was the best that human justice could do to help a poor boy whose only crime was that he loved his brother with a love that would have put to shame the feelings of hearts that beat under vests of finer material than his. Into the black cab with the other convicts

to the workhouse Tim was hustled, and the drive to the station began. There was some jesting and laughing, and some chaffing of one another by the prisoners on the way. Boasts were freely made by some, of how soon their friends would get them out, and how they would make their prosecutors suffer when they were free again. Women and girls were in the company: a few looked shame-faced and kept silent. As for Tim, he was silent too, but it was not the silence of shame at his first appearance in the *rôle* of a criminal: he was thinking to himself, "It must have been in this wagon that Jeems rode when they took him. I hope it didn't jolt as it does now. Here was where the white stretcher laid that they put him on. I wonder if the joggling hurt his head? If he was stunned, though, he didn't mind the jolting. I wonder if he is himself again? He will know me, of course. My, won't he be glad! When I get him home again, he ain't a-goin' out of my sight, messenger boy or nothing." And thus he beguiled the time as the wagon rolled over the rough pavements toward the West Penn Station where he was to take the train to the workhouse.

At the station there was the usual crowd of spectators who had no better occupations than to amuse themselves watching this sickening harvest of crime. Some of Tim's newsboy friends were on hand, as they had been, also, at the hearing. They had heard of his arrest, and also of his statements to Cuffy, and rallied to see if anything was needed of them. They had not dared ask the loud questions in the former place that they now shouted from their side of the depot railing. To all their questions Tim replied, as he had to Cuffy the night before, and as he had stated to the magistrate, "Jeems

is, out there, and I'm a-goin' to get him out. I may not be back for a week or so, but I'll bring Jeems when I do come."

The last prisoner was hustled into the car, the bell rang, and the train pulled out of the station, bearing a brave young heart on to another terrible disappointment that would grind deeper into his faithful spirit than any of the previous ones, galling as they had been. But great things are to come out of it all for this young heathen of the slums.

CHAPTER IX.

TIM IN HIS NEW QUARTERS.

Out through the squalid tenement quarters of the city, past tanneries and shops and ash-heaps and goat-pastures, into the open green fields and vegetable gardens of the country, sped the train. Had Tim been in any mood to observe and enjoy it, there was more of color and freshness and beauty here than he had ever seen before in all his life. He did enjoy the trip in a certain way: every revolution of the car-wheels was bringing him nearer and nearer to his goal, and his spirits began to rise correspondingly.

You may think it inconsistent, and so did some of the other prisoners on the train, that the nearer he got to the workhouse the lighter did Tim's heart grow. With the others it was just the opposite: the jaunty, braggadocio air with which they had bidden adieu to friends at the station, all wilted out of their faces, as each swift moment brought them closer and closer to the commencement of terms of hard labor in a penal institution. But to Tim it did not mean a hateful punishment and a badge of shame: it meant finding his brother, and every minute now brought him nearer to that blessed one, when all his suspense and anxiety should end in being by the side of Jeems once more. That he would be compelled to remain in durance vile for several days, perhaps weeks, until the time of both should expire, counted for nothing with him, if he

thought of it at all. To find Jeems, that was the all-absorbing thought. So you will not wonder that he actually began to whistle a tune as the brakeman at last called out, "Claremont!" and the officers in charge of the prisoners began to make preparations to march them off in good order.

"You're as plucky as a little iron-clad, my covey," said a voice at Tim's elbow, and he turned to notice for the first time, his seat-mate, a flashily dressed man who had been sentenced at the same hearing as Tim. But he had been more observant of Tim. If any had noticed closely they might have suspected him of some manœuvring at the station to get himself placed in the seat beside Tim, and have guessed, from the close scrutiny he gave Tim on the way, and the furtive attempts to attract his attention and open up communication with him, that he had some designs, friendly or otherwise, on the boy. Tim eyed him now with a deepening curiosity, as, in the confusion of leaving the car, he managed to whisper to him, "Thought you might be going into a decline over this thing at first, but here you are as chipper as a cricket. I believe you've got the stuff in you for a successful career, and I'd like to have the training of you for a while. Say, my covey, what perfesh are you goin' to dot yourself down for? I'll take the same, and give you a chance to learn something of first-class life."

There was something about the man's look that was familiar to Tim; and yet, for the life of him, he could not recall what it was or where he had ever seen him before. There was time for no questions or answers now, as they were quickly marched off the car and filed through the grounds to the building.

Eagerly the boy began to cast his eyes around him as soon as his feet pressed the greensward, as if he half expected that Jeems would be somewhere in sight, or, perhaps, spring out upon him from behind some tree or bush, as he had been wont to do often in play from behind a box in an alley or around the corner of a wall, when Tim had been hunting everywhere and calling for him. Indeed, it almost seemed to him as if the birds and the beautiful flowers on the well-kept lawn must have some message from Jeems to tell him.

By the time he had passed through the grim portals of the building and been ushered into the receiving-room, his excitement was as intense as that of the hunter who has run his game to the cover and is about to bag it. He fairly trembled in his anxiety for his chance to come to put the question that was pressing tumultuously for egress at the door of his lips. When his name was called and he stood up for the usual measurement and registration, he impatiently bided his time with bated breath, answering as best he could the usual routine of questions as to nationality, birthplace, religion, previous imprisonment, etc., until it came to occupation.

"Newsboy," he answered.

"Not much show for following your calling in here: what kind of labor do you prefer?"

"I'll do anything you put me at, if you'll only let me be where Jeems is," was the boy's answer; "and please do let me get to him right away."

The prison attendant looked up curiously. "Who's Jeems?" he asked roughly; "we don't allow no one to dictate to us here. If you hain't got no choice, keep your mouth shut."

"That's a fad of his," volunteered the officer who had

made the arrest; "a brother or a pal or some one he wants to get with to hatch up new deviltry. He tried to sham sort of half loony at the hearing."

"No use for him to try to sham here," and the prison keeper laughed a coarse laugh; "this ain't no select boarding-house where folks comes to see their relatives and have a good time, neither. Not much use anywhere, except in the gardens; send him to Phillips. Next!"

"Is the gardens where Jeems is?" asked Tim eagerly.

"Needn't be coming over your gospel of James here. James is a dead duck along with all the rest of that raft of chaps," and the man laughed loudly again at his own fancied humor. He made an impatient motion for the next one to step up, but the boy before him showed no sign of obedience. He had taken the words literally, and was too horror-struck to move. "Jeems de—" and then his voice refused to speak more of the dreadful word. "Say, you don't mean that my Jeems is dead?" and his tone was a relieved one, after the laugh his fears provoked had gone around.

"No talking back here. Pass on, and do as you are told. Phillips will take this Jeems kink out of you." A rude shove enforced the command, but the boy still held back, and was about to make another plea to be taken to Jeems at once.

"Refractory, are you? We have a way of taking all that out of toughs who come here. Give him a dose of the white cell. Here, Kirby; stick him in the White House awhile." The "White House" was a solitary brick cell within the prison inclosure, without bed or other furniture, reserved as a special punishment against infractions of prison rules.

The keeper thus ordered advanced to take the boy.

Tim drew back with tears in his eyes, and began to plead, "Please let me see Jeems first, only a minute, and I'll go anywhere. They said he was here. The policeman on the street said he was here, and that is the reason I threw the stone through the window. Please don't shut me up until I see my brother. He was hurt, and he never was alone before in his life!" And pleading and begging in a tone piteous enough to have touched a heart of stone, Tim was seized and gagged and dragged away.

"Here! What's all this about, Hendricks? Tell me what is the occasion for disciplining the boy," suddenly interrupted a tall, firm-looking man who had just entered the room, and evidently unexpectedly to those who were receiving the prisoners. His subordinate — for it was none other than the workhouse superintendent who had just entered — colored up, and in a confused way hastened to make out a case of desperate defiance of prison authority on the part of the boy.

"If you are through registering, you may send them away and tell me about this case," he said, in a tone that showed he was not quite satisfied. "You know there is no one in this institution who has the authority to order the White House but myself. I always uphold you in maintaining discipline, but I overheard you order the White House. What does that mean?"

"Oh, I only intended to scare him a little and to come right to you if it was really necessary. He's a tough case, and I had to do something right away to bring him to."

"Well, I suppose you are right, but I'll look into the matter myself now that it has come to my notice in this way. I am responsible, remember, and must satisfy my

own conscience before proceeding to such extreme measures. Bring the boy in here."

"Conscience!" sneered the man to himself as he went out; "lots of conscience it needs for a place like this! Give me a club or a cat-o'-nine-tails, and I wouldn't give a pinch of snuff for all your conscience and moral suasion. Miller's too pious by half for such a place. You're wanted in there," he growled, in a voice of suppressed hatred, to Tim; "and mind how that mouth of yours goes off to the superintendent. There's a way to fetch you to time when he isn't around with his womanish heart."

"Well, boy," came the quick but kindly tones of the superintendent; "what was it you were making trouble about just now? You'll find it pays best to keep the rules while you are here." And then he waited for Tim to make his complaint.

"I only wanted to see Jeems a minute."

"Who is this James that you want to see? The rules forbid communication between prisoners: is he a prisoner?"

"He's my brother. He got hurt on the street, and the police said he was here, and if I would throw a stone through a window I could get out here and see him. He never was from me so long, and he's hurt, sir, and if you'll let me see him just a minute I'll go anywhere; that's what I told the other man."

"Oh, certainly, you shall have a chance to see him," said the superintendent encouragingly, seeing the boy's intense agitation; "but what is that about his being hurt? And you don't mean to say that you committed a crime just to be sent here to see him?"

The evident interest, not to say astonishment, in the

man's tone, encouraged Tim, and his tongue was soon loose and telling the whole story from beginning to end. The expression on Mr. Miller's face changed, as he proceeded, from interest and wonder mixed with incredulity, to admiration and pity. He was used to hearing all sorts of stories from unfortunate mortals, or misguided sinners who persisted in thinking themselves only unfortunate mortals and not sinners: pathetic stories, tragic stories, comic stories, mixed stories, true and false. He could not always place them, it is true, under the latter classifications, and had been more than once imposed upon; but he was more impressed now than he usually was that what this boy was now telling him must be true.

If it were true, this almost unparalleled instance of fidelity and devotion, then the task he saw before him of dashing from this young hero's lips the cup of his reward just as he seemed to himself to be about to taste it, by informing him, as he was almost certain he would have to be informed, that he had come there and undergone all that he had endured for naught — the victim of a cruel mistake — was one that the strong man shrank from as a schoolboy would from a whipping. "Wait here," he said, in order to give himself time in which to collect his thoughts, and avoiding the questioning glance of the boy's eye; "I'll see that you have every show, of course, but I must look up the records; there might be some — some — mistake after all."

"Not about Jeems being here?" and Tim's eyes opened wide with incredulity; "why, it was the police that told me!"

"That's all right. I'll go out and see," and he hurried away, muttering something to himself about rather having to face the most desperate outlaw than look that

boy in the face and tell him he had had all his trouble for nothing. Just outside in one of the corridors, he met a pleasant, smooth-faced man, who would have passed on the street for a schoolmaster or a Quaker merchant, there was something so open and kindly about his face. "I've got a queer case in here, Anderson," said the superintendent, knitting his brows. "I wish you could help me and him." And then he related all the circumstances as he remembered them. The look of interest and wonder with which the other man heard the beginning of the story grew and deepened, just as his own had, as it proceeded.

"It beats everything!" was his puzzled exclamation. "I thought I had dealt with all sorts of romances since I was appointed chaplain of the workhouse, but this is the most remarkable, indeed."

"Well?"

"And the other boy isn't here?"

"I'm sure of it without looking."

"I should have known of it, too. Some one will have to tell him."

"You do it, Anderson. You can give him some religious comfort, maybe; it's in your line."

"Not a very promising opening for that, I'm afraid," said the other, with a quiet smile. "Well, I accept the commission. I suppose the boy can't go out before the expiration of his term, and I'll try to make those ten days count something for his spiritual good if he's at all in the mood to be helped that way, which I'm afraid he won't be after his terrible disappointment. This sort of people love their own kind and will fight for them like tigers, but when it comes to religious influences, they are just about as susceptible as tigers, too. It's a sort of Moses' mission to Pharaoh; but I'll try."

I have not the heart to describe to you the sad interview between Tim and the chaplain, in which his hopes and anticipations were all ruthlessly dashed to the ground again by the same relentless fate which seemed to have been following him from the first. It is enough to say, that, compassionately and gently as was the true nature of the case made known to him, when Tim realized the full meaning of it all, he did not cry out, he did not sob or speak; he had had so many rough encounters with the world of late, in all of which he had been so hopelessly worsted, that at last his spirit seemed completely broken, and he sank down within himself as though he had nothing more in common with the world, and could never feel either hope or disappointment again.

The chaplain left him to himself with some kind words of sympathy, feeling that the proper time had not yet come for human interference, only so far as it might deal with trying to unravel the mystery that surrounded the whereabouts of the missing brother. He had a faint hope that he might have some success here, and thus secure a leverage for working out good for the prisoner. He reported to Superintendent Miller, and orders were given that the stay of the boy should be made as tolerable as possible, though it was thought best that he should have some daily tasks to occupy his mind and prevent him as much as possible from unhealthy brooding. But Tim went about his tasks with a broken spirit. He did not suffer so acutely as he had done at times while he still had hope: he had reached that point where he seemed to be dead to all suffering. to all feeling. But he was really in a more susceptible condition than the chaplain thought.

"Seems to be givin' you purty hard licks," said a

voice near him one day as he was at work in a remote part of the garden. Tim looked up and recognized the man who had spoken to him on the train on the day he had come to the prison, notwithstanding the change the shaving of his head and the prison garb made in him.

Some way the story of Tim's adventure and its sad termination had spread through the prison, and, to the credit of the inmates be it said, it was pretty generally believed. Mr. Hendricks, the keeper, whose antipathies the boy had innocently excited on his first arrival, pooh-hooed scornfully at the idea.

"I don't wonder it makes you feel downcast," went on the man, while Tim was trying in a vague way to satisfy himself where he had seen the speaker before; "the way you've been gettin' treated lately. It's a downright shame. I'm a good friend of yours, if the rest of the world is not, and I saw from the start that you were a young fellow of pluck, the way you stuck by that brother of yourn; and I want to put you in the way of gettin' even with the world for the way it's treated you, and of havin' such a brilliant career as a boy like you deserves. Do you take to it?"

"To what?" asked Tim, his mind more active in studying out the identity of the man whose face haunted him so, than in considering the proposition he had just made to him.

"Why, to get it back onto society as they calls it. There's only one way to do it, and I had no one to show me, and had to find it out for myself. I'm a powerful good friend of yours. I admire pluck, I do, and I knows what a man is good for when I sees his pluck. I want to let you into the way of bein' a gentleman and havin' your revenge on them as rubs you in the dirt.

It's the law an' the officers of the law that's a-makin' all this trouble for you, don't you see?"

Tim gave up trying to coax his recollection to tell him where he had seen this man before, and looked at him with an expression which said, "Go on."

"Look a-here," continued the man dropping his tone to a confidential key, "this here place wouldn't hold a man like me twenty-four hours if it wan't for particular business I has here. I've been in every State in the Union and seen the crowned heads of Europe. Fifty thousand dollars is a big sum to you, but I've had the same lying in this palm that is now embracing the hoe-handle, all in one pile, and all my own by a swift turn of the wrist, d'ye see?"

Tim only looked a growing interest in what the man was telling, as his response.

"You may wonder why a gentleman of my abilities and opportunities should be found in such a place as this. I told you it was strictly a business trip with me. The fact is, I want to get a bright partner in my profession and at the same time add a brilliant light to the fraternity," and the man at last paused entirely out of breath.

"What perfesh is it?" asked Tim with some degree of interest, for it must be confessed that there was a certain plausible something in the man's words, and an insinuating tone and manner, which fascinated Tim.

"Speak low," he cautioned; "I'm a professional burglar. I've had twenty years' practice, and come here on purpose to find a partner just about your size and weight and pluck. The world treated me bad when I was young like you; but instead of moping myself to death, I went to work to give the police as much trouble as they ever

give me, and live an easy life in the bargain. I've done it, and so can you. All this here trouble about findin' that brother of yours is caused by the police. Now this here is my plan." And the man proceeded to lay before Tim, in the most seductive form possible, the details of a life of crime by which he might revenge himself for all that he had been made to suffer, and heap unto himself riches in abundance. The scheme at first dazzled him, but there was that about it which stuck in his mind. It seemed, in his present abandoned condition, to be a sort of salve, a panacea to his feelings. Tim was a boy to whom inactivity for any length of time would be intolerable. And now that he could not bear to think of going back to live in the same surroundings, and do the same things that were so closely associated with Jeems, this dazzling picture which the burglar held up before him seemed to offer a field of activity and excitement into which he could enter with a feeling of relief.

His energetic nature, repressed for a time, was beginning to re-assert itself; and it must be guided by timely and kindly influences in the right way, or it would drift this way. There was nothing mean or underhanded about Tim, yet he was an untaught, unregenerate son of Adam; and it is not strange, too, that the thought of revenge was sweet to him. In an instant, almost, at the shrewd suggestions of his tempter, there sprang up in his heart a hatred of society, which began to rankle there, and inflame the worst part of the boy's nature. And thus it was that the adversary had attacked this poor beleaguered soul, and almost carried the works at the weakest point, before his good angel saw the dawn of a propitious day for going to his succor.

This was on the second or third day after Tim's arrival

at the workhouse. When he went to the solitary confinement of his cell that night, the leaven had begun to work in his heart; and where there had only been attachment for Jeems, and ambition to succeed in his occupation, a den of angry, cursing fiends began to take possession of that despairing soul.

All the early part of the night, Tim lay awake and brooded over his wrongs. How happy he and Jeems had been together! Why did anything have to come to break up that happiness? Why could not the other messenger-boys have let Jeems alone? Why could not the driver of that wagon have looked out? Why need the boys on the corner have called him down from the carriage when he was following Jeems all right? Why did that policeman have to order him off when there were plenty of boys who were allowed to steal rides every day? Why hadn't the driver of the ambulance taken Jeems to the hospital, so that he could have found him there? Why had the policeman on the street told him that Jeems was at the workhouse when he was not? If he was not here, where was he? Were these men telling him the truth? Would anybody tell him the truth? Was not all the world trying to keep him from Jeems?

He had never thought of it until Cracksman Joe had suggested it, but it did look as if all the world had entered into a combination to destroy his happiness and that of Jeems. "Society," as Cracksman Joe called it, had been the aggressor, and he the aggrieved. He hated society. He hated the messenger-boy who had stopped Jeems on the street. He hated the policeman, and all the policemen, and the ambulance-driver and the keepers. Yes, he would have his revenge, and it would be sweet. I do not mean to say that he reasoned it all out as I

have done, but he arrived at the same result, whatever the process. So he passed insensibly from such thoughts into a slumber that was but the same state of mind continued and blended into the vagaries and nightmares of a slumbering organism. And when he awakened in the morning, his first consciousness was that of a rankling bitterness toward all the rest of the world; and in this sullen frame he began his daily tasks again.

And this inflammation of his worse nature was only aggravated during the day by his contact with the brutal Hendricks. Hating the boy since he had been the innocent cause of having him called down by the superintendent, he sought out his opportunity to get even with him, for he made it his boast that no man could stand in his path and not get hurt.

"Here, you're not doing that right!" he angrily exclaimed, as Tim, in his fit of abstraction, had ruthlessly dug up a hill of potatoes that he was supposed to be hilling up. "I sent you here to work, and not to destroy. Sullen, are you?" he demanded, seeing Tim's look of unmixed defiance. "I'll teach you to be sullen. You can't always have the superintendent to nurse and coddle you, and that white-livered chaplain" (with an oath); "I told you I would take it out of your hide for getting me into hot water with the superintendent the other night, and I will now. Take that!"

And he aimed a brutal blow with his cowhide boot at the boy's side, which might have maimed him for life, had it not been for a strategic move on the part of Cracksman Joe, who, seeing what was coming, pretended to stumble, and fell in between the two in such a way as to intercept Hendrick's kick, and catch the force of it from his leg. The keeper turned on Joe, and would have made

him pay dearly for his befriending Tim, had not some one called him just then; and he turned to see Mr. Miller, whom he had supposed in Pittsburg, coming across the field. He turned away with another volley of oaths and threats.

Cracksman Joe was sharp enough to take advantage of so good a point as this; and he studied the boy's moods from time to time, and managed to inject just enough fresh poison into his mind to accelerate the progress of the disease. When Tim went back to his cell that night, his condition was worse than on the previous one. Before morning he had made up his mind that he would say "yes" to the proposition of Joe, and wait with him the time when both could be free to begin the new life which to Tim now seemed to hold out the only promise of satisfaction.

On the next day Mr. Anderson came round again. He did not live at the prison, but his duties consisted in holding services in the chapel on Sunday, and in mingling with the prisoners through the week, writing letters for such of them as wished to communicate with their friends, and opening all the mail for the inmates to see that no money or contraband articles gained admission in this way. Another thing he did was to conduct a night school two nights of the week for such of the prisoners as wished to be taught. He had for his assistants some of the prisoners, among whom there were often men of scholarly accomplishments.

So it was that afternoon before he saw Tim again, but neither had Tim seen Joe to communicate to him his assent to joining him. He had nothing very encouraging to tell him about Jeems. Tim did not expect it. He had communicated with Mercy Hospital, and had learned

that there had been no such patient received there as he described. This did nothing to diminish the flame of evil passions that was burning in Tim's soul: it rather added fuel to it, and he now began also to feel that he could hate Mr. Anderson. He felt in some way that Mr. Anderson stood in antagonism to his present thoughts and feelings, and would try to do something to change his purpose. The chaplain's manner was kind and comforting, but he said nothing to prick afresh the wound in the boy's heart. He wanted first to establish himself in his confidence as his friend, though he did not see how he was to do it. Tim's sullen mood was a puzzle to him. He had hoped for a more favorable opening from what he had seen the night before. The way in which the opening came, was as much a surprise to him as to Tim himself.

He had kindly invited Tim to come to the night school that evening, and, to his surprise, the boy came. He was silent and distant, but bent to the work of improving his reading and arithmetic with that same will-power which had made him first in all that he had undertaken to do as a newsboy. If he was going to be a burglar, he wanted to be a good one; nothing but pre-eminence in his profession would satisfy him. In short, the secret of Tim's suddenly awakened thirst for knowledge was, that he wanted it as a weapon with which to strike the harder blows at this society of which Cracksman Joe had aroused such a hatred. Every hour of the time allotted to school Tim was there, and bending over his tasks with an intensity of application that, while it was a surprise to Mr. Anderson, was also to him an omen of good.

A few days after, Mr. Anderson came to the workhouse,

carrying a large bundle of papers under his arm. A portion of his weekly work for the prisoners, which I have forgotten to mention, was a trip to the religious newspaper offices of the city, where he gathered a large number of the unused exchanges, — the daily political newspapers of the city not being allowed in the institution, for fear they might be used as a means of communication by friends outside, — distributing them for the edification and moral improvement of his charges. You may imagine that this class of reading would certainly be sneered at in such an institution, but you forget to calculate the effect of deprivation of the ordinary reading matter, until the mind becomes hungry enough for almost anything, and also to make allowance for the fact that a number of those incarcerated here have been sent up for periodical drunkenness, which is with them a moral and physical weakness rather than a deliberate choice of vice and crime, and that when shut in from temptations and opportunities to get drunk, and in the reaction which follows a debauch, they are peculiarly susceptible to moral and religious influences, and their early tastes for religious thoughts assert themselves.

"How would you like to play newsboy a little while?" Mr. Anderson asked of Tim, holding out to him the bundle of papers he had brought.

Tim looked at him inquiringly. "I'm in earnest," said Mr. Anderson, smiling; "these are for the men to read. You won't gather in many nickels, as you would if you were on Fifth Avenue, but you may want to keep your hand in ready for your old place in the world when you go back; of course you'll go back to your papers and stand by your mother until there comes some better opening for you, as there surely will to so bright a

boy. By the way, I went to see Bridget to-day, and I have a message she sent you. As soon as you are through with the papers come around where I am, and I'll tell it to you."

There was something about that reminder of Bridget and the promise of a message that arrested the current of Tim's blood that was flowing through the gall instead of the heart, and turned it back into its healthful channel again. Then there was something about having a bundle of papers under his arm again, and moving along with the old swing, that set that current of blood bounding and tingling in healthy circulation through his whole body. It was the natural reaction of a youthful and buoyant nature for which Mr. Anderson had been waiting.

He had understood from Mr. Anderson that he had permission to ignore the rule against speaking aloud, and in a minute his shrill, boyish voice was heard down the corridors giving forth the cry of the newsboy on the street. Such an innovation pleased the men, and, encouraged by them through the gratings of the cells, Tim slung his pack of papers under his arm in the most approved newsboy style, and put himself through all the variations of the regular tune to which the papers are sold on the streets every day. The harmless breach of discipline was overlooked, and the halls rang with laughter which brought a better feeling into many a heart that was embittered and brooding, while the boy's cheeks began to glow with pleasure and natural color. And it was a turning-point with him morally, as well as physically. A healthy action of the heart and lungs helps to throw off spleen and morbidness.

"That was good for you and for us all," said Mr.

Anderson, when Tim came back to him. "Now about Bridget; I told her why you were here, and she was much relieved. She told me that your father had left for parts unknown, and she didn't believe he would ever return. 'Tell Tim to come home next week,' she said, 'and we'll spend the rest of our days hunting for Jeems. I know he's living and all right somewhere, for I had a dream in which I saw the Blessed Virgin, and she told me by the sign of the Holy Child in her arms that Jeems was safe.' She'll need you, Tim; and some of the boys on the street that I knew were inquiring for you. They have made up a purse to start you up. It's only a few days more, and you'll be king of the newsboys again."

The effect of all this was to deepen the tide of better feeling in the boy's nature by swelling it from new tributaries, and the old light came into his eye, and the old elasticity into his step, as he responded to Mr. Anderson's appeal by executing a double-shuffle on the floor, and then seizing a paper off the pack he had been distributing, and going through all the manœuvres of selling papers again. "You bet I'll make things fly when I get back;" and then he added with more seriousness, "We'll find Jeems if he's in the world, and I guess no one can know that for certain."

"No one but Him who knows all things," said Mr. Anderson reverently, and Tim looked at him curiously, as if he would like to understand to whom he had reference.

"Is there such a feller as that there? You don't mean the chief of police, do you?" and Tim's eyes flashed a baleful light again, as if he suspected the police had known all along where Jeems was, and this, if true, only added to the sum of vengeance he owed them. The poison was not all out of the wound yet.

"No, not the chief of police, though I suppose a great many people do go to him to hunt up lost relatives, and he no doubt helps a great many."

"But the police didn't help me none."

"No, poor boy! But I don't think they meant to hinder you. If they did, they will have to answer to Him who knows all the secrets of their hearts as well as where every one is. This will tell you about Him, Tim," and he gave the boy a paper he had held in his hand in especial reservation for him. Tim took it, and went away to his room for the night.

But he did not go to brood in angry hatred of all the world as he had the nights before. He had healthier thoughts, of Bridget and Jeems and Jeff, and his responsibilities to them. Then there came up before him another face, so kind and tender and pitiful: it was the face of the girl, as he had caught its expression, while viewing the injured Jeems. "She seemed to care for him," he mused to himself; "for I heard them order the carriage to drive after the ambulance, and it was her that had it done. Maybe she's the one as knows where he is now — but no, he said it was a man. Oh, yes! He said it was in this paper, too. I'll look." The first thing that caught his eye was a large picture, full-page, such as are often seen in the illustrated Sunday-school papers of the day. It was a scene representing Christ giving sight to the blind beggar by the wayside. Tim could not fully understand the significance of the picture, not being familiar with the history. But there was that about the sweet, majestic presence of the central figure which attracted him, as any representation of the Saviour always does the child. "Nice lookin' chap," he commented to himself; "ain't dressed just like the swells on

Fifth Avenue, but I'll be dogged if he ain't got a swell look 'bout him — like the mayor and governor, I mean. Wot's he doin' ? Stoppin' to talk to that there tramp, I'll be hanged if he ain't. But he don't look like he was orderin' him to git out of his way, or sayin', 'Here, take this nickel, you beggar you, an' go home an' be good.' I like the looks of that there feller, so I do; he looks like a man as would stop to speak to you on the street without cussin' you, or givin' you a track to read. If this here's the one he meant, I wouldn't be afraid of bein' kicked out of his office if I went 'round to ask 'bout Jeems. I'll see if I can make out the street an' number from this here advertisement."

He poured over the paper until he was tired, but with his total ignorance of the subject he made no further headway, except that each time his eyes fell upon the face again it seemed to inspire new confidence that there might be help for him in his search for Jeems in this new quarter. "I'll ask Mr. Anderson in the morning," he said to himself, and was about to close his eyes in sleep when something came into his head with the suddenness of a flash of lightning: it was the recollection of where he had seen the face of Cracksman Joe — in the shanty-boat where the men were playing cards, the night he and Jeems had been searching for the Ark! The remembrance of the evil purpose he had seen stamped on his features that night, in the light of the lamp, the reflection that the man had lied to him about coming to the workhouse out of pure friendship for him, the picture of evil passion and crime that one glimpse had stamped in such an unfavorable light on his mind, — all these combined now to create in his breast the same revulsion against the man, that the reaction of his

healthier thoughts and purposes had in reference to his hatred of society, which the man had instilled into him.

That night was a turning-point in his life. The good angel had come at last, and had the ascendency now. Would it be able to retain it? The contest was not over, and might be uncertain for a time. There were likely to be some eddies and back currents. But Tim's interest in the night-school continued, from pure love of learning. He was one of the brightest and most diligent pupils that Mr. Anderson had. And so the week wore away. The next day was Sunday, and the answer to Tim's question as to the whereabouts of the one in whom he had become interested as a possible helper in finding Jeems came, in an unexpected way, and with a force that deepened the hopes already aroused into a confidence.

In all his life so far Tim had not known any difference, so far as work was concerned, between one day and another. If anything, on Sunday he had risen a little earlier, carried heavier loads of papers under his arms, cried louder and longer to get custom, and gone home more weary in body and mind on Sunday night than on any other night in the week. He had gone to the workhouse to learn that for him there could be such a thing as a day without work. Another thing he had gone to the workhouse to learn: what divine worship was. If it had meant anything to him before, it had stood for a row of coachmen seated bolt upright on their boxes, whatever the inclemency of the weather, waiting until the owners of the carriages chose to come out. "I pities them there fellers," he had often said to himself; "goin' to church is wus nor bein' a dog." And what clearer view could be expected from a boy whose only observation of his Father's house was that it was a place where a

row of coachmen sat outside and shivered, or melted, and waited?

You can imagine, then, the feelings of wonder with which Tim saw himself with eight hundred other prisoners in a large, light, comfortably seated chapel with its reading desk and organ, behind the former of which sat Mr. Anderson, whom Tim now regarded as his friend, as did many another in that assemblage, and behind the latter an improvised choir of prisoners. Words that Tim and others had never heard before, except in blasphemy and jest, were solemnly read in the hushed stillness that pervaded the room. Then songs that had in them something more suggestive and tender than the airs of the operas or the jingles and jokes of clowns to which they had been accustomed, rose and fell on the air, carried by hundreds of voices that had not quite forgotten their cunning of other days, and joined in the sweet, melting refrains.

While some eyes were yet moist from the sad or tender memories that the songs had aroused, the speaker began to address them as friends and brothers of a common birthright.

There was no hollow, perfunctory tone in his words, conveying the idea that he was performing a paid service; it was the earnest rendering of a chapter from human nature, weak, tried, tempted human nature, just such as they had been acquainted with all their lives, though somehow it did not now seem to stand by itself in the noisome, fetid atmosphere of vice, with none to pity its weakness or care for its degradation. But it stood linked with a human nature that was not all human, and that, in the cities and towns of Galilee, by the lakeside and on the mountain with the tempter, in the synagogues and

before jealous, persecuting priests and rulers, in hunger and weakness, thirst and poverty, fatigue and the desertion of friends, had, single-handed, fought the same fight that man has to fight now for the subjugation of his lower nature, that the best in him may triumph.

It would be impossible to tell you all that was said, or of the homely illustrations drawn from every-day life, many of which went home like arrows to the hearts of those who heard, and before whose eyes came visions of better days: of wives and children well fed and clothed; of a little white coffin on two chairs in a humble room, and the hot tears that had been dropped over it, and the vows made there; of the sweet, quiet, godly lives down in the peaceful country homes from which they had come forth pure boys and unsullied maidens to seek their fortunes in the great city in whose maelstrom of vice they had been drawn, almost before they knew it. All these, and many other like things, the words of the preacher brought home to them before he came to that last part of his talk, in which he encouraged them to think of the possibilities still left, of the pitying heart of the loving Father waiting to lift them up, and of the lives on record that had been lifted up from a degradation as low as theirs. And as he was closing his earnest appeal, the sun that had sunk down below the level of the western windows and begun to pour a flood of golden light through them that gilded everything it touched with a halo, seemed to lend softened lines and a flush of new resolves to many a face that had hardened into lines of deformity by vice — or was it only imagination that saw such effects?

Was any real effect produced for good on that assemblage of criminals? The cynical will doubt: the unbe-

lieving will shake their heads and cavil, as doubtless did the Pharisees when Christ said to the woman, "Go, sin no more."

We are not to follow up the lives of any of them to see whether the impressions of the hour were mere transient gleams of sentiment — none except that of Tim the newsboy. To him, that afternoon, coming on the heels of that physical and moral reaction of the day before, and his re-established resolution of life-long devotion to Jeems, it was like a water-gap in a mountain chain through which some tortuous, winding stream, that has been rushing hither and thither, now forward, now backward, making horse-shoe bends upon itself, and seemingly almost giving up hope of ever getting anywhere. After all its wanderings, it confronts this solid wall of rock which rears itself up a mighty, impenetrable barrier in the way, and then finds where nature has, by some incredible convulsion of herself, rent those rocks asunder, and prepared a channel through which the stream goes leaping on with new impetus to join the main river below and sweep on in one straight path to the sea, which was its destination at the first, though it had but now discovered the fact.

Tim's better self had now burst through the barriers of early, vicious influences and of ignorance as dense as the darkness of Egypt. He went back to the Ark next week with his course to the sea plainly mapped out in his own mind. Two things, yes, three, he had laid hold upon: he was to stand by his mother and do all in his power to find Jeems. To do this he must sell papers and black boots, but not in the old-time aimless way. He would learn; he would know, for he meant to rise above boot-blacking and earn more money so that he could take

better care of Bridget and Jeems. How he was to do this was plain enough.

But beyond this there was another star of hope that beckoned him on. He would make of himself, as the preacher had said, a man like the other men who walked the streets in good clothes, and did not have to sell papers; like the Superintendent and the Chaplain. He knew now that he was of the same clay as they; yes, and the same as Him of whom the preacher had told them as battling all and overcoming all, that He might to others give the same power to overcome. He began to want to be like that One. How he was to become so, he knew not. He had only a faint gleam of light as yet, like that which might come through a keyhole to a child shut up in a dark room. Would he be able to follow that? If he does without discouragement, that is the surest way to get more light.

The details of Tim's return we pass over. No one was more delighted to see him, or made more fuss over him, than Jeff. He had no more idea now, than when he first met his disappointment at the workhouse, how he would set about finding Jeems or where, but he had now what he did not have then, — the feeling that there was some One who knew where his brother was, and who was pledged to help him find him, as well as to find his own better self. How He was to help him, or how soon, he did not know; he only knew this: that if he did all that he knew of what this other One wanted him to do, He would help him. It is true he did not yet know much that He wanted him to do, but he was waiting orders, and ready to obey with that same dauntless intrepidity that had characterized his pursuit of Jeems. As he himself put it in the only phraseology he had at com-

mand with which to describe his new experience: "I ain't a-goin' back on Him in anything He wants me to do, an' He won't go back on me."

There came an incident in his life one day which was another of those providential turning-points which seemed to lay out the pathway of the boy as He would have him go. He was walking down one of the familiar streets of the city when, all at once, there dashed past him a carriage, through the windows of which he saw a face that had photographed itself on his mind the first and only time he had ever seen it before. It was the girlish, pitying face that had gazed with such interest on Jeems the day he had been picked up unconscious on the street, and the carriage was the same on which he had attempted to ride after the ambulance. With a wild cry he darted after it.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW PIVOT.

Before we proceed to tell about the meeting between Tim and Milly, let us see what the latter has been doing all the time while Tim had been out of the city.

Milly had continued her visits to the hospital from day to day with increasing interest. When Number Nine began to get a little stronger, which he did very rapidly after the first day or two, they had many nice talks together, the boy asking the strangest questions springing from the oddest fancies that ever filled the head of any little fellow, and Milly doing the answering, or trying to, when she knew.

But he never spoke of himself. When Milly asked him about where he lived and who his people were, as the nurse requested her to, the only ideas he seemed to have were hazy and far away: recollections of when he had been a child, about living in a beautiful house where there were birds and flowers, as in this one, only everything else was much finer; soft carpets and grand pictures, and people who must have looked like the lords and ladies in the picture-books from which Milly read to him, and one more beautiful than all the rest who used to bend over him and kiss him and pat his cheeks and call him her darling. When Milly asked him the name of this lady, who, she was sure, must have been

his mother, he could tell nothing. He only stared at her in wondering questioning.

"It's often that way," said the nurse, "after a concussion of this kind. It may come back to him gradually."

"May?" echoed Milly in dismay.

"Yes; sometimes the brain receives injuries from which the mind never recovers, although the body may be completely restored to health. Suppose you ask him more about his early life — more of the particulars, such as names and places. Sometimes the effort to remember one thing will help the mind to resume its accustomed action. Ask him his mother's name, and what she called him."

Thus incited, Milly questioned him in the next conversation: "I am getting to know you so well that I begin to want to call you something else than Number Nine; can't you remember and tell me what name the beautiful woman who bent over you used to call you; was it Robert or Robbie?"

The boy gazed at her in that dreamy way, as if he was not looking at her but past her or through her into space, knitting his eyebrows, and passing his hand over his head once or twice as if in an effort to remember.

"There, you needn't try, if it hurts your head."

"But it doesn't hurt my head; I was just listening to hear it; sometimes, you know, I can hear voices just as if they were near me; the one you said wasn't it. Maybe it will come back again; I almost heard it a minute ago — there, listen! Wait — yes, Wal—ter, Walter, Walter — that's it, Walter, Walter darling — I knew there was something else. 'Walter darling,' she used to say; 'he's mamma's precious.'"

"Walter," repeated Milly; "why, that is a familiar name to me. It is a very dear name, for I once had a brother named Walter — Walter Raynor."

"Raynor, Raynor, Walter Raynor," repeated the boy slowly, as though he were making a great effort to recall something. "I have heard that, too. That was before the day the strange woman took me away wrapped up in a shawl so that I couldn't see. Where did she take me to? I cannot see the place now, but it was dark and dirty, and she told me I mustn't be Walter any more, but" —

"Was it *your* name? Was Walter Raynor *your* name?" cried the now excited Milly; "are you sure of what you are telling about?"

"Yes," said the boy slowly and positively; "I am sure of it now — Walter — though I wasn't at first; but it comes back so clear when I try to tell it to you."

"Walter!" said Milly rising, and taking both his hands in hers, with a look of such intense eagerness on her face that it almost frightened the boy; "can you remember one more thing? please try hard and tell me what they called the lady you think was your mother. What was her name?"

"She was my mother," said the boy with the positiveness of a growing certainty; "but the others called her — called her — yes, I have it now, the tall man with black hair called her — called her — what did he call her? I almost had it on my tongue — oh, yes, how funny, and yet I knew there was something in your name that made these names come back to me."

"Walter, are you in earnest? do you mean that her name was the same as mine?" gasped the girl, her lips losing every trace of color in her excitement. You

might have heard the palpitating of her heart while she waited in her eagerness for the answer.

"I can't think now," said the boy slowly; "but maybe I can to-morrow. It tires me."

"Oh, if you only could! I dare not tell you now what I hope, until I see my papa, and talk with him about it; but you have told me something worth all the rest of the world to me to-day, if it — proves true. Good-by," and she kissed the boy's brow and cheek again and again. "I'll be to see you early in the morning; I must hurry to papa now."

The carriage was in waiting, and she bade the driver hurry. This was something unusual for Milly, but James whipped up his horses, and made good time. Still, this did not seem to satisfy the little lady of the equipage, for she leaned her head out of the window several times, and urged him to go faster.

"Miss Milly must be sick: I never knew her to want the horses driven so hard before; she is always the one to plead that they may be allowed to take it easy." And his face took on an uneasy look as he drove still faster.

"Yes, miss; your papa is at home," answered the man at the door to her question. "He just came in, and went to his room."

Milly rushed up-stairs and to her father's room, without removing her things. She did not wait to knock, but burst in, and stood before him with a single bound.

"Papa!" was all she could say.

"Why, Milly, what a start you gave me! You are as white as a sheet. Are you ill, child? Has anything happened? What's the matter?"

"Sit down, papa;" and she pressed him toward a

chair. "How long has it been since our little Walter was lost?"

Her father put his hand before his face as if to ward off some unpleasant thought or sight. "O Milly!" he began, growing a shade paler.

"But, papa, you will let me ask you just one or two questions, won't you? I have a special reason, papa. I'll tell you in a minute, if you'll only humor me now. Won't you trust me and answer me, papa?"

Mr. Raynor sat down, and drew Milly to him in token that he had yielded to her wishes. "Well, daughter," as if the effort to recall it cost him pain, "our little Walter, if we could have kept him, would have been eleven years old."

"As large as Henry Eton, papa? And how do you think he would have looked? I mean fair and slender, with blue eyes like mine, and light hair?"

The father for an answer reached into an inner pocket, and took out a small locket. He opened it, and held up before Milly a fair, baby face of some two or three years, with clusters of golden ringlets loosely covering a forehead as white as marble, under which shone a pair of deep-blue eyes. "O papa!" Milly exclaimed; "it is so like him!"

"Yes, but you can't well remember, dear; you were only six when he was drowned." And the man's voice dropped into a minor key, and he softly put the picture away, after one last, longing look, as though the recollections aroused were too sad to be entertained.

"But, papa," persisted Milly, "was his — body — ever found?"

"No; but the hat was, daughter; but why talk about this any more? It is painful."

"Just one more question, papa, please. Have you always been certain that brother Walter was drowned? I mean" — she hesitated to ask, as her father started up impatiently — "mightn't some one have carried him off, and kept the clothing, just to deceive us?"

Her father stared at her flushed, eager face in surprise. There was something in her look and manner that excited him to feel, he knew not what. "Milly," he began almost in a whisper, "what is the matter? Why did you ask that, child?"

"Papa," she answered, controlling her excitement as best she could, "you remember that pretty, blue-eyed boy who was so badly hurt on the street one day not long ago and taken to the hospital, and whom I went to see a number of times? He is the one I meant the picture looks like."

Her father started. Did he also recall a resemblance?

"And you know that I went to see him yesterday. He doesn't seem to recall anything but what happened long ago, when he was a little child; and yesterday he told me that they used to call him Walter, and he remembered a pretty lady and a tall gentleman, and, O papa, he said the gentleman called the lady" —

"What, child?" demanded the father, starting up.

"He said it was something my name reminded him of."

"Milly! This cannot be! There must be some mistake. Our boy was surely drowned."

"But he remembers that a woman carried him away hidden under a shawl!"

"Milly, this is" —

"Papa, O papa! I thought maybe it might be" —

"It could not be our little Walter, Milly, and yet you

have awakened such strange questionings, and almost hopes in me. We must be sure that it is not he, and yet we must not allow ourselves to cherish the slightest hope that anything will come of this. We will go to see the boy — no, it is too late now for to-day; we will go the first thing in the morning. Let's go down to supper now, and be calm, my dear. You are almost worried into a fever over this." But while he spoke and bade her be calm, his own hand trembled as he offered her his arm, and he could scarcely control his agitation.

There was nothing more said on the subject that evening. Milly could see that it was a painful one to her father, and she trembled herself, lest, after all, nothing should come of their visit to the hospital but bitter disappointment to both — for she felt it would indeed be a bitter one for her.

Neither slept much that night, and by nine o'clock next morning, as soon as breakfast, which neither more than tasted, could be got out of the way, the carriage was at the door.

"To the hospital, James," was the order when both were seated.

It was a trying drive to both. Tim, in his pursuit of the will-o'-wisp that lured him to the hospital after Jeems the other day, was not more impatient at the progress of his journey than they.

Inside the entrance, Milly sprang out first. She felt at home, and ran in ahead of her father, in her eagerness. "O Miss Carson!" she greeted the nurse at the ward entrance, "how is Wal— Number Nine I mean, this morning?"

"I declare, it's too bad!" was the answer. "You're

just a little too late: the train left a short time ago on which they went."

"Who went?" demanded Milly.

"Why, Number Nine and his uncle, who came to take him away."

CHAPTER XI.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

The evening before, shortly after Milly had left, a gentleman had rung the bell at the hospital, and, on being ushered into the ante-room, had presented a newspaper clipping giving an account of the railroad accident, the frightful death of the father and mother, and of the whereabouts of the rescued boy. He had come across it accidentally, and had hastened on to take charge of him and bring him West immediately if he were sufficiently convalescent to bear the trip. The gentleman had an air of truthfulness, and the hospital authorities showed the records and at once proceeded to turn over to the rightful guardian of Robert Graham the occupant of Number Nine. The superintendent and nurse had an interview with the uncle, in which they informed him of the peculiarity of the boy's case, which, while he was perfectly able to leave the institution so far as his physical health was concerned, left him in a dazed mental condition from which no nursing or medical care could relieve him, but which might be expected to leave in course of time. Indeed, there was nothing more likely to effect the removal of his mental difficulty than a change of surroundings.

As the gentleman had left home unexpectedly, and was anxious to get back as soon as possible, it was arranged that the start should be made at once, to suit

his convenience. Accordingly, as Nurse Carson had just said, "they had left on the morning train."

This was a terrible disappointment to Milly and her father, and the more so, just now, as they were on the eve of testing a strong suspicion with grave possibilities that the test would turn out to their joy, that this chance was withdrawn from them, and the way entirely closed up, for no clew had been left as to the destination of the uncle of the boy. All they knew was that he lived somewhere in the West, so hurried had been his departure. Mr. Raynor telephoned to all the railway stations, and tried in vain to get some trace of the hack-driver. It was fruitless.

There was nothing to do then, but to turn about and go home. It was a few days later that Tim overtook Milly on the street. As we have stated, he succeeded in stopping the carriage.

"What does the little boy want, James?" inquired Milly. "Tell him that we don't want his papers, but don't do it in a way to hurt his feelings." Milly was very tender in her feelings toward all poor boys since she had learned to become so interested in one of them, and that one had been taken from her just as he seemed about to become more to her.

"It isn't to sell papers he wants," said James; "he says he knows you and wants to speak to you, though I don't know as it would be proper, Miss Milly." James had his misgivings about stopping the carriage on the street to talk with newsboys.

"Oh, yes, it is proper, James, if he wants to say something. What is it, boy?"

"If you please, missy, it's about Jeems as was hurt on the street that day — oh, you remember it, don't

you ?" his face brightening as he saw from the look on hers that she had a lively interest in the subject. "I was afeard you had forgotten all about it. You see, I was a-ridin' behind your carriage to see where they took him, and the police made me get off, and I never found where he is. I thought maybe you bein' so clost, noticed which way they went with him; oh, you did ?"

"Why, yes," said Milly quickly; "poor boy, I wish I had known sooner that you wanted to find him. We followed him clear to the hospital, and" —

"But which hospital ?" interrupted Tim; "I hurried right off to the Allegheny, and Mr. Anderson went to the Mercy, and he hain't been at either."

"Oh, but it was to the West Penn Hospital they took him; out on the hillside, you know."

"But I didn't know," said Tim, "and no one had told me, though I tried to follow the wagon one day and got sent to the workhouse. Where is that there hospital, so I can go and see him at once ? Poor Jeems ! He never was so long away before, and he must think I'm a long time coming to him. Was he much hurt, missy ? They said likely he was only stunned. How long will it take me to go there if I start right away ?"

Milly shook her head sadly. She felt that it would be a disappointment for the boy, from the intense eagerness with which he had asked the questions, and after her own disappointment she could sympathize with him. So she hesitated a moment before she said, "Poor boy, I'm afraid it's too late now to go, as we went ourselves the other day, my father and I, only to find that his uncle had come and taken him to the West that morning, where, we do not know."

"His uncle!" cried Tim, in astonishment, "I never knew that he had an uncle."

"But your father and mother who were killed on the railroad" —

"They weren't killed on the railroad nor anywhere else," broke in Tim; "they're both living."

"And you — why, of course I ought to have known better than that; I knew he wasn't the boy that was hurt in the wreck; oh, dear, what a dreadful mistake has been made! You must get in and go to the hospital with me at once, and try to get them to understand; there's that other poor boy, what will become of him?"

Then seeing that Tim did not understand what she meant, Milly told him to get into the carriage and she would explain on the way. This he was very loath to do, but finally consented, as it would save time.

As they rode along, Milly told Tim all about her visits to Jeems, his loss of memory after recovering from the shock, and his apparent recollection of an earlier history, though she withheld her own surmise as to what that might mean, and her disappointment.

"Poor little feller!" said Tim, when he had listened to all; "they said maybe he was only stunned. And he didn't never say nothin' about me, nor Jeff, nor the Ark?" he asked in a half-grieved tone, that went to Milly's heart.

"He had even forgotten about being hurt, and I'm afraid he wasn't in his right mind at all," said Milly, trying out of her pity for Tim to make it as easy for his feelings as she could. "But," she added, unable to smother entirely her own, "you don't think there could be any — that is, you have always — had him for your brother?" and her heart almost stood still waiting for the answer.

"Ever since he was a wee little speck of a thing,"

said Tim; "I can't remember 'fore that. I must git to that place and see that other boy. You're sure you talked to the right one?"

"How could I be mistaken? I must see him, too, poor fellow!"

And together, the boy, who had always been taught to call the one known as Jeems, his brother, and the girl who had allowed the hope to spring up in her heart that he might prove her brother, neither of whom had the least idea where he was, went to try to do what they could to serve the other poor boy who had been entirely forgotten.

The arrival of Milly and Tim scarcely created a ripple in the institution. "Don't see how it could have happened," said the apologetic superintendent after he was fairly cornered; "but mistakes will happen, you know, and it is very easy to remedy that matter as far as possible, by dropping a line to Mr. —a — what was his name? I suppose of course it was Graham; but I declare, in the hurry, the record was not filled out. I trusted to memory. I'll put it Graham, of — of — here, does any one know where they went? To Union Depot? Out West? What's to be done? The right boy is on our hands yet, and almost well."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE OTHER BOY.

This was a problem indeed: what to do with the boy who had got into the wrong cot in the hospital, and who had lain there on his back, unconscious of what was going on, or unable to lift a finger or voice against the substitution of another for himself.

The hospital authorities felt that when they should have cured him, they would have done all they could for him; and the only thing left for them was to report him to the Department of Charities of the city; or, if the city refused to do anything for him, to turn him loose on the streets.

Such a fate as this in prospect touched the hearts of both Milly and Tim.

"Look a-here," said the latter, with his characteristic decision; "since he ain't got no folks as you knows of here, and don't know where to look for those he has got, he can just come and stay with me, and learn the business."

"Why," Milly said hastily, in answer to Tim's question as to how she thought that plan would do; "I was just thinking I would ask papa to take him into his office, and we would look after him ourselves; but if you want to do it all, why then" — and she hesitated in her remarks, which had been in an aggrieved tone.

"We'll wait, then, and let him choose for himself, or maybe he knows the way back home."

And so it was settled as far as they two were concerned. They had several days to wait; but as soon as Robert was fairly convalescent, and ready, shortly, to be left to the cold charity of the world, they made another visit.

"He's a queer case," said Nurse Carson. "He seems sorry about his parents' death, knows nothing of his uncle's whereabouts, and cares nothing about the mistake made; says he's bound to see the world, and doesn't want to go back where his folks lived, and won't tell where it is if he knows. You talk to him; maybe you can do something." Milly and Tim went in.

"Hello," piped a rather weak voice. "When are they going to let me out of here?"

"You'll be all right in a day or two. Want to get back home?"

The boy shook his head. "I might as well start in here. Burris would make me go to school, and clerk Saturdays, and all the boys kill themselves laughing at me for throwing away such a chance."

"What are you thinkin' of settin' up in?"

"Oh, anything full of adventure — any cowboys, or pirates, or Indians around here?"

"Don't know of none 'cept on the bill-boards, and in the dime museum, and I don't think they want any more. There's an injun doctor, and one in front of a cigar store. How would you like to try my business?"

"What business?" asked the boy.

"Why the newsboy and shine-'em-up business; I'll make a first-class one of you, and you can live in the Ark with Bridget and me."

After some questions about the Ark, this proposition

seemed to strike the fancy of the young orphan with tremendous force, and he almost leaped from his seat at the idea of beginning such a life, which, to his imagination, would be full of freedom and adventure.

And so it seemed to be settled; but some one else had been regarding all this with a jealous eye, and showed in her looks and manner that she objected to a monopoly. "Wait," she said hastily; "don't you think it would be better to go into an office and learn to be a banker?"

"Fiddlesticks!" broke in the subject of these remarks. "I don't want no office for me: I'm going to be a newsboy, that's what I am, and live in the Ark. Say, is it Noah's Ark? It isn't, is it?

The laugh over this, and the evident decision of the boy to choose Tim and his life, helped to restore things to a peace footing, and Tim further poured oil on the troubled waters by proposing: "See here, s'pose you let this chap try the newsboy business awhile, and then, if he don't like it, he can go into your father's office. And I guess there's enough for both of us to do right away, for he'll need something to wear more than a nightgown, and some money to start him up. We might go into partnership in this thing; you furnish the capital, and I the experience."

This suited Milly very well, and arrangements were soon made for the *début* of the "new recruit in the perfesh," as Tim styled him. Milly and Tim went out together for the street outfit necessary for Rob.

"Where are you going?" asked the latter, as they made for one of the leading business streets.

"I thought I would just go to papa's tailor; I don't know anywhere else."

"Does he keep any second-hand togs?"

"Second-hand? No."

"Misfit, or bankrupt stock of ready-made?"

"Why, no; he will take his measure and — why, I declare, how will he take his measure? Oh, he'd have to send a man, of course."

By this time Tim was laughing outright. "Fine sort of a newsboy you'd make of him, to be sure, with a broadcloth suit, kid gaiters, collar and cuffs and necktie, and a sealskin cap with fur tippets. Why, the boys would hoot him off the street, and he'd have to carry a scented handkerchief, a piece of soap and glass and towel in his pocket, and he wouldn't sell a paper in a week. You let me manage the thing," he added, as he saw Milly's hands drop in dismay at the reception her plans met. "I'll fit the chap out right for the business, but you won't want to go to the place with me; it's Cheap Isaac's in Wylie Avenue."

"Then give James the order, and I can stay in the carriage while you buy the clothes," and this was agreed upon.

"Tell them to send the bill to papa," Milly said, as Tim got down the steps to go into the store.

It was now Tim's turn to be disturbed. "They won't never send any bill for my telling, and I don't s'pose Isaac does that. It'll have to be spot cash."

"Why!" said Milly aghast; "I haven't enough money now to pay for a suit of clothes. I've only a little change."

"Have you three dollars?" asked Tim, who now began to understand something about Milly's notions of dress and value.

"Why, yes, more I guess, let me see;" and she counted out of her purse four dollars and thirty-nine cents; "but you can't get anything with that."

Tim took three dollars from her hand and went into the store. In ten minutes he returned with a bundle, and handed back two cents change to Milly. "There," he said, as the door closed and the carriage moved back in the direction of the hospital; "that's what I call a pretty snug rig for the perfesh." And he unfolded a half cotton suit of assorted garments, somewhat frayed and worn, but clean and pressed out. "I know it's a leetle too tony," he added, seeing the look of disappointment that came into Milly's face; "when I mix it a little to fetch it down to the right shade, you won't know but what he's been in the business allers."

"What do you mean by mixing it?" asked Milly.

"Why, just to take the snob out of it, I'll slip in an old jacket of Jeems's, you see," — and he drew his sleeve across his eye, — "an' shoes he won't need until 'long about Thanksgiving. Oh, he'll do now like a brick."

Milly sighed, but said no more. She saw that her ideas and Tim's could not be made to harmonize at all, and wished that she had insisted upon having Rob go into her father's office.

And I am not sure but Rob wished it, too, when he saw the outfit, and heard the plan for reducing it to the requisite degree of shabbiness. He wanted to be a newsboy from sheer love of adventure, but it never entered his head that he could not succeed as a newsboy in a neat school suit such as he had been accustomed to wear at home.

What kind of a home he had been reared in, and where it was, and what the condition now, we shall learn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROB'S HOME.

In a quiet town in New Jersey, there was a pretty white cottage, in front of which the gate-latch clicked twice every morning, noon and night, on five days of the week, to let in and out the two male occupants, Mr. Graham, a middle-aged man, who went down town to his business after an early breakfast and returned to an early dinner, and Robert, who set out for school at a quarter of nine and returned for his dinner at a quarter after twelve.

There was a difference in the clicks, too, as there was a difference in the steps. The earlier click in the morning was a sharp, decisive "rick-a-chick," as though the latch were on its good behavior and determined to show itself approved of its master. It couldn't be surprised into anything indecorous or irregular, not that gate-latch, you would have inferred from its precise, mechanical snap at seven.

But its nine o'clock click — was that the same sedate, reliable piece of mechanism that promptly slid into its place and announced the result in a respectful proper tone? No, a different hand has hold of it. With a running hop from the front steps, a boy lands with both feet on the lower crossbar of the gate, unfastening the latch as he does so, and riding out on the sidewalk by the momentum of his own leap. Then, released from his weight and rebounding from its own violent contact

with the gatepost, it plunges madly back, clicks a rapid remonstrance as it swings clear through and opens on the other side, returns, rattles through the slot again, and travels half-way across the walk, only to return and settle at last in its place with a reluctant click, as though sorry all its fun were over.

"Rob will wear that gate out before winter," said the mother, anxiously peering between the front blinds after her noisy, careless boy. "He is so destructive, and I can't tell where he gets it from, either; his father is so careful. The way his books and clothes go is a caution." Then with a sigh, and a wish that she could find some way to impress on him the need of economy and careful habits, she returned to her work saying, "If we were less comfortably fixed, it might be different, but Rob never knew what it was not to have everything he wants."

And indeed, the Grahams were very comfortably "fixed." Mr. Graham had a paying retail business which he and one clerk could manage; his house was paid for, and he had some money in the bank, and a piece of land a little distance in the country where the horse and cow were pastured. Their cosey home was pleasant and well furnished enough for any one who knew when he was well off, and Rob was having all the school opportunities he could manage to improve — more, since there had found a place under his desk, some books he had picked up among the boys, the thrilling, exciting scenes of which painted unreal, distorted pictures of life in his brain.

Mother did not dream that when she kissed his rosy lips in the morning, those same lips would, before dinner, move over the whispered sentences of fictitious,

brutal bandits, rude cow-boys, uncouth Indian scouts, who used oaths and coarse, obscene expressions to spice their talk, or her own would have blistered at the touch. Had she known how the imagination of her boy ran riot in details of adventure, of pleasures depicted of a gilded life in the crowded haunts of vice in the city, that were forbidden in that quiet town, and all the sweeter to Rob because he knew they were forbidden, she would have understood why such a spirit of restlessness and indifference to the duties of his home life had seized upon Rob, and why he fretted because everything about home was so tame and distasteful.

The steps that approached the gate, and the click of the gate-latch, were separated by a pause that day. Mr. Graham was eying some new feature of the landscape with a questioning stare.

"What is that built of boards and paper in the corner of the yard?" he asked of his wife, as he sat down to the dinner-table.

"Oh!" she said, half-amused, half-annoyed, "Rob had the yard full of boys all the morning making it. He called it 'Robber's Retreat,' or something of the kind. I heard them quarrelling about the name, and one of the boys, it seems, wanted to have it called 'Death's-head Cavern.'"

"Such names! Where in the world does he get them? Where is the nice tent I bought him? Why doesn't he play in that on the clean grass, instead of going to that filthy corner between the pig-pen and the stable?"

"Oh! he says the tent is too babyish, and the lawn too much like civilization. What he wants is life on the prairie, or in the whirling city, poor boy! I wish he would not get such ideas into his head."

Mr. Graham sighed, and said no more on the subject. He went back to the store as soon as he had finished his meal, so that Burris, the clerk, might come to his.

Then Rob came. He was as moody and silent now as he had been full of life and activity in the morning.

"What's the matter, Rob?" asked his mother, as he shuffled into the room without a word, and looked with an air of disdain on the tempting, substantial dinner spread before him.

"Nothing; only I got low marks again in arithmetic and map-drawing, and is this the best there is for dinner?"

"Why, what's the matter with dinner, dear? I thought you liked milk-toast, and made this on purpose for you."

"Bah! Milk-toast will do for babies; and milk to drink! I'm tired of this whole milk-business! Why can't we have some venison and turtle-soup? and over at Fisher's their mother lets them make birch-beer, and they pop the corks out, and sometimes play bar with it, or have a bandit's banquet; but you can't have any fun in a poky place like this." And he turned up his lip in disgust, and left the table with the dinner untouched.

His mother sighed again. She had gotten into the way of sighing a great deal lately. She was sighing still when Burris came in to his dinner.

Burris was a plain-featured, matter-of-fact young fellow, with much hard sense packed away in his head. There was a cheerfulness about him that was contagious and helpful. Mrs. Graham smiled back at him as he chatted and laughed over his dinner, praising the apple-dumplings and milk-toast which Rob had sniffed at.

"John is such a comfort," she said to herself; "he's

so sensible and satisfied. If only Rob" — and then she sighed again.

"Did you burn your fingers on the tea-pot?" asked Burris; "or are you sighing about that new dog-kennel in the back-yard? What's Rob's latest notion, — to be a buccaneer, or a bootblack with a savings-bank account?"

Then, as he saw the look of trouble on her face deepen, he added, "Oh! Rob'll come out all right. It's just a kind of an epidemic that has to have its day, like chicken-pox or falling in love with the girls. S'pose I had it myself once. If he didn't read so many of those foolish books, though; what Rob needs is a touch of the very kind of life he thinks he is hankering after — that would cure him."

Then Burris went back to the store.

And so things went on in Bridgeton and in the Graham home, only Rob got less and less of merit marks at school, and he grew more and more dissatisfied with things as they were about him. I don't know where it would have ended, but one night, not long after what I have stated took place, Mr. Graham came home to supper earlier than usual, with considerable excitement in his manner.

"Mary," he said, "I have a letter from William's folks in the West. William is in a decline, and his wife writes that if I want to see him again, I'll have to come pretty soon. He's the only brother I have, you know; and I've been thinking of a trip to the West for some time. I believe a little vacation would do me good, and we can spare the money. Burris can run the store as well as I can, with a little assistance, and" —

"Yes; why don't you go?" interrupted his wife.

"Rob and I would be lonely, but you would enjoy it so much; besides, you must see your brother"—

"But, wait a minute; I was going to propose that we all go."

"All go! Why, Rob is in school, you know."

"I know; but I don't think his school is doing him as much good as it ought to. In fact, I'm convinced that he'd be better out of it. Burris told me that he learned from one of the boys that there is a great deal of novel-reading going on in the school, and he thinks that is what is helping to make Rob so restless."

"Why, Robert, you don't think our boy would"—

"I'm satisfied now that he has had some share in it; and I believe a change and the travel will do him more good than the school, in the present circumstances."

And so it was soon settled that the trip should be taken; and soon all was in readiness, and they took a train over the Pennsylvania road, and the rest you know—the train was wrecked, and Rob's father and mother were instantly killed, and their bodies burned beyond recognition in the conflagration that followed. Rob was saved with a severe bruise on the head, but all belongings were burned, and the boy had been brought to the hospital unconscious and alone, and unable to let his friends know where he was, or prevent another boy from being sent to his uncle's in the West by mistake.

So it is we find him waiting in the convalescent room of the hospital this morning, for Milly and Tim, his new-found friends, to return with the outfit for him to begin life as a newsboy on the streets of Pittsburg; and to-morrow we shall see him starting in his new career.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROB IN HIS NEW RÔLE.

If Rob was the least bit put out by the appearance of his prospective rig, he felt himself give a still more decided start when he and Tim had walked across the river, to where the Ark was moored, and he had taken a look at the internal arrangements for housekeeping.

"That's a cute little fellow," he said, "to ride up and down the river in; she'd make a good river pirate; but where do you live?"

"Live?" echoed Tim; "why, this boat ain't for ridin' in, it's a house-boat; we live in there."

"But where do you stay nights; I mean, where do you sleep?"

Tim let down one of the bunks, and explained to him, in detail, the household arrangements.

With a rueful countenance did Rob regard the prospect of such a manner of living, contrasting in his mind the bare, dark floor and walls, the squalid look of everything, and the close, cramped quarters, reeking with steam and soapsuds, and the odor of soiled linen, with his own cosey attic chamber, with its bright carpet, neat white curtains, dainty bed, and other furnishings in keeping. But he was not going to draw back now; probably he would not have to spend much time in this place. When the profits began to roll in, he would get Tim to go to a cave, or else they would get a small steamboat.

If Burris, or any of Rob's Bridgeton friends, could have seen him as Tim had him rigged out for work next morning, I am sure that a laugh would have gone round, at his expense, that would have made his ears tingle. He wore the trousers of the new suit, with a gray woollen shirt that had been Patrick's, the sleeves of which had to be rolled up at the wrists, to give him the use of his hands. Over this was a vest that Jeems had worn, but man's size, and would button only at the bottom. Shoes and stockings were deferred until cooler weather set in; but Tim, after he had surveyed, with increasing dissatisfaction, the effect of a pair of small white feet on the rest of the make-up, called Rob down to the river bank, where he deliberately applied a coating of river mud to the offending members. "There!" he said, "I guess you'll do now, if it wasn't for your girl face; I don't like to put mud on that."

"I don't think you'd better try that!" was Rob's indignant answer.

The dose of freedom that he was getting in the great city was a little more than he had counted on, but he saw he was in for some disagreeable things, and put on the best face he could, determined that such a condition shouldn't last long after he had made his pile, or, at least, begun to make it. "I shall not stick to the newspaper business very long," he said to himself; "just as soon as I can fall in with the right sort of fellows, I shall start out like Adventurer Dick in the last story I read. I ought to have a pistol or a dirk, or something; but Tim is so dull that when I mentioned it to him, he flew at me as though I had killed some one already. But while I do stick to this business, just to make a start and take bearings, I'll make it hum. I have an idea there's

money in it, and I'll show these fellows a trick or two; I'll conduct it on business principles, and not go about like a beggar to suit Tim's notions. I'll have to wear this rig to-day, I s'pose, until I make enough to buy a decent one. Whew! see the people on the streets, will you! There must be a fortune in selling papers, at three cents apiece, to so many people. Say, Tim, isn't this a pretty good place to begin? Let's go to work right now."

"Go to work at what?" demanded Tim, who was elbowing through the crowd of workingmen with dinner pails in hand, who were thronging the bridge on the way to their work. "If you mean selling papers, I guess we'd better get our stock first, and then find the kind of a crowd as buys papers; these is mostly Germans and Hungarians."

"Well, let's go into the store and get some and be ready," insisted Rob.

Tim could hardly have kept back his laughter, had he been in a less serious mood. But he managed to keep both it and Rob in check, until they reached the newspaper office, and took their turns in waiting for the newsboys' edition. They were full early, but some of the boys were in the rear-lot gymnasium, to which reference was made earlier. Tim led him in, and began to put himself through some of the exercises. Many of the boys were expert boxers, and they had managed to get hold of some old soft gloves, and were indulging in this sport now. But none of them seemed to care to stand before Tim. Another feat consisted in seeing who could kick highest and hit a certain mark, usually another boy's hat. Tim was an expert at this. He would take a flying leap, and deftly send a hat whirling

in the air with his toes, and then keep it there by successive kicks.

Rob, of course, had to have his introduction and initiation with the boys. If it had not been for Tim's protecting presence, he might have had a rough-and-tumble time of it, for his sensitive nature had never been taught to brook anything he did not like; but under Tim's charge, and with the understanding that he had, in a sense, taken the place of Jeems, Rob had smooth sailing.

It was only a question of time, though, until the crude, over-wrought fancies of his unhealthy imagination would come to the surface, and make him a laughing-stock among these boys to whom life was a real struggle, and not the play-day of the story-books. It will do him good, though, after the smart of the hurt is over.

"Cracky, but he is fine-haired!" commented one of the street urchins; "wot kind of a tune can he sing, I wonder? listen for mosquitoes to hum directly."

"How does yer part yer hair a' week-days?" demanded another, sending Rob's hat flying in the gutter, by a kick of his toe, in imitation of Tim's favorite feat.

"Its name is Wobbert," answered a third, "and it has its clothes marked, doncher know," and he deftly snatched Rob's only handkerchief from a pocket, and held the dainty bit of linen up to view.

That handkerchief was about the only thing left to Rob of the ample wardrobe with which he had set out on his journey, and the thought of his loss was forced home upon him, and the tears began to well up in his eyes.

Tim saw the danger of a breakdown, which would mark him as a girl-baby with the crowd, and he arrested it by a flank movement.

"Give him back his mascot, will you, Cuffy?" he demanded, snatching the article in question; "now 'scort my pardner down to the *Times* for the first wipe, and I'll bundle on to your '*Spatches*."

Rob and Cuffy became good friends before they were half a square away, and the former began to unfold to the latter his wonderful notions about life in the city. When they returned, Cuffy was almost too full to contain himself, and began relating in confidential undertones what he considered a good joke on his new comrade. His communications, whatever they were, elicited loud guffaws of laughter, and but for the fact that all were too busy trying to get the first slice of the morning market, there would have been fun for Rob just then and there. As it was, it only waited a lull in business to break out.

"Now," said Tim, as soon as he had divided the last batch of papers with Rob, keeping the greater number himself, "strike out, and I'll stay by you until you get your hand in."

Rob took the papers with a confident air, a little tempered with resentment that Tim should hand him out so few. "I can sell three times that many before I go a square," he thought to himself. Then, calling to mind his experience and observation in the line of business which had come to him chiefly through the Saturday mornings in his father's store, he stepped up to a gentleman, and, touching his cap with his best grace, mumbled in a tone not as loud above the hubbub of the street as he had intended to make it, "Please, sir, would you like a nice early morning paper?"

A loud laugh burst from all the other boys near by as the gentleman brushed past Rob without seeming to

see him, and, a few steps farther on, dropped three cents into the hand of a boy who swung a paper from his pack almost into the purchaser's eyes.

"Please, sir, please, sir, thanky mum, ax yer pardin', 'bleeged t'ye," went up a chorus of derisive echoes from all sides. "Jack, ye forgot to take off yer hat an' make yer bow," to the boy who had sold the paper; "g'long and duck yer head! Tim, yer want to get a grind-organ, an' send that trained monkey up the front steps with a red suit an' a rope to his waist."

"Leave off your manners," said Tim to Rob, "and holler it out in plain United States, — *'Spatch, G'zette, Times,* mornin' papers, all 'bout the 'splosion!" And Tim set a lusty example himself, which Rob, after several bashful, funny attempts, managed to catch up with about the same approach to perfection the young rooster in the poultry-yard reaches on the first morning he essays to wake the sleepers in the farmhouse. He sold a few papers, but to his great mortification his pile was soon as large as Tim's; but Tim did not seem in the least disappointed at this. He worked away like a beaver, running to meet strangers who carried gripsacks in their hands, offering his papers, a shine, or to carry the luggage, according to which capacity he seemed to be the most needed in.

Rob followed, learning very fast, and getting rid of his crude and gilt-edged ideas of the newsboys' business almost as fast.

And thus the early part of the morning wore away, and there came a lull in the demand for papers. Pretty soon the early lunchers would begin to leave the offices and stores, and a stream of men would flow past and through the post-office building. In its corridors the

newsboys and bootblacks began to congregate again, it having been the starting-point of most of them in the morning.

As soon as a dozen or more of them were there, and Tim and Rob had come back, presently from an alley across the street there came a couple of boys whose eyes sparkled with mischief, and yet whose faces were as sober as judges. They came up to Rob, who was fanning himself after his unusual exercise, and resting on one of the post-office steps.

"This is dull work," remarked one of them; "wouldn't it be fun to go and take in the beauties of the Owls' Roost a while?"

"You're right, it would," said the other. "I want to know how much plunder they took in last night. I've got my eyes set on a few gold rings, and a bolt or two of silk to cover my divan with."

Rob had overheard and pricked up his ears, all attention in a minute to such a subject.

"I don't care so much for the gold and the soft duds, but if they get in a case or two of sardines, or a fruit-cake and some sherry, I'd like to feed my sweet tooth, and moisten my gizzard a little."

Rob drew very near, and the others, pretending to see him for the first time, hushed and sidled off. "Say," said Rob in a loud whisper, following them, "you needn't to be so mum; I heard you, and if you don't tell me more, I'll give you away to the police. I'm bound to get into this thing myself."

"Wonder if he did hear us," said one of the others, pretending to be scared. "We've got to tell him now, to save ourselves. What do you say?"

"I think he's a clever fellow, and if he'll swear to be

a clam, we'll let him into the thing, and give him a share, eh ?"

It was agreed, and so the two boys took Rob confidingly to one side, and asked him to wait a minute after they had disappeared, so as not to excite suspicion, and then to follow them into the alley, where they would meet him, and conduct him to the "Owls' Roost," which they informed him, in the most guarded whispers, was only another name for a den of young robbers who nightly came home laden with the richest plunder, which they divided among themselves.

All this was so in accordance with Rob's reading, and his wild imaginings, that he entered into it eagerly. Waiting for them to disappear up the alley, he looked over his shoulder to see if he was noticed, and then ran across to the entrance, stealing along under the shadows of the buildings. The moment that Rob was out of sight, every boy in the vicinity disappeared, and there was a general scattering by various routes in the direction he had taken. What did it mean ?

When Rob overtook the two boys, they motioned him forward, and, pointing to a low shed behind a building, whispered to him to enter there, repeating as he did so the watchword, "Let her go, old Allegheny."

With palpitating heart, and hopes raised to the highest pitch, that now he was to have a taste of that wild, free life of which he had had such glowing pictures in the books he had been reading, Rob advanced. The outbuilding was dark, so that he could see but little, the only light seeming to come from above. He stooped his head to get within the doorway, repeating as he did so the talismanic word that was to admit him into the presence of the charmed circle of worthies whose companion-

ship would lift him above the need of plodding as a newsboy for a few paltry dimes. The instant that the words were out of his mouth, there came upon him such a deluge of water as took away his breath, and drenched him to the skin, leaving him sputtering and gasping for breath, the worst astonished and frightened boy in all Pittsburg. At the same time there went up from all around him such yells of derision, and such mocking gibes and laughter, as made him feel that he had been shamefully deceived and abused by a cruel practical joke.

"What did you do that for?" he wrathfully demanded of some of the boys whom he now had a chance to observe peering through the cracks of the roof.

"What did you tell us to let her go, old Allegheny, for, if you didn't want a dose of old Allegheny?" demanded they in turn.

Rob's blood was hot now, and if he could have caught any of the culprits just while in that mood, it would have gone hard with them; but while he was frothing and fuming, suddenly there rose up another cry: "The Dagos! the Dagos! Look out for the Dagos!" And in the same instant a shower of stones and other missiles began to fall about the boys, making them retreat in a hurry

CHAPTER XV.

EXCITEMENT IN EARNEST.

Some of the boys were hit by the stones, and those who were at all slow in getting away had an opportunity to see who their assailants were.

Virgin Alley, in which the ducking-affair had taken place, was commonly known as "Italy," from the fact that, within recent years the tenement houses lining it on either side had been taken possession of by a low class of Italians, some of whom worked occasionally on railroads, but many of whom did nothing but steal and drink and fight.

With incredible rapidity there had come up a second generation of Italians, who, while they jabbered their native tongue glibly enough when in the company of each other, had also acquired the English language sufficiently to feel at home; and with the language, it seems, they had got some of the ideas and enterprise of their Western brothers, for as fast as the boys grew to a suitable size, they began to recruit the ranks of the boot-blacks, newsboys, and errand-boys, with bright-eyed, swarthy-cheeked, lithe young fellows, who proved as quick of wit and as aggressive in disposition as those whose places they came to fill.

In short, what the brown-cheeked sons of Italy had done for Patrick in the matter of superseding him on the railroads and canals and public works as a day-

laborer, these bright young olive-hued sons of the South proposed to do for the sons of Patrick and John and Hans, and all the rest, for that matter.

Often the traveller who had occasion to walk from the South-side Depot to the Union Station would make some comment on the number of times he was accosted with offers to black his shoes, carry his baggage, or sell him a paper, in broken English, from the lips of a boy whose nationality showed unmistakably in his accent as well as his complexion.

And this encroachment on their walks and wages by the children of another nationality did not escape the sharp eyes of the newsboys and bootblacks of the town either. There had been a growing jealousy of it, which had threatened at times to lead to open resentment by physical force. More than once when a solitary Dago had had the temerity to invade the grounds of the others and ply his vocation, he had been compelled to submit to sound abuse if not to actual chastisement. But usually the Italian boys were clannish enough to keep well together, and the others knew too well their loyalty to one another, and their tempers when provoked, to attack any large number of them. But of late the lines had been more sharply drawn, and one or two little Dagos caught alone had been treated to summary punishment in warning that they had best give up the field.

It seems that they had put their heads together and planned to assert themselves in a way that would make the others feel the force of numbers and organization, on the first opportunity. When the newsboys had unwittingly invaded their own territory for the purpose of playing their practical joke on Rob, it is not strange that the Italians should have mistaken it for a premedi-

tated hostile demonstration, and lost no time in marshalling the forces they had been drilling for warfare offensive and defensive, and administering to their despised assailants the drubbing they deserved, much in the style their illustrious ancestor, Julius Cæsar, would have castigated one of the Northern nations that had refused to bow to his standards.

The scattered newsboys, wholly unorganized and unprepared for such an attack, fled in the direction of the post-office, which was a step or two nearer the central police-station than the bravest Italian cared to venture, so the attacking forces were drawn off and the others left free to hold a council of war.

The indignation meeting on the post-office steps reminded one, in the ardor and vehemence of the speakers, of a war-time mass-meeting. The speeches may not have been so long, but they were as much to the point as those which took up the cry, "On to Richmond!" There was time enough, before the afternoon issues would be ready, to get the feeling against the Dagos crystallized into a decided war movement.

Tim was naturally looked to as a leader, and it must be confessed that his Hibernian blood was heated enough over the attack of the morning to plunge into the extremest measures. Lieutenants were appointed, and a plan of attack soon decided upon. It was in discussing this that Rob's peculiar notions of border and desperado life were called out, and in the common interest which this affair had developed, the late rather rough usage of himself was entirely overlooked, and he was recognized as on "our side."

One of Rob's bright suggestions was to invest the available assets of the party in rope from which to

improvise lassos, with these to make a sudden dash into the heart of the Dagos' territory, and each assailant to lasso a victim, to drag him off to some secure place, and hold them as hostages or prisoners for ransom.

The drawbacks of this daring scheme — in which, by the way, Rob had planned that he was to be assigned the brilliant place of helping to hunt the secure place of incarceration while the others were making the capture, and to treat with the friends of the prisoners and receive the ransom — were too apparent to the city-bred boys familiar with the ready interference of the police, the poverty of the Dagos, and several other circumstances against it, to allow it to have much consideration. But a plan was agreed upon, which had the merit of being much more original and effective than this.

The boys were to go out with their afternoon papers as though nothing had happened. They knew those with whom they had to deal, too well to venture on any attack on their own ground; for men, women, and children in Virgin Alley would have banded together and fought like tigers on such a provocation. But they watched their time, and that evening, after the bulk of the papers had been sold, a circumstance happened which aided them in carrying out their plans. It was intended as a further act of punishment upon them.

There was nothing in particular to do, and Tim had set his kit down against a pillar in the post-office corridor while he ran across the street to get a nickel changed into coppers, of which he was entirely out. He had often done such a thing before, and felt perfectly safe so long as some of the boys were near. But he trusted in the watchfulness of the boys once too often. Probably some one was familiar with this careless habit of his,

for when he returned a minute later there was no trace of his kit where he had left it a moment ago. He at first thought that some of the boys had taken it away and hidden it just for a joke on him, but when he questioned them all, no one knew of its being missing, and all were as indignant as he.

"Look here," said Rob at last, as if suddenly remembering something, "I just bet I know where that box of yours is gone to. I saw one of those little black-skinned fellers from the alley slipping across the street a minute ago with something wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. I just know that he took your box." The boys all started up ready to believe this theory without further proof.

"If you knew he took it, why didn't you stop him?" asked Tim.

"Oh, I didn't know it then, of course, and the reason I didn't say anything to the other boys was that I wanted to slip around and capture him without any one knowing what I was going to do. But while I was dodging around the square and trying to creep up in the rear, he must have slipped over and stolen your box. Come to think of it now, I am sure that I saw the strap hanging down below the paper. Don't you remember my saying that fellow was going to hang himself, Cuffy?"

"Why, yes," said Cuffy; "and if he hadn't been so far away, I'd have gone over and licked him then. I saw the strap, and it was just like the strap on Tim's kit."

The boys decided that this case was enough to justify an arrest, and at once several of the larger ones, with Rob and Cuffy as witnesses, went to an officer whom they knew as friendly to them, and a hater of the Dagos,

and made information in due form, on which they were told the Italian boy would be arrested if he could be found and identified. Cuffy agreed to go along with the officer and do the identifying part, and so the case was settled.

And now Tim's active brain went to work on another plan for retribution. He knew that within ten minutes after the boy should be taken to the Central Station, Diamond Alley would be crowded from Smithfield Street to the station and below with his young compatriots, all ready to swear that he didn't steal the kit, and that he had just arrived from the old country an hour after the affair was said to have transpired, or that he had been fifty miles away, working on a railroad at the moment. With this knowledge, he matured his plans rapidly.

When the narrow alley was thronged with their assailants of a few hours ago, he would mass his forces at some convenient point below. Then it would be arranged to have some kind of an alarm sounded on the alley above, on which the newsboys would all rush up the alley, as if intent on reaching the point whence the alarm came. Of course, there would be others in the crowd which would rush to the *mêlée*, but each newsboy would take care that as he swept past the congregated Dagos, one or more of them went down in the confusion of the moment, and received severe punishment, for which he could neither retaliate at the time, nor make any future accusation, because of the miscellaneous character of the crowd. Altogether, for a boy whose opportunities had been no better than Tim's, it was a plot denoting a high order of leadership. It was just such an one as Spotted Chief or Sitting Bull or any other Indian chief might be expected to conceive and carry out without the

least compunctions of conscience; provided, of course, he had the grade of intellect necessary to the conception of such a piece of strategy, and no inward monitor to tell him right from wrong. And, no doubt, if Tim succeeded in carrying it out as planned, he would have the applause of his followers openly, and, at the same time, the secret applause of many who called themselves Christians, yet who in their hearts would say, "Served the young heathen Italians just right."

The boy and kit were found together in the Italian quarters, so confident were he and his comrades that the theft would never be traced. He was identified by Cuffy, and taken to the police station, as expected. When the news of his arrest had time to spread through the Italian settlement, the young friends of the boy began to flock to the narrow street leading to the police station, just as they were expected to do. Those who had been intrusted with raising an alarm in the street above, did their part; and numbers started tumultuously to the spot, just as had been expected. The newsboys, who had been acquainted with the plan of action, were ready to seize the favorable opportunity and rush to the spot, where their late antagonists would be at their mercy, just as had been expected. But it was at this juncture of affairs that something unexpected occurred.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

JUST before the grand rush which was to complete the annihilation of the Italian urchins, a circumstance occurred which wrought a change in Tim, on the subject of taking vengeance into his own hands; or rather it brought fresh to his mind the change that had been wrought before, but which his present temper had well-nigh buried beneath the tempest of passion.

The point at which the newsies were marshalled was directly opposite the windows of a picture-store which fronted on Wood Street, and had a side entrance on Diamond. Having nothing else to do while waiting for the signal, Tim stood idly gazing into the window at some of the prints and chromos displayed on this side of the house. Accidentally, as some would put it, his eye fell on a reproduction of that famous painting of Munkacsy's — "Christ before Pilate." It did not at first strike him as being anything of special interest, until his eye chanced to fall upon that one central figure, which, when seen, rivets the eye to itself with a fascination in its forlorn and haggard majesty and self-command which all who have seen it have marked in it.

"That there feller's having a hard time of it, sure's you're born," Tim thought to himself; "but, some way," he added, "he looks as though he was the biggest man in the lot and bound to come out on top, if every one is

agin him. Looks as if nothin' could make him mad enough to strike back. Wonder if — Great Scott! That there must be the One! Sure's I'm a sinner, it's the very feller the chaplain told us about, and He didn't never strike back. He did the other thing, and come out best by doin' it, every time. An' He did it, so the chaplain told us, to show us how He wanted us to do, and He will help us to do that way, if I got it straight. I ain't been tryin' very much in this line jest now, but a feller forgits when his Irish gets up. But if this is one of the things He wants me to do, I ain't a-goin' back on Him. I ortn't to a-stirred this thing up; it ain't what He would a-done. Wot's to be done now? If I could only hold the boys back! I've got to — Great Cæsar! What's that?"

The cause of this last exclamation was farther away than the picture, and had called forth exclamations from others than himself. The leader of the Italian gang, who had been standing on the curbstone, jabbering and gesticulating like an animated jumping-jack, suddenly stepped backward, as if to put into execution something he had threatened or proposed to do. As he did so, he stepped one foot into a coil of slack rope that hung from a hoisting derrick used in raising brick and mortar to the seventh floor of a new building on the alley. Just as he did so, the stationary engine which ran the windlass gave a shrill toot as a signal, and the drum began revolving rapidly, and taking up the slack. In a second it had jerked the boy's leg and thrown him to the ground. The next second he was dangling in the air, head downward, out of the reach of his companions. By that time the danger was seen; the engine stopped, and the engineer stood ready with his hand on the throttle to back

her, when a voice cried out, "Don't! For Heaven's sake, don't back! The rope will slip, and he will fall and dash his brains out!"

The nearest thing to the suspended boy was an electric light pole. A dozen sprang at once to mount that, but as suddenly sprang away again at the mere mention of "dead wires!" Sure enough; there dangled half way down the pole, a small, loose wire, suspended over the cables strung above. It might be charged with the deadly fluid. There had been a number of shocking deaths lately in the city, from contact with "dead wires;" a touch, a flash, a contortion of the body, and the next minute, a writhing mass of scorching, smoking human flesh, and the fearful tragedy was ended. Who would court such a fate now? Who was brave enough to throw himself into almost certain contact with what might prove a horrible instrument of death? Not one of those nearest. Every man shrank back, some calling for mattresses, and others suggesting sending a man to the electric company's office; but the boy still hung, head downward, growing blacker in the face every moment.

Then it was that a startling surprise was sprung on the growing crowd. The other boy, who had just been contemplating the picture while waiting for his opportunity for revenge, discovered with a quick eye his chance to take it, after the example of the One who murmured not when He was reviled, and who gave Himself for His enemies. He darted forward like an arrow, bidding his crowd stay where they were. With a few bounds he was at the foot of the pole. He put back the hands that would have stayed him, and sprang up it like a cat, twisting his sinewy body hither and thither to avoid

The end of "The Dago War."
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contact with the dangling wire. They could just hear, above his loud breathings as he climbed, the words, "Help a feller;" and several ran to the foot of the pole, thinking his strength was failing already, and he was about to fall.

But it was not to them he spoke: it was to Him of the unmoved look in the picture, who had endured suffering "to show the way," as the chaplain had said, and who now offered "to help those who tried to do as He had done." "I'll do this here for Him, an' then He'll help me to find Jeems," he said to himself between his set teeth.

He was up to the most dangerous part of the dangling wire quicker than it has taken to tell it, and was hugging the pole close, to keep away from its deadly touch. A few tugs more, and he would be where he could reach out and rescue his imperilled enemy. He grips the pole with arms and legs, and hoists himself upward. Now another! But he slips back! He makes a more desperate effort; he lunges farther out — a little too far! The wire! It moves! He has touched it! See, he falls! No, it is only his hat! He is safe! He has reached the boy! Carefully balancing himself, he reaches out and draws him toward the pole. With the muscle of a trained athlete he holds him close to himself under one arm, while, clinging to the pole with the other arm and his legs, he quickly slides down to where a score of eager hands can seize and steady them to the street.

Then there goes up from the crowd a wild huzza of relief and admiration that startles the tenants of the stores and offices near by. It is the world's homage to physical courage. But in his heart, the

thing which strikes the sweetest, gladdest chord for Tim is the thought: "I have done what He wanted me to. He helped me do it, an' He'll help me to find Jeems." And that was the end of what the newspapers humorously called "The Dago War."

When Tim and Rob went home to the Ark that night, the latter's admiration of the former was so great that he would have followed him into a worse hovel than that, and thought it the highest privilege to be near him. He knew very little of the inner motive, but it was to him an object-lesson in heroism of a type so much healthier than he had ever got a glimpse of in his story-books, that it did much to change his ideas of life. All the more startling, then, was the announcement Tim made to them: "Jest as soon as I can git Rob's hand into the perfesh, I'm goin' to leave him and you together, an' light out to find Jeems."

"The howly saints defind us! Where are yez a-goin'?"

Then followed dissenting voices and arguments against such a course. But Tim was firm in his determination, which, having cherished in his heart ever since his return from the workhouse, the event of the day had quickened into an earnest call to set out at once.

Rob was getting along well. He had no more such exciting experiences as the "Newsboys' War," and the little episode of his own just preceding it, but he had been admitted into full membership in the fraternity of newsboys. It is surprising how soon he became an expert seller and bootblack, and he learned to sleep soundly on the bunks of the Ark, which were, no doubt, softer and more grateful beds to the thoroughly tired boy who came to seek their comforts each night, than the feathers at Bridgeton had ever been to the petted and pampered son of Robert Graham, Esq.

You will wonder why Rob did not communicate at once with Burris and ask for money to take him back to Bridgeton, and the home comforts and society awaiting him there.

There were several reasons. In the first place, Rob, in spite of the crude, false notions of life he had imbibed from his pernicious reading, and which had made him so dissatisfied with his home, and such a trial to his parents, was really an affectionate boy, and had suffered as much from their sudden death as it was possible for a boy of his temperament to do under the circumstances. His buoyant, elastic nature would soon react from any shock if it were given some form of activity in which to vent itself. His own long unconsciousness from his injury, and the subsequent weakness both of mind and body, had robbed the blow of much of its force; and when it did fall, it was much softened by the lapse of time.

Still, he suffered so much, that he really dreaded going back to Bridgeton, where everything would remind him of his loss, and where he felt sure he could not take enough interest in anything to prevent life being almost unbearable. In the second place, he had talked a great deal to the boys, just before leaving Bridgeton, about his thirst for a life of adventure; and now, when the chance was thrown in his way, he felt not only that it would be the best way for him to forget his sorrow for a while, but that he would be ashamed to go back and admit to the boys that he had not the courage to endure the hardship of such a way of living. And so it was that the newspaper account, being the only tidings of his fate that had ever reached Bridgeton, and Rob having been mentioned in that as being killed — no doubt from the

fact that he was at first unconscious — Burris had naturally settled down to the only conclusion that was left him, that the family were dead. He continued the business, and faithfully cared for the house and other property in the name of his late employer until the heirs-at-law, whoever they might be, should come and claim it; for, though he had been Mr. Graham's confidential clerk, it had never occurred to the latter to inform him of the whereabouts of his brother William, who had left the country at a comparatively early age, to escape the consequences of youthful follies, and whose name had therefore never been mentioned by the family in the hearing of Burris. So, while it was generally known to the friends of Robert Graham in Bridgeton that his brother William was somewhere in the West, and that it was to that section he had started to visit him, no one in Bridgeton knew exactly where that brother was located. Mr. Graham had directed his mail forwarded to Cincinnati in care of his wholesaler there, and that was a very hopeless clew to follow up.

One day a stranger came to Burris in the store, and cautiously opened a conversation in reference to the piece of land which Mr. Graham owned in the suburbs of the town. He spoke of it in a disparaging way, putting ridiculously low estimates on it, and finally he wound up by asking in an indifferent tone: "What are you going to do with that patch of sand barrens anyway? keep it to scour your floors with?"

A laugh went round the store at this description which seemed to fit a portion of the lot so well. "Why," said Burris, "I'll hold on to it, I think. There's no market for it just now, though the day may come when sand will be the most valuable real estate that a man can hold in Bridgeton."

The stranger started a little at this casual remark, and eyed Burris closely for a minute. Then he joined in the laugh at which the hearers greeted the idea that sand would ever be at a premium in Bridgeton. "I suppose you wouldn't sell it then, if there were a market, for fear there might be a gold-mine hidden under the sand," he sneered.

"Oh, if there were a good offer, that might be a different thing."

"But would you know a good offer when you saw it, with your wild ideas about sand being turned into gold? Suppose you should get a good offer for those God-forsaken barrens, what would you do?"

"Yes, that's so, Burris; what would you do about selling the Graham property?" asked one of the bystanders.

"I should probably take the advice of Lawyer Stone, who was always Mr. Graham's legal adviser," said Burris good-naturedly; "and as for gold-mines, my physical geography doesn't teach me to expect gold or diamonds or oil-wells here, but I have learned that the ancients discovered the process of manufacturing glass by building a fire on blocks of soda in the sand."

The crowd of loafers again laughed at what they imagined was Burris's turn at saying a funny thing; but the stranger only bit his lip, and eyed the boy as though he would look him through and through. Presently, after most of the others had gone, he sauntered over to the counter, and, throwing down ten fifty-dollar gold pieces, said: "How would that do for the ten acres of sand-hill? Squire Vaughn, here, will tell you that's twice as much as it is worth; but I've a fancy to start a poultry-yard here."

Squire Vaughn, the townsman alluded to, whom Burris had noticed coming in with the stranger earlier in the evening, hastened to confirm the other's valuation of the land, and volunteered his advice to John to close the bargain at once while the bidder was in the notion.

To say that Burris was surprised and puzzled at the whole proceeding was but to state the only natural conclusion. But his quick, practical turn of mind set him at once to work to solve the problem. He was sufficiently satisfied there was something unusual in the wind to lead him to answer decidedly: "No, gentlemen, if it is worth that to you, it is worth that to the estate." And he pushed aside the money.

"If I must consider your refusal final, allow me to say that you are throwing away a good thing," said the stranger in a disappointed tone.

"I'll say this," said Burris; "I'll see Mr. Stone, and report to-morrow. I don't like to act on my own judgment alone."

"You'd better consider it more favorably now," said Squire Vaughn, coming close to John and speaking in a confidential tone. "My judgment in the matter is as good as Mr. Stone's, and this is a very nice gentleman; maybe he will do a little better, and make it worth your while to sell to him. See here," he called to the gentleman, who made a pretence of being about to leave, "you wouldn't mind raising the figures ten dollars, would you, just to satisfy the boy and close it up to-night?"

The other appeared to hesitate, but finally said, "I have great confidence in your judgment, squire, and will do as you say," and he took out another piece of money, and laid it down by the side of the first.

But Burris shook his head. "You only make me more

determined to see the lawyer first. Good-night, gentlemen."

Burris was up early the next morning, and sauntered down to the railroad station before breakfast. From the station agent he learned that the man who had spoken to him about buying the lots the evening before, had come to town the day previous in company with a gentleman from Baltimore, a Mr. Baker, who had large glass interests in different parts of the country. After some confidential conversation between the two on the platform, they had separated, and had not been seen together, though he learned from the hotel registers that both had remained in town.

Burris also learned from others that two strangers, answering to the descriptions of these two, had been seen at different times and alone, walking over the tract of land belonging to the estate of Mr. Graham. The young man was quick-witted enough to put two and two together, and after he had consulted with Lawyer Stone, who saw that the case would be perfectly safe in his hands, he was ready to meet the stranger when he should come again.

He put in an appearance quite early in the day, and assumed an air of indifference about the matter. He priced the prunes and codfish and nearly every staple article in the store first, expressing surprise at the great expensiveness of living in such a place. Finally he came around to the land, "by the way of the Pacific Ocean and China," as Burris laughingly said, but betrayed his anxiety by offering more than his best figures of the day before.

"There's no use in beating around the bush in this matter," said Burris; "that land is worth three thousand dollars an acre for a glass factory."

"Who said anything about a glass factory?" demanded the stranger.

"I did," coolly answered Burris; "if you and Mr. Baker want it, we will sell you five acres at a thousand dollars an acre, and put the other half into the business at the same valuation."

"Well, you are a bright one!" was the man's reply; "and I guess we might as well take you up. Who'll sign the papers, though? I learn the owner is dead and the estate unsettled."

"But he left me power of attorney, and that holds good until the court appoints administrators."

"The papers will be ready this afternoon, then."

And that same afternoon the transaction was completed, and Burris deposited five thousand dollars in the bank to the credit of Mr. Graham. In six months from that a large glass house was in full operation, and in one year the stock began to draw dividends for the Graham estate. This, with all the profits of the now increasing business, — for the glass house with its scores of employees made custom, — Burris carefully invested; and thus the property that awaited Rob when he should have had enough of adventure, should feel less heavily the touch of his sorrow, and should be absolved from the obligation now upon him to stay by Tim's mother during the absence of the latter boy, and should return to Bridgeton to claim his own, was growing. So was Rob's appreciation of the value of a dollar, and his self-reliance and manliness and sympathy with his fellows — all qualifications which would fit him, as remaining at home never could have done, for the possession and proper use of wealth.

Bridgeton people said that Burris might better be

trying to do something for himself than wasting his best years and energies over dead folks' affairs. It was confidently believed that as soon as William Graham, the scapegrace of the family, should hear of the state of affairs, he would come on and claim all.

"John Burris is a sharp business fellow," admitted every one in Bridgeton; "but," said they, "he doesn't know how to look out for himself. With his business tact and push he might be getting rich."

But John Burris paid no attention to what people said, and kept on the even tenor of his way, laying up all the money he could for the Graham estate, taking himself only the salary that Mr. Graham had allowed him, until he had been appointed administrator by the court. Even then he did not take the compensation the law allowed him; but all that exceeded the amount he had fixed in his mind as a reasonable compensation, and what Mr. Graham would probably have paid him had he lived, he religiously turned over to the estate.

CHAPTER XVII.

WESTWARD BOUND.

WESTWARD over the Panhandle road speeds a swift express train. Among its many passengers are a middle-aged man and a fair-haired boy, pale and fragile from recent illness, and, in his neat-fitting suit of knickerbockers with soft gaiters and becoming hat, you would hardly know him as the Jeems who sold papers about the post-office or ran errands on the streets of Pittsburg.

Nor did he know himself as such. All the past life in the shanty-boat with Tim and Bridget and Jeff seemed to have faded out. In its place had come the hazy recollections of an early life of which he had talked to Milly. But of this he did not seem to think much except when spoken to about it. He was content to sit and dream and dream.

"Robert," said the gentleman, after they had got under way, and to break the silence, "I suppose you can remember about the — the fearful accident on the train?"

The boy paid no attention to the remark. Evidently it had not caught his attention.

"Robert, Robert," repeated the gentleman. Still he did not look up until his shoulder was touched.

"Oh, were you speaking to me? I didn't hear you say Number Nine."

"But you are not Number Nine now, you are Robert, don't you know? That was your name before you went to the hospital, wasn't it?"

"Oh, was it?" was all the boy replied. "I can't think of anything before that, except when I was a baby, and the beautiful lady held me, and called me Walter. Where's Milly?"

"Milly?" repeated the gentleman. "Who is Milly? They were right about the poor child being dazed. I suppose the only way is to humor him until he has had time to wear it off. Poor Robert! I little thought he would be the first to go, and I had hoped to show him how different my life is to what he used to warn me against so faithfully. Who is that Milly, the nurse?"

"Milly is the pretty girl who came to see me, and brought me fruit and flowers. I don't want to go away from Milly. Will she be there when we get off the train? Will she bring me grapes to-morrow?"

"You shall have plenty of grapes, Robert, and some one as nice as Milly to help you get them," said the man tenderly, drawing the boy closer to him. "Do you like to ride? We shall be on the train all night and most of to-morrow. Then when we get off the last time, aunt Beatrice will be there to meet us, and little Ted; you never knew of little Ted, did you, Robert? I was planning such a pleasant surprise for you all when you came. I hadn't written to your father for years, and — why, what's the matter, Rob?"

What had caused him to suddenly change the subject and ask this question, was the strange actions of the boy we have known as Jeems, but must now call Robert to avoid confusion. A newsboy had entered the coach, and was going down the aisle crying his papers, and

offering them for sale. For a minute after his entrance, Rob had regarded him with the same far-away look he gave everything, but something about the familiar sounds and names seemed to strike through him into the part that had been buried under the rush of new circumstances following his accident. He had started up, and was staring at the boy with such a wild look in his eye that his uncle was alarmed lest his weakened brain might suddenly have been upset by the violent start he had received. But the boy passed on through, and Robert quieted down again, except that he passed his hand over his head several times, and seemed to be wrestling with something he wished to say or think.

"What is it?" asked his uncle in an effort to soothe him.

"I thought that — that — I knew something — but I can't think what it was now; something about — what — that — boy said — what did he say? Who was he? I didn't see him at the hospital, did I?"

"I guess not, but never mind now where you saw him," said his uncle soothingly. "Lie down and try to go to sleep. You mustn't let yourself get so excited, you are weak yet."

"Yes, sir," said Rob submissively, and he rested his head on his uncle's shoulder, but not to sleep. He gazed out of the window and dreamed and dreamed.

There was nothing of interest on the journey, and the next day, toward night, they arrived at Louisville, which was the home of Mr. William Graham, the supposed uncle of the boy we shall call Rob.

A carriage was waiting at the station with a lady, and a little boy about three and a half or four years old. They greeted Mr. Graham with kisses of welcome, and

at once began to inquire about the particulars of the accident, and Rob's injury.

"Were you not surprised to see your uncle, after his writing he was going into a decline?" the lady asked of Rob. "That was only a ruse to get your father and mother out here: we were sure that nothing else would bring them. They told you about the letter, didn't they?"

"Did you mean the letters Milly said she would teach me when I got stronger? Where is Milly? I haven't seen her yet." And the boy looked inquiringly into Mrs. Graham's face.

Her husband hastily took her aside and acquainted her with the boy's condition. "He seems to be rational enough on every other thing, except that his memory of his home is all gone, and he can recollect nothing but his hospital life, and he has some wild fancies, perfectly harmless, and they will all pass away, the physician told me, with a change and care."

The lady looked disappointed. "I was expecting to have so much pleasure in the care of your brother's child, and thought he would be such company for little Ted, but" —

"Oh, he and Ted will get along splendidly. See, they have hold of one another's hands already. He is just the gentlest and most easily managed little fellow, only there are some things I can not understand, — he uses some words I should not have thought my brother would have allowed his boy to use, and he has some habits about his eating that I can not account for. But it will all come out right, my dear. The boy has good blood in him."

Thus assured, they drove homeward, Rob and little

Ted occupying one seat together, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham the other.

"I sints 'oos pwitty, tuzin Wob," prattled the artless fellow, and he laid his hand against the boy's cheek and patted it with a soft, caressing touch that was something quite unknown to the poor boy's experience.

"How much does Ted love Cousin Rob, dear?" asked his mamma, smiling.

"Hass a dollar," was the boy's prompt rejoinder. Ted had a queer way of estimating values, and Ted had queer ways of saying and doing many things. He was a healthy, hearty, rollicking baby boy, but in some things he was older than his years.

His mother was of the highest type of Christian motherhood, and from infancy Baby Ted had been taught the name of God, Bible stories, and thoughts about heaven and the angels. The last thing his mother did, before her child went to sleep at night, was to put over his busy brains a nightcap of sweet, restful thoughts of God and His protecting angels who would watch while the whole world slumbered. And his slumbers were correspondingly sweet, and more restful, as compared with those of his real cousin, at his age, whose mind had been filled with nursery tales of fairies and hobgoblins at the start, and then his imagination, fed on this, grew and demanded more, and was regaled on tales of youthful adventure with wild beasts and reptiles, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling performances of daring and strength, until he had begun to crave something still more exciting than this, and sought for himself the sort of reading we have already indicated in another chapter.

And so little Ted was what some people would call "abnormally developed" in the direction of knowledge of God

and spiritual things. Some people think it a sign of early death for a child to know anything about God or its own soul. They would make no distinction between the child and the animal in this particular. "The child is a little animal," they say; "why destroy its happiness by filling its mind with thoughts so far above it?"

If the child has a soul, why not teach it something about that soul as soon as it is able to understand anything about it? Why teach it about things that do not exist except in fancy, and then only to distort and frighten, and not about the real?

The former is what the Grahams had done with Teddy; and he was, as children of his age are apt to be, quite communicative on a subject on which he was informed.

It was this that led to a little passage between him and Rob, as the carriage rolled along homeward, which brought out some surprising facts, and which indicated what were to be the future relations between the two, and how helpful the one to the other.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."

"WOBSY," Ted was overheard to remark — Ted had a way of modifying last syllables to suit himself — "I'm doin' to Sunnystool next Satday."

"Are you?" said Rob; "wot's it like?"

"It's to ze shurch; Oo know ze shurch, Wobsy."

"Whose church?"

"To my popsey's shurch vite down ze street, vere we goes to heard God-talk an' sing Desus'-songs. Oo know God and Desus, Wobsy?"

"Milly had one, she told me about it, and read it in a book. She said I orter have one. Wot's a Desus?"

"Up in ze hezen, Wobsy, vere ze angels is, Wobsy; ze good angels zat took Willie to ze sky. If you's a good boy, Wobsy, you can go too."

"On the cars? I don't want to go — unless Milly is there. Where is Milly?"

"I doesn't know. Is she nice?"

"You bet. She can sing, —

'Gumchew the shaver,
Mike knows the way.'"

"Oh, no, zat's not it. Ted tan sing it wite.

'Come to ze Saviour,
Make no delay,
Hear now His voice,
He's tallin' to-day,

Hear now His atsents
Tenderly say,
Will you, my
Shildren, come?'"

"Where does he want the kids to come ter?"

"Tisn't kids, Wobsy, but shildren dus vite us he vants to tum."

"Who's the cove as wants us?"

"Vy, don't oo know your Saviour, Wobsy?"

"Never had none."

"Vy, Wobsy Graham; he died for oo. Don't soo wuv him?" (reproachfully.)

"Yes: if yer want me to — if he is like Milly," Rob hastened to say in an obliging tone, and with that the conversation was diverted into another channel.

"Did you ever!" was Mrs. Graham's exclamation of surprise to her husband, both of whom had been amused and amazed listening to this dialogue.

"I can't account for it at all in a child of my brother's," said the other, "unless it is the result of his accident. Let us attribute it to that, and hope for the most favorable outcome. Anyway, he seems to have a lovable disposition, and he won't hurt Ted any — I rather think it will be the other way. Strange, isn't it, that it should be Robert's boy instead of mine, the scapegrace of the family, who should seem so like a heathen?"

"You sha'n't say such things about yourself," in an expostulatory tone, placing her finger over his lips.

By this time they had reached home, where a tempting supper was awaiting them. Rob had caught the infection of Teddy's boyish spirits by this time, and was soon capering and racing about the house on tours of investigation; for with his return of animal spirits, in part a

reaction from the long forced inactivity of the hospital and the tediousness of the all-day's ride, came a natural, boyish curiosity.

They were pleased to see him show so much life, but shocked at some of the expressions that fell from his lips. They did not think it proper to check him yet, but it was with many misgivings they saw him becoming Teddy's near playfellow. When the bell rang for supper, Rob followed the others to the table and took the chair to which his aunt motioned him. But the next second he was up again and had snatched a banana from the fruit-dish, and was devouring it like some starved creature, throwing the skin on the floor as he ate it.

"No, no, Robert; you must not do that," exclaimed his aunt quickly, catching his hand just as the last piece was about to go. "Sit down, and when it is time, I will give you as many bananas as you can eat."

"Yes'm," said Rob submissively, and in some surprise, as though he had not supposed there was any other way to eat bananas. After that, by keeping a sharp outlook, she managed to hold him within bounds during the rest of the meal, and indeed, it must be said to Rob's credit, that, after the lesson of the first break, he seemed to feel instinctively that he was in danger of doing something that would displease his aunt, and he would cast an appealing glance at her before he made any move.

After supper, a share of the evening was spent in playing with Teddy, during which all of the toys had to be brought out and inspected, and all picture and story books reviewed. Then Mrs. Graham said she thought the children would better be got ready for bed, as it was past Teddy's bedtime already.

Rob made no protest when she undressed him and

clad him in a neat white gown. He sat very quiet while Mr. Graham read a chapter from the Bible, and when they all kneeled down to pray, Teddy by his mother's side, the ex-newsboy's lack of religious training crept out again.

"Our Heavenly Father," began Mr. Graham in a solemn tone, in the orthodox way.

"That's what Milly tells about," suddenly broke in Rob.

"Sh—," cautioned Mrs. Graham, and Rob kneeled down by the chair again, as she motioned him to do, and after an awkward pause the prayer proceeded.

But Rob wondered at a conversation that had to be conducted in a kneeling position, and which was all done by one person, and his wonder could not be kept in bounds forever; and pretty soon he broke into the most solemn part of the prayer again with, "Who's he talking to, Teddy? Why don't we go to bed? I'm tired."

This was enough to soon cut the prayer short, and the good-night kisses were somewhat colder and constrained by reason of the embarrassment still on them. Teddy was terribly shocked.

Teddy and Rob were then taken up-stairs, and put to bed in a pretty little room adjoining that of Mr. and Mrs. Graham. When it came time for them to kiss each other good-night, and lay their heads on the pillow, Teddy pouted his rosy lips and held back. "Kiss cousin Rob, and tumble in," said his mamma.

"Me ain't doin' tiss Wobsy," pouted the little fellow. "Wobsy is bad boy to talk while popsy pways. Dod vont wuv Wobsy, an' wet him tum to hezen wiz ze angels."

There was more in the tone and the look which accompanied this which hurt, than in what Rob understood of the words; and his lip quivered after a minute, then his head dropped, and he fell sobbing on the pillow, wounded to the quick that his little friend of the hour had been offended and withdrawn his friendship from him.

"There," said his mother to Teddy, "see how you have hurt your little cousin's heart. He doesn't know better yet, Teddy, and you must love him just the same. Poor Robbie, he's no papa and mamma to tell him about God and Jesus, and he has been sick, and forgotten what they did tell him; won't Teddy love him and tell him?"

"Wessum, he vill," said the now thoroughly sorry and sympathetic Teddy; and the next minute he was on the bed beside Rob, with his arms about his neck, trying to speak words of reconciliation and comfort through his own sobs.

Rob ceased his own crying now, and began to soothe and assure Teddy that it was all right; and so the cloud rolled away, and with the calm that followed the two little fellows both lapsed into the stillness of slumber, and Mrs. Graham called her husband to come and see them as they lay there with their arms entwined about each other's necks and their cheeks pressed close together in loving touch.

"I wouldn't disturb them," said Mr. Graham; "just leave them as they are, until we retire, at least."

"Yes, it is a pity to spoil such a charming picture; and do you know, William, I believe it is a favorable sign that they are to be brought closer to one another, and that there will exist a true friendship between them."

Mr. Graham smiled, and said something about not

believing much in signs; but still he did not feel like spoiling his wife's pretty fancy, especially as he had a hope of his own that the two boys would get along well together and prove mutually helpful.

Next morning when Mrs. Graham's real task of instructing Rob began, she saw that she was not to be disappointed in finding very pliable material. He seemed to be very anxious to do just what she wanted him to do, so that her work was much lighter. But after watching him closely all day she failed to discover the slightest trace of any former teaching of religion or manners, or of any sort of refinement in his home life. His speech and manners seemed to be those of a neglected street waif, toned down and made somewhat less objectionable by a certain native refinement of soul which the boy possessed.

"He must have been allowed just to run the streets with the very worst kind of boys," she said to her husband that night. "It may be that your brother's wife was an invalid and could give no attention to her boy. I can not account for it in any other way, unless he has forgotten; but then, how did he ever come by all the slang expressions and the uncouth manners he has? He must have learned them somewhere, and surely he could not have got them at the hospital in the short time he was there."

"I don't know," said her husband with a sigh; "if I only could have seen poor Robert for one hour, to tell him how sorry I am for all the trouble I ever caused him when I was younger; but I suppose it had to be this way, and we can only make the best of what is."

And so Rob's life went on. Every day that he remained at his uncle's, he grew rounder and fatter and rosier. In

the neat, tasteful way in which his aunt dressed him, he was really a beautiful child, and with his returning health and bodily vigor, came also a change in his mental condition; that part of the brain which seemed to have been paralyzed by the injury, began to show some signs of assuming its natural functions. The first token given was the cause of considerable anxiety to Rob's relatives.

A very slight examination into his literary accomplishments, soon after his arrival, had convinced his aunt that, though plenty old enough to have been sent to the public schools for several years past, the boy actually knew nothing of books; and to send him into classes with boys so much smaller than himself as he would be obliged to start with, would be inflicting a mortification amounting to torture to one of his sensitive nature. She had, therefore, determined to teach him herself for a while. She found that as soon as he grasped the purpose of her instruction, he was an exceedingly quick pupil, and made rapid progress. And so it became a pleasure to teach him, and she spent a portion of each day with him and his books.

Perfectly satisfied with his new home and the company it offered, Rob had never shown any disposition to roam far from it. Perhaps this, together with his eagerness to learn, made his aunt forget that a growing boy like him needed a great deal of exercise and some change of scenes.

"Why doesn't Rob eat his supper?" asked her husband one night. "I declare, I don't believe you give the boy enough exercise. He isn't picking up as fast as he did at first; actually growing peaked, aren't you?" And his uncle drew him to his side and playfully pinched his cheeks.

"I don't know but he ought to have more exercise, but I can't think of any way to get him out about town. Teddy isn't big enough to take charge of him in that matter, and he doesn't feel disposed to go alone or to make the acquaintance of the other boys very fast."

"I have just been thinking, why wouldn't it be a good idea to let him go a few times with the boy who drives the cow to pasture, and then, after he has learned the way, to let him do that himself? He would feel better to have some responsibility, and the walk would be just the thing for him."

This plan seemed to strike both quite favorably, and so the next morning Rob was allowed to accompany the boy who regularly drove the cow to the pasture. He seemed to enjoy the change quite well, and, after a few times, declared himself ready to do the work alone. Accordingly it became his regular task, and he was a very prompt and reliable cowboy.

When it was very pleasant in the evening, sometimes Mrs. Graham would go out in that direction for a walk and take Baby Ted along with her. Then it was a most enjoyable walk for all. Rob was quite vain of his skill in driving, and liked to show his accomplishment.

One evening as they were all going along together, and Daisy, the cow, walked sedately in front, there came suddenly out of an alley a large, black, shaggy dog, who stood in the middle of the road with lolling tongue and heaving sides, watching the party with some curiosity.

The sight of him seemed to excite Rob to an almost uncontrollable degree. He suddenly stopped, and, with strained gaze, looked intently at the dog for several seconds.

"What is the matter, Robbie, dear?" asked Mrs.

Graham; "I don't think the dog will hurt you, he looks like a very kind dog."

But Rob did not answer her; he seemed rooted to the spot. He did not cry out or show any signs of fear, but just seemed to be struggling with some feeling or mental process which required all his powers. He never took his eyes off the dog.

"Rob," said Mrs. Graham, growing alarmed, "come with me if you are afraid of the dog, and we will go back to this house. Don't look that way, child: what is it?"

All at once the cloud passed away from his face, and a joyful look came in its place. He rushed forward to the dog and cried, "Jeff! Jeff!"

"You let that there dog alone," commanded a boy coming out of the lane with a gun over his shoulder; "his name ain't Jeff any more than yours is Nebuchadnezzar, and you needn't try to steal him."

But Rob paid no more attention to this than if he hadn't heard it. He advanced straight to the dog and threw his arms round its neck, still calling, "Jeff! Jeff!" in a glad tone of welcome that had a pathos in it that Mrs. Graham afterward confessed, "almost made tears come to her eyes."

The dog remained motionless until the boy made this move, and then snapped viciously at the hand nearest him.

"There, I told you to let him alone," said the boy with the gun, hastening to the spot and kicking the dog; "let go that hand, I tell you;" but he would not until he had lacerated it in a manner that made the blood flow copiously.

Mrs. Graham was alarmed, and called for help, for she

was afraid Rob would faint. He did not, but seemed to have received a shock which took away all his powers of speech and action; he only sat down on the grass and whispered in an undertone, "Jeff, Jeff," over and over again. They got him home and washed the wound. It did not seem to be a bad one, and the boy was soon all right and playing with Teddy as usual.

"I can not think what made him run after the dog," said Mrs. Graham, as she related the events of the evening to her husband. "He just seemed to be fascinated as a bird is said to be before a snake."

"I'll ask him by and by," said Mr. Graham, and he did. Rob was silent at first, and the troubled look which his aunt had noticed in the presence of the dog came back over his face.

"Did you ever see the dog before?" asked Mr. Graham. "Does he look like a dog you used to have at home? Did you have a dog at home? Can't you remember something about your home?" pressed Mr. Graham, thinking that this might be a favorable time to bring back some recollection of the scenes and associations that had so completely faded that, up to this time, he had not been able to elicit the first syllable from Rob about them.

"I do try to think," said Rob, passing his hand over his brow, and sometimes I can, almost; but they go away so quick that I can't tell what they are."

"Did you ever have a dog named Jeff?" said his uncle; "can't you recollect something about Jeff? Does that sound like a name you have ever heard before? Try to think."

"I am trying," said the boy. "Jeff, Jeff; why that came back to me all at once. It was a big dog, and I

took hold of the strap and he pulled me along. Yes, I can see a river, too — but there, it's gone now; but Jeff was the big dog that pulled me."

His uncle watched the boy intently while he was speaking, and turned away with disappointment when it became evident that was all he could tell. "He is just a little bit delirious from his fright," he said to his wife, "and I am very much afraid that he never will remember anything. It would be such a comfort to me if he could only tell something about his father," and he closed his speech with a sigh.

But they could not help loving the boy. Every day he grew brighter and more winning in his ways. He soon advanced rapidly enough in his studies for them to talk about putting him in the school. But they thought some of waiting until Teddy was old enough to begin the kindergarten work, so that they could go together. Under the tutorage of Teddy, Rob had learned, too, what was more important than the knowledge of books. He was a regular attendant at Sunday school, and he and Teddy often talked over, in their childish way, the things they heard there. Teddy was just at that age when so many children are naturally and interestingly pious. I do not mean the piety that marks its possessor for an early grave, but that ready imitation which makes the child want to do the things the parent does, yet do them in its own precocious way, so full of human self-assertion and *naïveté*. Nothing pleased Teddy so well as to be allowed to ask grace at the table, and nothing shocked him so much as the omission of any of the little religious observances to which he had been accustomed. Yet the naturalness of it all was so strongly marked that it often provoked

laughter. He would bow his head and repeat, "Our Heavenly Fazzer, santful hearts for daily bwead," which was about all of the daily formula used by his father which he could remember, and then before the last accents had fairly died away, he would bring in so close on the rear a request for some of the bread with jelly on it, as to almost make the request an appendix to the prayer.

"Teddy," said Robert, one day, "does God put the music in the birds' throats? I don't see how He can get His fingers in, they are so tiny and He is so big."

"Vell," said Teddy gravely, for he had quite an opinion of himself as a judge in those perplexing cases which Rob referred to him. "Maybe He doesn't put it in wiz his finders; zat would hurt ze birdies, and Dod vuldn't do zat, and He doesn't want us to, ezer. Oh! I dess he dust dets them to open zere mouves and then sings it into them."

"I didn't s'pose God could sing," said Rob in some surprise, but he hung his head as he spoke, and something seemed to be troubling his mind. "I did not know that He cared," he said, "or I wouldn't have hit one that I did with a stone the other day."

"Oo didn't hurt one of ze dear little sings, did you, Wobsy?" he asked in a reproachful tone.

"O Teddy, don't look at me that way. Does God look at me that way? If He does, I'll never do it again."

"Zen let's tell Him so," was the prompt rejoinder. "Zen you ask him to take your heart, Wobsy; and oo vont vant to kill ze birds or do anysing bad aden."

"I guess I will," answered Rob. "You mean the way uncle Will does?"

"Wes," said Ted. "I'll do wiz oo." So they both

went to a corner of the playground, and knelt down and waited for Rob to begin. There was a prolonged silence.

"Vell," broke in Ted at last, "vhy don't oo ask Him?"

"I did," replied Rob, "myself."

"I sought oo vas doin' to wet me too," was his disappointed remark.

"I thought maybe He would think it mean to get some one else to help take the blame, and so I asked Him myself."

"And did He tate it?" was Ted's reconciled and eager question.

"Yes," Rob answered without the least hesitation. And so it was settled.

A light and superficial way to settle a momentous question. But it is only because we have surrounded such matters with our forms and conventionalities, and robbed the simplest and most natural relations imaginable in the world of their simplicity and naturalness, that we can think so.

And so Rob's intellectual and spiritual growth kept pace with each other. With the former there were sure to come, soon or later, clear and abiding memories of his former life as a newsboy. It only waited for some familiar, striking sight or sound. And this came one day some months after the conversation we have mentioned. Rob had at last been started for school, not waiting for Ted to begin. He had never been much about the streets of the city, except in the carriage with his uncle and aunt. Before he had been gone very long, his aunt was surprised to hear his voice in loud, excited tones calling in the front yard. She rushed to the porch to see what was the matter, and there beheld a sight that filled her with alarm.

CHAPTER XIX.

JEEMS FINDS HIMSELF AGAIN.

WHAT Mrs. Graham saw was Robbie running toward the door, carrying a pack of papers under his arm, one of which he was swinging over his head, at the same time shouting with the genuine street-boy's dialect: "'*Spatch, Gazetter, Times!* All the morning papers! Morning papers! All about the 'splosion!"

Behind him came a crowd of boys, hooting and laughing, while in the rear, kept back by the press of the others, was a forlorn-looking little fellow, smaller even than Rob, who was pushing forward, and crying bitterly because he had been robbed of his wares, and could not regain possession of that with which he made his bread and butter.

"Robert Graham!" said Mrs. Graham, stepping out on to the porch, and taking in the situation at a glance, "what does this mean?"

He exclaimed: "I've found it all out at last. I couldn't remember it for ever and ever so long, but now I can. This is the way Tim and I used to do in Pittsburg, and my name isn't Robert at all, but it is Jeems, and I'm Tim's brother, and Bridget is my mammy!"

There was a flush of excitement on his face as he poured forth this string of startling information, which made him look almost unearthly, and Mrs. Graham approached and took him by the arm with a sinking heart and apprehensions of the most terrible calamity.

"Robert," she said, "give the boy back his papers, and tell me what this is about."

He quietly obeyed, and she gave the boy half a dollar, and sent him and the rest away, and then led Rob within.

"Now," she said, drawing him close to her and brushing back his curls with her soft touch; "tell auntie Beatrice all about it. Was the sun too hot, and did it make your head ache, and did you forget and get confused and snatch the boy's papers? Tell auntie all about it. She doesn't think you meant to be rude or do any harm; you just got excited, didn't you, dear?"

Rob looked straight into her eye and answered as coolly as he ever did in his life, though it was hard for him to say what he knew would not satisfy his aunt: "No, auntie, I knew just what I was doing, and I did it to show you the way Tim and I used to do in Pittsburg. Won't you believe what I tell you about Tim and Bridget and the shanty-boat? I used to live in it."

"There, there; don't say any more now. You are beside yourself. Lie down and keep quiet until your uncle comes. He will know what to do for you."

"But, auntie, I don't want to lie down. I'm not sick, and I want to tell you about all this, and make you believe me. I am not your nephew, and you ought to know who I am. I am only little Jeems the newsboy, and I got hurt on the street the day I began to be messenger-boy, and they took me to the hospital, and when I got well, uncle came and got me, but I couldn't remember who I was then; I couldn't remember anything but Milly — oh, yes! Milly knows that I was hurt on the street, for she was driving by and saw it. Won't you please write to Milly and ask her, so that you can

believe me?" And there came a pleading look in the boy's eye that was pitiful to see.

But his very earnestness only served to confirm his aunt in her dreadful fears about Rob. Instead of giving any weight to what he said, or weighing in the least the probabilities of such a tale being true, she only sought to quiet him and keep him from talking until her husband returned. Rob himself soon gave up all hope of convincing her and obeyed her in keeping quiet, though it was with sadness that he despaired of making her understand.

When his uncle came, it was the same thing over again. As soon as Rob began eagerly to tell him the cause of what had happened on the street, he looked troubled, and passed his hand over Rob's forehead and talked of sending for the doctor.

"But I don't need any doctor," insisted Rob, "and he'll tell you I'm not sick. If you'll only believe what I tell you, it will be all right. I'll stay with you if you want me to, after I see Tim and Bridget, and they say I can. I like going to school better than selling papers and blacking boots. Won't you believe what I tell you?"

But as soon as he tried to tell them anything about his early life, he found himself hushed and made to lie down, while wet cloths were laid on his head, and some kind of a soothing potion given him to put him to sleep until the doctor could be sent for.

When the doctor came and made a careful examination, he seemed a good deal puzzled. "There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the boy," he said; "his pulse is a little fast, but his tongue is all right, and there is no fever or other alarming symptom. Of course, if

it should be a mere hallucination, those things are not always accompanied by physical symptoms. You have listened, I suppose, to all the boy tells?"

"Oh, yes; we could not stop him talking in his delirious way, and he said a great many wild things. We tried to check his ravings all we could, but"—

"But," interrupted the doctor, with a hem and a haw; "don't you think it might be better not to check him, but let him go on and tell all he has to say?"

"You don't think for a minute, doctor, that it"—

"Would relieve his mind, yes. That is often a great point gained. If he would only talk himself weary then he might sleep and waken up all right—that is if"—

But the rest of the doctor's sentence was lost in the whispered conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Graham. It ended in Rob being brought into the room, and told to relate what he had in vain tried to get a chance to tell them in the morning.

Rob's pulse beat a little faster when the permission was given, but in no other way did he seem excited. He began as far back as he could remember, and told them all about his life in Pittsburg, on up to the day that he began to act as district messenger boy, and was run down on the street. That was as far as he could go. "Don't you think I am telling the truth now?" he asked as soon as he had finished. "Please do believe it, because it is the truth, and I shall be living a lie to be called your nephew any more; and God will hate me if I do live here without saying it is not true."

"Yes, yes, Rob dear; we know you wouldn't tell an untruth when you know what you are saying. Don't say any more about this now, and we will try to think what

it all means. That will do now," and both embraced him with tears in their eyes, for even the dry old doctor was moved by the boy's appeal.

"Well, that's the queerest kind of raving I ever heard," said the doctor, as soon as Rob had left the room. "Tells the same tale every time, too, doesn't he?"

Mr. and Mrs. Graham nodded assent to this. "That is the strangest part of it," said Mrs. Graham, in despair. "You know, doctor, that he was never quite right since his injury in the railroad wreck, and he has never been able to recall anything about his own home or his father and mother. I am afraid that the sun must have been too hot for him the other morning, and it has affected his brain in some way and made that trouble worse. Do you think that is what can be the matter with him, doctor?"

The doctor again began to hem and haw, while they were waiting for his answer. "If you are sure there is nothing in what he says, no mistake about his — his identity, I mean" —

"Oh, doctor, how could there be any? William brought him straight from the hospital, where they knew all about him, of course. It's perfectly ridiculous!"

"Then all I have to advise is, that you give him the best of care to keep his physical health right, and wait. He is young, and nature will do wonders for a sound constitution, which he seems to have." And the old doctor drew on his gloves, cleared his throat, and went away, promising to call again and see how his patient was getting along. "Better humor him in his — his whim," were his last words, "and not irritate him any more than can be helped."

It was a delicate question just how to carry out the doctor's instructions. They could not think, without revolting from it, of calling him by the name he fancied had been his, and yet they were afraid that his extreme sensitiveness of conscience would inflict pain upon him and make his case worse should they leave him to feel that he was occupying a false position. It was in this dilemma that Teddy came to their rescue. He had been a silent observer of all that had transpired, and had been much moved by the agitation and tears of Rob. Following him into the room after the doctor had gone, he threw his arms about his neck and tried to soothe him.

"You sant ky, Wobsy," he said; "what's ze matter wiz oo? Tell it to Teddy, and he vill be ze doctor and mate oo well dust wite when we played doctor yesterday."

Rob drew Ted close to him, as he always did when he shared any childish trouble with him, and said, "It's because I'm not your little cousin any more, Teddy, and God doesn't want me to be called what is not so, does He?"

"No," Teddy answered, with a grave shake of his head; "He doesn't. But Dod doesn't vant me not to have a tusin, does he?"

"I don't know," answered Rob; "I know uncle Will said the other day that He never took anything away from us without giving us something better."

"But zere couldn't be anysing better zan a tusin like you," said Ted; "unless — 'less you were my brover 'stead of my tusin."

"Then I'll be your brother, Ted; and I'll be your brother Rob, and not take the old name. Your father can take me for his boy, if Bridget and Tim are willing,

and I guess they will be, for they have a pretty hard time to get along."

"Yes, yes, zat will be nice," cried Ted. "Oh, mamma, papa, Wobsy is going to be my brover, 'stead of my tusin Wob, and zat is better; and you will let him, won't you? You tan have a boy zat Dod didn't send to ze house, tan't you, papa? Zay have one down at Mr. Wilson's, you know."

They drew the child to them and kissed his eager, pleading face. Then Rob came shyly forward and received a like embrace. After a moment's silence, Mrs. Graham said, "Why not, William?"

"Why not what, dear? unless we were both thinking of the same thing. Is it to adopt Rob as our son? You know, I always intended that Robert's boy and mine should share alike in what we have."

"Yes, that is exactly what I meant; we will adopt Rob as our son."

Teddy clapped his hands at this, and Rob looked the pleasure he felt. And so it was settled; but not the anxiety and heartache of the Grahams, over what they regarded as the affliction of their nephew, and what they were beginning to fear might be an incurable one. They talked over it in the privacy of their bed-chamber; they prayed over it; they consulted all the physicians in the city; and while Rob gave them no more trouble in the way of such violent outbreaks as that over the dog and the newsboy's papers, and refrained from talking about the matter, except with Teddy or when they questioned him, they could see no sign of a healthier condition of mind.

And so the weeks and months wore away without anything of moment. As they saw the beautiful, golden-

haired boy with his winsome ways, and chivalrous, manly spirit, and realized how much their hearts went out to him in affection, they were made inexpressibly sad by the thought that he was doomed to go through life with such a blight upon him as the fatal hallucination under which he seemed to be incurably laboring. "Isn't there something that can be done?" asked Mrs. Graham of her husband in despair, one night after the boys had retired.

"I have been thinking," said he, "that there might possibly be some chance for him in Cincinnati if we were to try treatment with some expert in mental disorders. I have mentioned it to the doctors here, and none of them show it any favor, but still I am inclined to try."

Mrs. Graham seized upon this idea with avidity. "Why hadn't I thought of that before? When can we go to Cincinnati, William?"

"I was thinking of going in a week or two, as soon as my business can be put in shape for a stay. We will close our house and take rooms there, for I would never think of leaving Robbie there alone, or of separating him from Teddy." And so that plan was settled on between them, and, as soon as possible, put into execution.

The boys were delighted with the idea of going to the larger city. Rob was not told anything of the main object of the visit, lest it should trouble him and defeat the purpose. But they moved into pleasant apartments on Arlington Heights, and spent some time in becoming perfectly familiar with their new surroundings. Then, one day, Mr. Graham, by previous arrangement, took a walk with the boys, which wound up by asking them

how they would like to go and see some curiosities. They were pleased with the prospect, and he told them he was going into the rooms of a friend who had travelled a great deal and gathered a great many interesting things, which he had invited him to come and see, bringing the boys with him.

They found a very pleasant and entertaining old gentleman in charge of the rooms, and he began to tell about the curious things in the room, asking them questions now and then to draw them out, but directing the most of his talk to Rob. Finally, when they had become much interested, he turned to a pile of fleecy stuff, and, throwing a handful of it into the open fire, told the boys to watch it burn up. They watched and watched it, but it did not burn.

"It's wite ze Hebrew shillen in ze fire furnace," said Ted. "Dod von't let it burn."

"It is in this way; if it were seven times hotter," replied the gentleman, "it wouldn't burn." Then seeing their questioning looks, he explained: "That is a substance known as mineral wool, which I found in Pittsburg. It is made by forcing a blast of steam through the slag from the furnaces. You know that Pittsburg is noted for its furnaces. As one passes through there by night, the glare of their stacks which belch forth flame everywhere, is almost alarming. They are thickest on what is known as the — as the — the" —

"Oh, the South Side, you mean," broke in Rob, whose face had been in a glow of excitement since the conversation had taken the last turn. "I've watched them night after night," he went on. "Our Ark used to be tied up just below them, and when Tim and I came

home, and turned into our bunks, I used to watch them flame through the window of the Ark. Then the men all struck, and there wasn't any more fire in them for ever and ever so long."

"Yes," said the doctor, paying strict attention, for this was none other than an expert to whom Mr. Graham had taken this way of bringing Rob. "Let's see, when was it that strike took place?"

Rob thought a minute. "It was after Garfield was elected, they were all shut down; I remember what a time we had selling papers when they was shut."

"How long did you live in Pittsburg, my little man?" asked the doctor kindly; "I have some friends there in business, and maybe you may have heard of some of them." And he drew Rob to him and began to ask him questions. Rob responded by giving him the whole history of his life so far as he could recall it. Mr. Graham, who was seated a little distance in the rear, paid the closest attention.

When it was finished the boys were sent from the room on some pretext, and the doctor turned to Mr. Graham. "Well, has he ever told that before?"

"Almost word for word," was the answer.

"Say nothing about the purpose of your coming here, and send him around again day after to-morrow," said the doctor. "Good-day."

"But, doctor, what do you think of the case? Is there any hope? Is"—

"Say nothing about that, now," said the doctor, waving him away. "I must see him several times before I can tell you anything."

The next call was made, and the next. Still the

doctor gave no prescription, let no light in upon the case.

"Ask Mrs. Graham to come with you next time," he said, "and I shall be prepared to express an opinion."

But events were transpiring that would make such an expression unnecessary.

CHAPTER XX.

TIM PREPARES TO BE OFF.

We must not forget about Tim and his young apprentice in the newsboy business. Both the brains and the hands of the former were now as busy as they could be, supplying his present needs, and making plans for the future. Rob, as we have indicated before, was fast developing into a first-class hand, and Tim felt that he could leave him to look after himself, with Milly's half interest in him to fall back on in making up anything Rob could not do for himself.

He saw Milly now and then, and she rather encouraged him in his determination to go in search of Jeems. She had two reasons for this. Her heart was still very sore over the terrible disappointment that had come to her that morning that she went to the hospital with her father; and though her father she knew would pronounce Tim's scheme impracticable and doomed only to another disappointment, she had a woman's way of hoping against hope, that some providential turn in affairs would throw Tim in Jeems's way.

Her father, unknown to her — because he did not want to excite any hopes to be dashed to the ground — had spent hundreds of dollars immediately after Jeems's sudden Western trip, in feeing detectives to find some clew to the destination of the boy's uncle. But they had been obliged to report all their attempts fruitless.

Milly's other reason was that she wanted to try her

hand in making something besides a newsboy of Rob; and this she believed she could succeed in, if he were deprived of the guardianship of Tim, and thrown on his own resources. And so it was agreed upon that she should take all the responsibility in Rob's case. Tim had advised him to attend the newsboys' school, and make the most of his chances there, so as to be ready for advancement in life as soon as the way opened.

"You can't be a boy always," he said; "and you don't see no strapping six-footers selling papers on the streets."

"What does become of all the newsboys, then, if there ain't any newsmen?" asked Rob.

"Some of 'em gets to be toughs, and loafs around the saloons ready for any devilment."

"Was that why you wouldn't go to the saloon with the boys the other day when they bantered you to, and called you a spoony? Say, you used to go; one of the boys told me so, Tim."

"That was before I went to the workhouse to find Jeems," Tim admitted with some reluctance. He never alluded to his stay in that institution now without the accompanying explanation of his object in going. He had not used to feel that the workhouse meant disgrace; but there was growing, in the boy's mind, a greater repugnance to those things he had formerly been accustomed to look upon as a joke or a matter of course, rather than a disgrace.

"But they don't all make toughs, Tim; there's Chunky now, he's got a regular position in the '*Spatch* office as a printer's devil. He's going to learn to set up the paper himself, and he says he'll make lots of money; regular pay."

"Yes, that's the way some of 'em goes, but they has to know how to read and spell, and since the newsies' school is started up, it gives 'em a chance. I know some newsboys that got in with the Union News Company, and then got places on the railroads they run on, as brakemen, and so on up." Tim himself had been putting in all his evenings at the school, since he had settled down to regular work again. He had known how to read in a way before, and had improved much during his brief stay at the workhouse, and had since been learning something of writing and arithmetic.

Another thing Tim had to do was to provide himself with a travelling fund. He had no doubt of his ability to take care of himself, as far as food and lodgings were concerned, in any of the cities; but when it came to setting out for a trip of a thousand or two miles he must have some ready money for railroad fare. He had a scheme in his mind for providing this. There was his collection of coins, for which he had been offered twenty dollars. He had an idea, though, that he knew where he could do better than to sell to the dealer. He remembered the gentleman with whom he had once had a talk on the post-office steps, and to whose house he had taken the message which had started Jeems on his ill-fated trip. He was a collector of coins, Tim knew from what he had said to him, and he had seen other evidences of it the day he had been asked to come inside with the message, and tell about Jeems. On a richly carved cabinet, he had caught sight of a large and varied collection of coins, which his little experience in the business told him must be very valuable indeed. His plan was to go to the gentleman who had taken so much interest in him already, tell him his purpose, and ask

him to buy his coins, or help him to find a purchaser. With this purpose in mind, he set out one day, and was soon on the steps before the door of the house at which he had rapped that other day, when a sense of duty to Jeems's unfulfilled obligations had brought him there. This time it was the servant who answered the call.

"What do you want?" he asked a little roughly.

"I want to see the gentleman a minute; tell him it's Tim the newsboy, and he'll know."

"To be sure he would; or Jack the street-sweeper, or Billy the burglar," laughed the man in a sarcastic way. "You'd better be getting away from here, quick now! I'm not to be fooled by any of your gammon."

Poor Tim was badly dashed by such an unexpected reception, but he was not going to give up without another effort. "I want to see your boss on 'ticular business," he ventured to say. "I want to sell some old coins that he took a shine to."

"Oh, you do?" demanded the man in an irritated tone. "I've no doubt your pockets are full of rare old coins; you look it. Hand the coins to me, and I will take them to him, then."

A bright idea struck Tim as the man said this. He unstrung his kit from his shoulder and held it out to the man, saying, "All right; take that to him, and I'll wait here."

It was the man's turn to be taken aback, now. He stared at the box with its setting of shining metal; then he advanced to get a better view of it. He saw that there was no mistake about the coins being rare and old, some of them, for there were the dates to speak for themselves. He knew, too, that his master "went crazy" over such things; and he began to see that it

might not be so improbable that he would have some kind of dealings with this street boy. As he hesitated, it was Tim's turn to lord it a little. "Maybe you never saw anything like that before? Maybe your boss doesn't care anything about nailing them to his collection? Maybe you are running this place, and are so sure of your lease on it, that you send people away as he has business in particular with?"

The man had no reply to make to such arguments as this. He was very open to conviction when it concerned his own bread and butter. "Come in, then," he gruffly said, "and stand here until I tell him." And he stood back for Tim to enter, locking the hall door after him, and putting the key in his pocket.

"Thanky, I feels pretty safe now," retorted Tim as the man went away.

"Why, is this you?" said a familiar voice at the end of the hall soon after the footsteps of the servant had died away; "where have you been? I waited for you on the post-office steps the next day, and have never seen a shadow of you since. Let's see, you had a collection of rare coins, and — what was it? Oh, yes, the little chap who was hurt — what became of him? Of course you found him all right?"

"That's what I'm goin' to start out to do now, and I come to see if you would buy the coins to help me raise the wind to travel," said Tim, coming to the subject in a very direct way.

"To travel? why, it won't cost much to travel right here in Pittsburg."

"But he ain't right here in Pittsburg; I've hunted high and low here, and they've taken him off out West, and that's where I've got to go after him."

"Why, bless my life, this is funny! Who took him out West, and where did they take him? Come in and sit down and tell me all about it;" and to the intense disgust of the waiting-man, the gentleman made the ragged newsboy go into his library and take one of the most luxurious seats, while his muddy feet rested on a rug of the most costly fabric.

Then Tim had to tell the whole story, and its relation was interrupted by frequent exclamations of surprise. When he had listened to its close, and heard Tim's proposition, he looked at the boy with admiration in his eyes. "This is a mixed-up case," he said, "sure enough; but you'll find him if any one can. But if you're going it on that line, I think you'd better keep your kit. You see, it will be quite a lift to you in a new place. I've been in the advertising business pretty largely myself, and I flatter myself that I know a good thing in that line; your kit will attract attention to you at once anywhere, and bring you lots of custom. But you need the money to start out? Of course, but listen to what I have to say. Don't you think that by playing it a little sharp you could manage to get through to Chicago without its costing you a cent except for your meals? There are plenty that do it, I've no doubt."

Tim looked at him questioningly a minute, and then his head dropped. "Do you mean, in a freight-car with the tramps?"

"Yes, or for that matter a boy of your sharpness of wit ought to do better. See here;" and he reached around to his desk and took out a slip of blue paper, very much like an ordinary conductor's check. There were two or three punch-holes through it. Taking out his penknife

he quickly split it in two and held up the pieces in his hand. "There," he said; "you stick that in your hat, and I'll stick this in mine, and who's going to know but we each started out with a ticket for Chicago, eh?"

Tim's inherent admiration of a clever thing shone in his eye, as his quick brain caught the suggestion. "That would work like a book," he said excitedly, thinking only of the end and forgetting the matter of the means employed.

"Or this," continued the gentleman, picking up a railroad ticket and tearing off the corner, which he stuck away in his vest pocket. "I give this to the conductor, get my hat checked, and then step back into the next car. You are there without a ticket, and I hand you this corner. In a minute you saunter forward and when the conductor challenges you for your ticket, you are surprised and tell him he has taken it up. He asks for your check, and you are more surprised and indignant and say that's not your business; he forgot to give you one probably. He insists that he has not taken up your ticket, and you pull out the corner and show in proof. He looks over his tickets and finds the one the corner fits, and you are all right — do you see?"

Tim did see this as quickly as he had seen into the other; but he now saw something else, too. It is something that he would not have seen a few weeks ago.

"What, you shake your head? Don't you think it would work, then?"

"It would work all right with the conductor," said Tim slowly.

"Then wouldn't it work all right with the boy who has no money? It's an easy matter to find some green country chap who has the farmer's usual hatred for rail-

roads and would join in with you just to learn the ropes. You're welcome to it."

But Tim shook his head. "I promised Him if He would help find Jeems, I wouldn't go back on Him," He said slowly, but with decision.

"But you haven't seen him yet — whom do you mean you promised?" said the puzzled gentleman.

"Him as the chaplain said come to help us, and Him in the picture wot never struck back."

"What do you know about such things, boy?" demanded the other, getting some inkling of what he meant; "that's church rant."

"I didn't know what the name of it was," replied the boy simply, "only He helped me not to strike back at the Dagos and to get the one down that was hung."

The perplexed look on the man's face deepened, and then there came a sudden flash of intelligence. "Do you refer to the newsboys' war over which the papers made so much sport the other day? Were you in that?"

Tim nodded.

"And what was it about getting down one that was hung?"

Before Tim was half done explaining, the gentleman's eye flashed a glance of recognition, and he interrupted, with some excitement, "You don't mean to say you are the young hero the papers lauded so? And that fellow had just been shoving you around, and yet you risked an awful death to save him? What in the world possessed you, boy?"

"He did."

"He? And you expect Him to help you find Jeems?"

"If I don't go back on Him."

"And would it be going back on Him to do what I have shown you?"

"I ain't up on such things like you be," was the boy's answer; "but that's the way it 'pears to me."

The other was silent a minute, and then he drew his chair near to Tim and put his hand on his knee. "I was only testing you," he said. "I'll be plagued if I understand you, but you're all right. I'm Mr. Maxwell; you've heard my name, no doubt, and they call me a political boss and a ringster, and all that sort of thing, but I honor a clean, straight, manly man that never goes back on a friend. I just thought I would see if you were all right, my boy. These are some familiar tricks. I took a fancy to you at first, and you're the right stuff. Here's an order for a pass that will take you to Chicago, and bring you back again when you want to come, and the other boy, too; and here's an order that will help you out if you ever are in want. Present it at the superintendent's office. I imagine he'll help you more than the other one you spoke of. I've given up such childish notions. You think as you please, though. I — I wish I could. Good luck to you. Keep adding to that kit, whatever you do, and I want to see it when you come back. That'll be a drawing card. Good-by."

Tim took his way back to the Ark. Now that he was about to leave it, all that attachment of the human heart for home, however humble a place it may be — the simplest cot of the peasant, the wigwam of the Indian, or the wretched hut of the evicted Irish tenant — welled up in his heart, and, used to hardships and unused to sentiment as he was, he felt a strange aching under his patched jacket, that an empty stomach, or cold, or

beatings could have never brought there. The experience of leaving home for the first time is not made much different by the color of the skin or the cut of the garment or the size of the purse.

That night saw Tim on his westward way.

CHAPTER XXI.

TIM BOUND FOR CHICAGO.

In a life such as Tim had always lived, there could not be much strange or new to him, or many surprises. All would have been strange and exciting to many another boy, but he had, from the first of his recollection, learned to be prepared for anything.

And so, as he sped along that night on the express train bound for Chicago, he was the same alert and ready Tim, brave and cheerful, and solid in his conviction that help would come in some way from the source it had come to him when he had mounted the telegraph pole to rescue the strangling boy. It was by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that Tim went. He entered into a friendly chat with the train newsboy, after the latter had completed his rounds, and learned all he could about the route and the time required to reach his destination, and then he settled down, curling himself up in the corner of his seat for a nap.

It was a more comfortable bed by far than he had slept on many a night, and Tim was not among the growlers who are always to be found on trains, who grumble at the equipments of the road, the ventilation and heating of the coaches, the schedule on which the trains are run, and everything else about the company. The last thing he remembered after he had felt the easy springs under his soft plush cushion, was a remark the

train boy had made: "She'll do well to get up to Whitehall Hill to-night without getting stalled; we always get caught here on a wet night," and the sky was pouring down sheets of water.

Then he had a kind of blissful, languid feeling which crept over him by degrees until he had lost himself completely in that deep sleep which comes quickly only to the tired bodies and brains that have not been abused. Strange as it may seem, although he had some dim consciousness of a long stop where there was loud cursing of "Whitehall Hill," he never fully awoke again until the light of another day was beginning to break through a bank of clouds in the eastern sky. At first his only consciousness was that of a rumbling sound which kept grinding, grinding away under him. He had not opened his eyes yet, but he was enough awake to think.

What was that muffled roar? Had the river risen in the night, and was it the ice coming down and grinding against the sides of the shanty-boat? He must hurry and get up and rouse Jeems and Bridget! They might be in danger of being swept away! Or, no, there could not be ice; he had gone barefooted and in his shirt-sleeves the day before. What could it be? Rattle, rattle, rattle, bump, bump, bump, bang, bang, clatter, clatter! Then there came a louder slam, a jerk that almost threw him off his seat, and he got his eyes open pretty quick and remembered where he was, for the brakeman had flung open the door and yelled, "Chicago Junction!"

In a minute Tim was on his feet and all alert.

"Got two hundred miles to go yet; you can roll over and take another nap," said the brakeman. "Talk about

a berth in a Pullman, 'twouldn't be of any use to you, would it now? I reckon Jay Gould would trade off one or two of his best railroads for one night's sleep like that, if all they say about his nervous system is true. Migrating, are you? I've heard of the birds going south in the fall, but what kind of a chap is it who goes north? Reckon it didn't take you long to pick them up?" punching Tim's kit with his toe.

Tim replied by rubbing his eyes and shaking his head. "If I were in the sleeper," he said, "I'd show that porter a trick about polishing shoes that would take the shine off his face."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the brakeman, and he came and took a seat by Tim, now that the train had stopped a piece down the yard to wait for a clear track. "You're a pretty bright little fellow to sleep all night on a car-seat and then waken as chipper as a cricket in the morning. Generally they are as cranky as mad dogs when they waken up. Want to know a hundred things at once, and haven't got sense enough to understand what you tell them. Reckon you didn't bring no lunch-box with you? Then it's seventy-five cents for a breakfast, or a quarter for a lunch at the counter. I haven't got the quarter, but I've got tick here, and I reckon you'll want something to fill up on."

"How long do we stop here?" asked Tim.

"Half an hour."

"Good; that's twenty-five minutes to shine 'em up, and five to eat," and Tim gathered up his kit and swung it over his shoulder, all ready to get down to business as soon as the train pulled into the station.

"Well, you're the beatenist little chap; you could travel for pleasure and make money at it," said the

brakeman, admiringly. "See here, if you don't have good luck, and need a little lift, I'll be right around here, and you're not to go on without a bite to eat." Then he slammed open the door again and called out, "Chicago Junction!" for good.

Tim swung himself down on the platform first of all, and began to look around for business. There were only a few railroad men about at that early hour, but the passengers began to tumble out for breakfast. All were in a hurry, though, and no one cared to have his boots blacked just at that time. Those who were going to get something to eat wanted all their time for that, and those who got off at this point to stay, hurried away to their homes. Tim began to despair of a job, when he saw a couple of gentlemen alighting from the sleeper who were exchanging some pretty sharp words with the colored porter. One gentleman was a spruce-looking drummer, and the other a portly old gentleman, who had hard work to waddle down the steps of the car, even with the help of the porter.

"I declare, it's an outrage, this thing of demanding tips for everything, and then getting no service for it. Didn't I tell you that I was to get off here, and my shoes not blacked! I don't want to go down town looking like a heathen, if the rest of the people do. You needn't tell me that it's only a country village; you expect me to pay you for what you didn't do, just the same. I'm almost tempted to say I'll never fee another porter as long as I live. Here, take this, and don't let me hear any more of your impudence." And he thrust a quarter into the outstretched hand of the colored man, and waited for his luggage to be set down, rather impatiently.

"You're no worse off than I am, sir," said the other gentleman, with a provoked laugh; "here I am to meet the respected head of the house, who is the very pink of correctness in dress, and the mud of a last night's tramp through the rain to catch this train is not off my shoes. I'd rather lose my breakfast than be caught in this fix."

"So would I," said the other. "The worst of it is with me, you see, that one of my shoes is blacked, and the other is not, and I'll be the laughing stock of the whole town the minute I set out down street."

"Shine 'em up, gentlemen! Want a first-class shine for a nickel? Take only a jiffy, and a plenty of time for breakfast. Shine 'em up?"

"Well, I declare! if there isn't a bootblack! Never knew one about this place before. How long since it could afford one? Why, yes, get right to work and — Do you understand anything about the business, boy?"

"Perfesh," was Tim's complacent answer.

"What? Oh, I see you have a regular city outfit. My stars, boy, do you run a savings bank, besides blacking boots?"

This last exclamation was called forth by his observing for the first time the coins on Tim's box.

Tim worked away with all his might, talking as he worked, enough to satisfy the curiosity of the gentleman, and he soon had both pairs done, and plenty of time for the gentlemen to get their breakfasts and for a lunch for himself. "There's dinner, too," he said, as he tucked away the remainder of the quarter the fat old gentleman had given him and the dime he had received from the other; "and not a cent of the money in my

pocket touched yet. And I don't mean to touch it, either, until I find Jeems. He may need money, if he was dazed much, as Milly said, and didn't remember, but he may get out of that and try to come home or to make his way in some other line, and then he'll need this when I find him." He got on board again, and the train pulled slowly out and on its way toward the busy city which was its Western destination.

"Got along all right, I see," said the social brakeman, as he made his rounds presently. "I knew you would; a feller like you will always get along. You've got pluck, and a civil tongue in your head. I like that kind of people. They're scarce, though. Going to Chicago to set up in business?"

"No," answered Tim.

"Maybe just for a pleasure trip, then?"

Tim shook his head again.

The man stared at him in wonder, then his face grew longer. "Somebody dead?" he asked. "But you ain't going to no funeral."

The man had such a friendly way about him, that Tim went and sat down beside him and told him all about it.

"Well, I swan!" said the brakeman, when the boy had finished; "that beats anything I ever heard of! But how did you know that Chicago is the place now? Might have been Cincinnati, or St. Louis, or St. Paul, or Kansas City, or — what's the matter with you? ain't sick, be you?"

Tim was not sick, but you must remember that he had never made a study of the geography of this country. The longest trip he had ever taken before away from Pittsburg, where he had been born and bred, had been

his trip to the workhouse. He had been shut in there by the hills, and he had never dreamed how large was the world outside of that circle of hills. He had heard of New York, and Boston, and Chicago, and New Orleans, and Europe, and Japan, without any adequate idea of distances or geographical location, and, some way, he had never thought of any or all of these as being, by any possibility, larger than Pittsburg. And when he had set out to find Jeems, he had not the least idea of the magnitude of the task before him, any more than the child has that sets out to walk to the end of the rainbow for the pot of gold in which the nursery tales make it rest.

Now, for the first, he began to get some revelation on the subject of the world's size. He had slept so soundly that to his unpractised mind it did not seem he had gone farther than to Glenwood or Claremont. Before him on every side stretched the broad open prairies of Indiana. For miles and miles he could see nothing but magnificent distances. There was practically no limit to vision, only when the eye got tired of looking. It began to dawn on Tim that this was a big world, and that there might be other big things in it outside of Pittsburg.

"What for a place is Chicago?" he asked of the brakeman.

"Chicago? Why, Chicago is a whoppin' big town: big as three or four of Pittsburg, I should say."

Tim's eyes opened, and his heart sank. "And them other towns you mentioned, I don't know as I ever heard how big they are."

"Why, Cincinnati and St. Louis are both bigger than Pittsburg, and the others run along about with it, and

then the whole Western country is chock full of towns and cities; there's no end to 'em."

"Are they far from Chicago, — Cincinnati and St. Louis and the others, I mean, — too far to take the 'lectric or cable cars out?"

The man broke into laughter outright, but he checked it in a minute when he saw a queer look come over the boy's face. "Yes, thousands of miles, I should say, though my run hain't never took me there."

Tim sat and looked out of the window, out over the boundless prairies dotted by farmhouses and threaded by roads. Then he thought of the illimitable stretch of such country that must intervene between him and the great city to which he was going, and between it and the other cities the man had mentioned, all of which he might have to visit before he could find out anything about Jeems; of the hopelessness of his task after he had reached these cities; how Jeems might be in one of them and pass him a dozen times a day and not be seen; and then for the first time his heart began to fail him, and the man, who had been watching him with an anxious eye, started to bring him a glass of water for fear he might be getting sick.

And, indeed, everything was in a whirl, and his eyes seemed to be losing their power to see things. He put his hands to his face, and was just about to wish that he might never have to take them away again to see the hateful magnitude of the world that was hiding Jeems from him; he was just going to wish that he were dead, and out of the world that seemed to hate him, in which no one knew him or cared for him or Jeems — when, all at once, there came back to him the words of the chaplain that he had spoken that day that had been Tim's

first real Sunday: "He came to the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

"Why, yes," he thought, "I had forgotten about Him. He was worse off, to be sure; and He's going to help me if I don't go back on Him. I won't go back on Him by taking a whine. Brace up, Tim Muldooney, and let Him do the part that's too hard for you. No," he said to the brakeman who had got back with the water, "I ain't sick, and I ain't a-caring now."

"But what made you care at all then, — a minute ago, I mean?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Tim, for the want of a clearer statement at command. "What was the train a-running so slow for last night up Whitehall Hill?"

"Don't know," said the man; "there ain't no such hill on my run, — unless she hadn't any helper, and the grade was too steep for her steam."

"That's it perzactly," said Tim, catching at the idea; "that's just what struck me a minute ago; the hill was too steep, and I'd forgotten my helper, but I'm all right now."

"Are you all right?" asked the man, eying him as though he feared there might be something wrong with his upper story.

"Yes, because He'll help me through when it's too hard for me alone."

"Who?"

"Why, the One as came to help us and show us the way; don't you know about Him?"

"Oh, I guess so. You're a queer little chap, but I guess you're on the right track. That's the way Mary and the chicks are a-runnin', but I ain't follered it always.

But chirk up now: we'll be in town shortly, and I'll show you a snug place to go."

Tim looked out of the window again, and the prairie had given place to low sand-hills, beyond which was a great stretch of green water.

"That there's the lake," said the brakeman, "and we're scooting in at a great rate."

CHAPTER XXII.

A MORAL VICTORY.

When Tim stepped off the train in the little old gloomy depot on the lake front, and saw the crowd of loafers and hangers-on always to be seen around a city depot, heard the cries of the busy cabmen, and caught the bustle that was in the atmosphere and in the movements of the baggage-men and the porters and newsboys, it infused new life into him, or rather the spirit of his old life revived. The fresh, cool air of the lake that blew against his face seemed to invigorate him, and he felt ready for business once more.

The brakeman told him where to get a good cheap lunch, and left word with him if at any time he needed a friend, to come to the depot and ask for Brakeman Hobbs, and the depot-master would tell him where to find that individual. "I'm in every day," he said; "and I live out at Hyde Park. Take the South Chicago cable line to One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, and on Newside Row, No. 24, you'll find Molly and the kittens, if you don't find me. And if you just tell them you're the chap I met on this run, they'll know you, for I have to tell Molly and Lizzie everything that happens."

All this while some one else had been taking a great deal of interest in the new-comer. The members of Tim's "perfesh" around the station had singled him out at once as a new-comer, — how, I cannot tell. I suppose it

must have been by that same subtle instinct by which the city man can tell his country cousin, no matter how modern the cut of his coat, or that something which the New Yorker detects in the Westerner under the most approved garb; anyway, they singled him out as an intruder, and proposed to know the whys and wherefores of his coming among them.

One would have supposed that between boys of like occupation and pursuits there would have been an affinity of tastes and a bond of good-fellowship, instead of an almost instantaneous hostility in word and action. But you must not judge these untutored street gamins hastily. They were little savages; and it has ever been the custom among savages to demand of newcomers seeking the hospitality of their campfires, that they prove themselves by such rude tests as savage tradition has prescribed for such a reception. There is designed to be nothing especially hostile or unkind in it: it is simply the preliminary examination by which all forms of society, organized and unorganized, fix the standards to which those whom they admit must conform. It is the same custom which we find in a modified form among the sturdy pioneers along the frontier lines, demanding of the new-comer a trial of strength and endurance in wrestling or running, or of his skill with the rifle, or in woodscraft, or in song or story-telling. The standard of these newsboys may have been a low one, but the process by which they determined the survival of the fittest was essentially the same as in the higher grades of society, — every tub must stand on its own bottom.

"Look a-here," demanded the spokesman of the Chicago newsboys, advancing a step before the rest, "you've got enough soot on your nose for a St. Louis feller, but

you ain't got the Southern swagger, and you look like you might be city-bred instead of from a village."

"I got the soot there by rubbing my nose pretty sharp agin my own business," was Tim's prompt rejoinder. His keen wit snuffed the battle from afar; and he was a boy to put his best foot forward.

"From Pittsburg: I thought so. They make files there, and feeds 'em to the boys. Lemme see them exposition medals you've got tacked onto your kit. Shined for the lords and kings over at Paris, did ye?"

Tim held out the kit by the end of the strap, but he took good care not to let go his hold on that.

The other boy appeared to examine the kit curiously for a minute, the others gathering around him to join in the inspection. Suddenly, as if by a preconcerted plan, half a dozen pairs of hands seized hold at every available place, and as many pairs of lusty arms jerked backward with force that swung Tim around like the tail-end of a whirligig. He fell violently to the pavement, but never lost his hold on the strap. He regained his feet in a second, and by a springy movement simultaneously, even while he was yet partially on his knees, jerked the ringleader of the boys upon his knees in a mud-puddle.

"Jiminy crickets! Bill has turned salvation army. Look at him prayin' on his knees in the mud!" cried the other boys, quick to herald their sympathies with the winning side. Then, lest their expression may have been a little premature, weathercock-like, they veered around enough to begin to cheer Bill on for revenge, as he rose to his feet dripping with mud and red with anger. "Go at him, Bruiser!"

"You've got him down now!"

"Lift him one with your kit!" and similar expressions

of a mixed character notified all present that the inevitable trial of strength for mastery must come off then and there, and that sympathies were divided.

Tim stood on the defensive, unflinching but without passion. The champion of the Chicago boys was bloodthirsty, but willing to get fame by the easier route of bluster if that would avail, as he had so often found it would. "Settle him? Should say! Here, just hold my coat, Jim, and he'll think a Western cyclone has struck him, and wiped the ground with him!" And the bully — for that was his true character — struggled frantically to get out of his jacket, foaming at the mouth, and growing red in the face in his pretended haste, but looking closely all the while for the other boy to show some signs of wanting to back out.

But Tim stood as firm as a rock. The tangle into which the other had got himself and his coat, in his hurricane of bluster, gave Tim an opportunity to say, "I've come to this town to black boots and sell papers, and find my brother Jeems, wot's got strayed. I guess there's plenty of room for me here, but if you fellers don't feel that way, then I can make room. I ain't a-goin' to call in no police to take care of me, neither."

"Ho, ho!" yelled the other; "he doesn't want to fight. He's a coward, just as I expected, and is backing down; d'ye see, boys? Come on, and I'll make a street-sweeper of ye!"

"If you must have a row after what I have told you, come on yourself," was Tim's dauntless answer.

"Oh, your brother story is a little off color, doncher know," sneered one of the boys, his faith in Bully Bill growing with Tim's disposition to parley.

"Wot's your brother a-doing here?" demanded another.

"Didn't he say as he had gone an' got lost, you greeny? Say, bub's likely up on State Street suckin' his thumb an' blubberin' for mammy. How old's your buddy?"

"'Bout your age, an' a game chicken. He got hurt by a wagon, an' wasn't just right in his head after. Somebody took him out of the hospital for their own kid, an"—

"Reg'lar Charley Ross nabduction! Mebbe they wanted to shear his topknot, an' sell the ringlets for boodle," suggested one who was still sceptical. But the others had gathered around Tim with looks of interest, now that this peculiar fact had leaked out. For the moment the fight was off.

"'Twasn't a nabduction perzackly," explained Tim, "but a mistake. The other feller's folks was killed on the railroad, an' both of 'em was took to the same hospital the same day. They must a-got the beds mixed up, an' wen the other feller's folks come on from the West, they hadn't never seen him, an' took the other by mistake, he bein' kind of dazed like, as I was a-tellin' you."

"Is this here straight goods?" demanded one of the boys.

For an answer, Tim took from his pocket some newspaper clippings, and a letter from the superintendent of the hospital, with his return railroad pass, and references from his friend at Glenwood. Some of the boys could read, and with heads close together, spelling out some of the hardest words, they made out the substance of the case, commenting on it as they went along. "Stick a pin there, will yer?" "Get that fine point in yer gizzard." "This is all wool, an' a yard wide; no fake about this."

"This here's all right," said the one who seemed to stand next to Bill in leadership; "but wot's become of the other kid?"

"'Dopted him, and took him into the perfesh," was Tim's sententious reply.

A murmur of approval went up from the boys, all except Bill. He saw his power waning, and was anxious to do something to stem the tide.

"Look a-here," he at last managed to make himself heard. "That's all mighty fine reading, like a story-book, but all the same, you understand, it lets no one off from a licking. Bully Bill ain't the one to melt like soft solder, if all the rest of you does. Stand back there, and let me eat him up!" And he cast a defiant, scornful glance at his minions, meant to subdue them to himself again.

Some of the boys shrank away, but the one second in influence, whom the others called "Homely Dick," stood near Tim with determined mien, as though he had decided to make common cause with him against Bully Bill. The fact was, these boys had been for some time tired of being domineered over by this exacting, cruel tyrant, and now saw what they hoped was a favorable chance to strike for freedom, by proxy as it were, without having to do the striking, or rather take the striking on their own persons. If Tim mastered Bill, it meant their freedom from him; and they had some confidence now in Tim's ability to do it.

How about Tim? He had no fears; he had been in many a similar encounter, and never flinched from giving or receiving punishment. But in this case the Tim who stood facing the impending conflict, was the Tim who had stood before the picture of the One who never struck

back, and yet who had conquered by endurance, and now had power to give to others.

"He helped me that day," said he, setting his teeth hard together, "and I won't go back on Him now. I hate to do it, but if I want Him to help me find Jeems, I won't sneak the first time. It was hard for Him, I guess." Then turning to the boys who had ranged themselves beside him, "This here's a go, but you keep out of it. It's him an' me. I can lick him with my hands tied, and I'll prove it to you." Then holding his hands behind his back, he gave one quick catlike spring which landed him at the boy's side; and, before Bill could make a move, up flew Tim's foot, and catching Bill's hat under the rim, sent it flying straight up in the air, as neatly as the most skilled boxer could have done. Then as it came down, he caught it with the other foot, and sent it spinning up again. Tim's antagonist was too much surprised at this move to take any defensive steps; and while he with the others stood and watched, Tim kept the hat in the air for a minute or two, varying the performance by sending another hat to join the first, and keeping them both in mid-air, this having been one of his favorite feats in the back-alley gymnasium. Then, while all stood in silent, open-mouthed admiration of the feat, he concluded by suddenly seizing two of the smaller urchins by the slack in the backs of their jackets, and lifting them at arms' length in position to catch the hats on their heads when they came down. A wild huzza of applause went up from the boys, prolonged and repeated. When it subsided, Tim said, —

"Does any feller s'pose I can't lick him?"

No one expressed a doubt, even Bill himself.

"Then," said Tim, "I'm goin' to do it in my own way,

— the way I learned from Him as was hung by the chaps wot He had made. If there's got to be some pounding done before I can black boots in Chicago an' hunt for Jeems, I'll stand up here, and let him pummel me until he's tired, an' never say a word or strike back; only I didn't want you to think I was afraid of nobody. It's a heap better for one to get all banged up than for two. Step up, an' lay on." And Tim put his hands behind his back again, and waited for his antagonist to begin.

But Bully Bill did not accept the invitation. Whether he suspected some trap in such unheard-of magnanimity, or whether he was ashamed of that for which his name stood, he slunk away, and those left joined in three cheers for the new boy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO KINDS OF CHURCHES.

After Tim had won his great moral victory over the bully of the Chicago newsboys, he had plain sailing so far as being admitted to all the rights and privileges of the boys who were to the manner born was concerned. He found the Newsboys' Home, and gained admittance to it; and he soon was able to keep himself without touching the little hoard he held in reserve for the time when he should find Jeems, adding a little more to it day by day.

Bully Bill had been cornered, but the way he had given in seemed to gall him more than if he had been beaten into subjection. Tim never referred to it, but the other boys guyed him most unmercifully. He did not dare show other resentment, but he treasured up his grief until he found an opportunity to do some secret mischief.

The only time that Tim ever continued the subject was just after Bill had made himself scarce, when some of the boys had wanted to know whom he had meant by the man that was hung by the men he had made.

"It was Spies the anarchist, of course," declared one of the boys.

"Naw, it wasn't him, it was Gitto," declared another.

But Tim shook his head negatively to their questioning looks. "I don't know as I can just tell you," he said; "it wasn't perzactly a man, and yet He was a man, and looked like one in the picture. Sometimes the

chaplain called Him a man, and sometimes he didn't, and that is all I ever heard about Him. He's just the same now as He was then, only you can't see Him. But He helps a feller, and I've promised Him that if he'd help me to find Jeems, I'd never go back on anything He wanted me to do; and I'll die before I do."

"That must be the One they sings about down to the Mission Sunday school," ventured one of the boys. "I heard all about it one Christmas, when a lot of us went in for boxes of candy. Didn't His folks live in a dairy or something, and have to bring up their kids right among the cows' horns? That's the kind of scenery they had down to their Christmas show, anyway."

"Yes, that there tallies with what I heard," said Tim; "but He growed up and they killed Him, when He was the best man in the lot; but He let 'em do it, and then He came to life again, and stays some place or other that's a heap sight finer than a light variety theatre, or any hotel in Pittsburg or Chicago, and He helps you to do like He did; that's all I know, boys, and I ain't got no clew to nothing more."

Tim may not have known it as well as some who practised it less, but in doing faithfully as far as he did know, he was in the surest way of knowing more, and, I think, all that he needed to know or could know. For knowledge of spiritual things comes only with doing as far as one has light, and many a one who has had the fullest instruction and the best of living examples is farther than Tim from advancing in knowledge of the Christ. We shall see how true that is.

One of the first things Tim did was to consider how best to reach Jeems, now that he had obtained the necessary foothold for his labor of love. His friend, the

political boss of Pittsburg, had advised him to insert an advertisement in several of the leading dailies as soon as he should arrive in Chicago, and this was Tim's first business, when he had accumulated the necessary funds.

The second morning after Tim's arrival in Chicago, there appeared at the advertising desk of the *Inter-Ocean*, a shabbily dressed, grimy-handed newsboy. For mind you, Tim had not yet learned all that pertained to a rounded-out Christian life, and among the things lacking, he had not learned that cleanliness is next to godliness. He had a handful of papers in his fist, and the other hand extended a curious scrawl, on a dirty, greasy half-sheet of note-paper.

"I'm doin' this for Jeems," he said to the boys, "and I want to do it up right." So he took from his earnings and went to a little stationer's place around the corner, where they sold apples and candy as well, and inquired the price of paper. The boys had tried to dissuade him from this expense, telling him that any piece of paper such as he could pick up on the street would do as well. But Tim said no, he was doing this for Jeems, and He was partner in it, and he wanted to be sure that it was the way He would want it done, and he didn't propose to stop at expense in this thing. "I reckon He's first class 'bout doin' things on style," he said.

One of the boys had a stub of a pencil: but so afraid was Tim that lead-pencil copy — the bugbear of the printer — might in some way interfere with the success of his plans, that nothing would do but he must spend two cents more of his money for a pen and point. He would have gone to the utterly outrageous extravagance of buying a bottle of ink next, but the old lady who kept the stand, overhearing the debates between Tim and

his counsellors, offered the use of her ink free of charge. Then there was another consultation as to the best method of getting the advertisement written. Some favored asking the old woman to write it, and others wanted to take it to a friendly reporter they knew, but no; Tim would have none of that. He, and he alone, was responsible for the finding of Jeems, and he would intrust so momentous a task as writing a notice that might result in bringing the lost boy back again, to no one, — not even to the teacher of the night-school, whom every one knew to be the best friend the newsboys had, would he think of yielding this work. So a knot of boys gathered around an empty box in the rear of the old woman's little stand, and combined their several accomplishments in the way of spelling, writing, and business forms, into a production that made the clerk smile, and then pass it along to a fellow-clerk for his amusement as well. And this is the way it read: —

"WANTED. — The uncle of the wrong boy wot was taken away from the wespen hospital to communicate with his brother. Address Mister Timothy Muldooney per *Inter-Ocean* office."

"Isn't that a great one? And don't you think the fellow who brought it in was a smutty little bootblack, and he counted out the money all in pennies, and then watched me after I had taken it and filed the advertisement on the hook, as though he intended to stay right there to see it through. I had to tell him three times it would be all right, or he would have been there yet, watching that hook like a ferret at a rat-hole."

"Poor chap," said the other, eying the scrawl; "God only knows how much of human suffering and love is written in between the lines of that miserable little

local. Just think of it, Bland, a boy like that a thousand miles from home and all alone in the world searching for a lost brother. Why, I tell you, there's the stuff of a hero in that little chap, like as not."

"Stuff and nonsense! You always grow sentimental, Morgan, over anything like that. There's the pot-metal of a young tough in him, I've no doubt. Going to the church bazaar, to-night?"

"Yes; are you?"

"Yes; and spend my next month's salary on the fair Lucinda for flowers and sweetmeats. What's a fellow to do, though? the church is wretchedly in debt, I suppose, and this is the only way to get it out. One has to do something for the cause, I suppose. Wonder what they'd think to see such a chap as that one who just left here coming in to services some morning, eh? Parson Smiley's platitude on 'your brother in the lower walks of life' would have a living illustration, then."

"Oh, do hush, Bland! You are enough to make one doubt the reality of the Christian religion — you and some others I can mention. He would be just as welcome in the church as any one, of course."

"And of course he would be politely escorted to the door by a sexton who can gauge the social affiliations of his employers to a nicety."

Neither of the clerks said any more, the former lighted a cigarette and began blowing the smoke through his nostrils, and the latter would have been missed altogether but for the scratch, scratch of his pen over the ledger.

Bland had been in the city all his life, and was a fair specimen of the superficial, easy-going, gay young fellow, who does certain things because every one else does,

and believes certain things — or thinks he does — because it happens to be the fashion in the circle in which he moves to believe them. He was not at heart a bad fellow, but utterly lacking in any earnest purposes or in any true estimate of manhood and Christian obligation.

Henry Morgan had only lately come into the office from the country. He had been grounded in the rudiments of a different theory of life. He believed in the brotherhood of man as Christ believed it. To him religion was not a matter of paying off church debts and keeping up a fashionable church, a little portion of whose energy, perhaps, was devoted to a mission school, or a charity fair, or whatever happened to be the latest religious fad, but which meant no commingling of the helper and the helped on a common plane. A church that did not have a place among its worshippers for such as Tim the newsboy was to him a solemn mockery. Which of these two theories of church duty is best adapted to carry on the work which Jesus Christ himself begun on earth, we shall have occasion to note hereafter. One, I am sorry to say, is a very common theory, and the other, I am just as glad to say, is not quite so uncommon.

There were a group of eager eyes to scan the next edition of the several papers in which Tim decided to insert his advertisement. Yes, it was there all right, just as the young man had said it would be. Of all the important national and local events Tim had carried editions of the papers for, in all his life, there had never before been such an important edition issued as this one. He could understand now with what eagerness people sometimes snatched papers from his hand when the news of some great disaster in which, perhaps, they

might have friends, was printed in them. His only wonder was that every one did not want to buy the paper to-day, that every one was not as much interested in it as he. But if he was in suspense until he saw it in print, what must have been his anxiety about the response it was desired to call forth? Day after day, and almost hour after hour, he haunted the newspaper office for the purpose of learning if any one had called or left any word about the advertisement. And as often did he turn away a disappointed boy, but with hope enough left to come again as expectantly as before.

"If He helps me, and the chaplain said He would, there ain't no question but I'll find Jeems, if he's in Chicago. He won't go back on me, if I don't go back on Him," he was thinking to himself one day. "I thought when the chaplain was talking it was a heap more than I could ever have any use for, but I wish now I knew more. Maybe 'twould help me to find Jeems faster. But I don't know where to get onto any new things. Not striking back's all I know. He spoke about giving me a little book, but I guess he forgot it, and I don't know as I could understand books much anyway. I can read the display lines, but books is different. But, then, He could help me at that, too, as well as the other. Of course He could! I never thought of that; I believe I'll try to find one of them books about Him."

The next day when Tim went as usual to ask if any reply had come to his advertisement, it happened that Bland was off duty, and Morgan had taken his place for the day.

"There is nothing for you," he said kindly to the boy, whose wistful face had begun to haunt him. "Is — is there anything else?" he added, as Tim lingered.

"I just want to ask, I thought you might know, that is, I knowed you don't keep books here; but I thought you could tell me where I could get it."

"I'll be glad to tell you anything I can. What is it you want to get — what kind of a book?"

"I'm stuck there, you see; I never heard the name, but I guess it's the only edition there is — a book about Him as the chaplain said would help them as tried to do like Him, that's all I know about Him," Tim added, seeing the puzzled look in the young man's eye. "I never heard it but the one time, and then the picture — the one with the man that was struck and never hit back and came out first best. He said it was a little book, and he would give me one; but he forgot, I guess. He's been a-helpin' me to find Jeems, though, and I want to get onto more of the things He wants me to do."

"Why, it can't be possible it's the Bible you mean?"

"I believe that's what he did call it, come to think; does it tell about Him that was hung or somethin', an' come back to life again?"

"Do you mean the Son of God?" asked Morgan reverently.

"That wasn't what was on the picture; it was Christ before Pilate; it's Him I want to know more about. Where can I get the book?"

"At any of the bookstores — wait. How would you like to come and study about Him?"

"I'm takin' readin' and writin' in the night-school, but that ain't what I mean; it's more things to do as He wants me to."

"Nor what I mean, either; but if you will come to this address next Sunday morning, I will be there, and you shall learn something more about Him and His will."

"His Bill? Did He have a boy, too? I'll be on hand bright and early then. You can't learn me all about Him in one time, can you?"

"Not in a lifetime," said the other seriously.

The boy gave a startled look at first, as though the thought staggered him; then he said, "Of course, I might have knowed that. I don't know much, and Jeems, he doesn't know anything about Him. But I'll be around to the place on the dot."

It was dark when he left the office and set out for his usual lodgings, the Newsboys' Home. Thump, thump, thump down the street went the bare feet of the boy. And the dull sound was the only one to break the stillness of the night. Oh, no; there was its echo to keep it company.

Presently there was another and fainter sound, — a merrier one, too. "Dollar an' a quarter, clear chink," Tim was saying to himself, as he jingled the change in his pocket; "but the trains were all late, an' I'll miss the night-school."

Pretty soon there came from the opposite direction an answer to Tim's "tramp, tramp, tramp," the "tramp" of a man's boot, and the step was quicker and sharper.

Nearer and nearer together they came; one answering back to the other's ring on the pavement. The two night travellers were just about to brush past each other, the one on his hurried walk to the cars, and the other anxious for the shelter of the Home, when something unexpectedly happened.

The stranger's umbrella, which he carried loosely under his arm, while he buttoned his gloves, slipped from its rest, and shot as straight between Tim's legs as though it had been aimed. In a second he was as neatly

tripped as though done by the hand of the most skilful trickster of Ragmuffin Row.

"Hallo! Not hurt, I hope?" exclaimed the gentleman solicitously. "A newsboy, I declare;" and the voice took on a deeper touch of interest.

"Nothin' the matter with me; I git too many knocks fer sech a little thing ter faze me." And Tim was on his feet with incredible spryness, brushing the dirt off his clothes, and rearranging his papers.

"You have had one too many this time, I fear," said the gentleman, noticing Tim's limp pityingly; "and you are barefooted, too. You ought to be at home."

"I'm a-makin' fer it, fast as old shanks can take me."

"What are your parents thinking of to let you be so exposed on such a night?"

"Hain't got no parients to speak of, in this town."

"But about your home; where"—

"Newsboys' Home, S'teenth Street an' Ragmuffin Row."

"Oh," and the eye that looked into Tim's grew moist and tender, and the voice took on a tone of unfeigned sympathy; "I"— Just then the whistle of a train shrieked on the air, and, gripping his umbrella and satchel tighter, the gentleman started away. But he checked himself to hold out his hand and say, "Take this for the tumble; and remember you have a Father in heaven, who cares for you always." And the next minute he was out of sight, leaving Tim clutching a silver half-dollar in his hand, and a strange thrill of feeling in his heart that the earnest, sympathetic voice had awakened.

"Halfer, sure shot! I'll stand an' be tumbled all day at that price. Tumbles is a-goin' up, I should say. But

that sounded mighty queer, — what he said 'bout havin' a father. It can't be Him."

It had not sounded queer to Tim because this was the first time he had ever heard it; for at the night-school in the Home, Miss Dorcas Blublaze had been striving in her way to inculcate the saving truths of Christianity in Tim's benighted mind, — that is about the way Miss Dorcas herself would have put it.

I said, "in her way." I will not affirm that the fact that she had never been able to make the slightest scratch of a good impression, or deepen the good impressions already made, while the few words from the warm heart of this stranger had made a deep one, was owing to her way; but then the fact remained that, believing herself to represent the salt of the earth, and Tim the poor, perishing mortality that was to be saved by the aforesaid salt, she was decidedly of the opinion that the saltier the salt administered, and the harder it was rubbed on, and the more it smarted, the more efficacious it was. I am not sure but saltpetre would have nearer met her ideas of what was required in Tim's case.

"Ef I've any sich kin," Tim went on in his mind, "'pears like it's the thing to get 'quainted. I'd like to axed him how. At the night-school they tell you things like that; but it can't be the same, fer she never said it that way. I've been neglectin' my eddication lately, though, an' one of these days I won't know how to sign my own bank checks;" and Tim laughed a comical laugh at the idea of that ever causing him great inconvenience.

Whether it was anxiety about his future bank account, or a secret hope of getting some clew to this new relationship, Tim was at the school next night, but Miss

Dorcas, with her two hundred and odd pounds of well-seasoned orthodox activity for the benighted, was not. In her place was a demure rosy little lass, whom Dick declared he could tuck away in his vest pocket like a toothpick, only he might lose her.

"Jest my luck," quoth Tim; "what'll such a dolly-face know 'bout what he said? Might as well turn my attention to wood-carvin'." And he began to whet his knife preparatory to ornamenting the desk with large Roman letters in bas-relief. But something made him change his mind. It was something that he saw in the young substitute teacher's hand, — a beautiful, fragrant rose, just cut from the hothouse.

Had you, a moment before, predicted that he would hold such a thing in his hand, he would have wanted to know if you took him for a "gilly." But that is just what came to pass. As the young lady began to remove her gloves, she glanced about for some place to lay the rosebud. There was a little interrogatory uplifting of her eyebrows, as her gaze met Tim's, a smile that showed white teeth and three dimples, an extended hand, and it was all done.

Tim held the flower pretty much as he might have done an infant; as awkwardly, I mean.

"Lovely, isn't it?" she asked, resuming possession of her property, with a nod of thanks, and holding it first under Tim's nose and then her own.

"Reg'lar stunner; an' loud, too."

"Loud?"

"Yes; smells, you know."

"Oh," with a bright flash of comprehension; "I'm so stupid, sometimes. Yes; that is the only way it has of saying 'Thank you' to the Father for making it so beautiful; it's a voice, isn't it?"

"The father!" repeated Tim bewildered but bold, all embarrassment having melted under her frank, cordial manner; "they ain't no father to posies an' sich, is they?"

"Of course, the Father of us all, — your Father and mine."

"Mine?" and Tim's voice rose with his interest. "By jockey! that's the very thing he said, too, — that I had a father up yonder; but his train was leavin', an' I hadn't time to ax him how he knowed. 'Tain't all gammon, then?"

"All — Oh, beg your pardon. No, really and truly, it is so."

"Whew!" whistled Tim, long and sharp.

"And his voices speak to us in everything; this flower, even, is a message of love, and says that He wants us to be happy."

"Mebbe so, to them as has 'em. I'd ruther hear it with my ears."

"But you shall have it, Tim, and I hope the other voice, too." And when she left, the rosebud stayed with Tim, carefully deposited in an inner pocket, and buttoned in.

"She said this here war a voice," he muttered to himself, as he ascended a flight of stone steps, next morning, and carefully drew the rosebud from his pocket for the twentieth time since it became his. "She said there war more voices, but I hain't heard — Jingo! but that's fine!" And he leaned his head against a pillar, and strained his ears to catch a sound, — the swelling chorus of an anthem from the choir within, — which floated through an open door. It was the opening anthem in Ninth-street Church.

There was a hush in the sounds, and only the low organ interlude for a moment, and then one voice, so sweet and clear, and full of tenderest passion, chanted, —

> "Like as a father pitieth his children;
> Like as a father pitieth his children;
> Like as a father pitieth his children;
> So the Lord pitieth them that" —

Just then some careful hand closed the door, and shut out from Tim's strained hearing the rest of the heavenly voice. "Jiminy, if she'd only a said the rest! It sounded jest like what he said, an' Miss Rosebud, too. But I guess it's the folks as comes here in kerredges as is meant, an' not chaps like me; the kind of people as has the spondulix to plank down fer these fels." And he gave the rumpled rosebud a caressing touch. "Poor chap," he said, half pityingly; "it don't agree with you to 'sociate with my set. You're his, but not sich, as — Hallo! There she goes agin!"

> "His tender care is over all,
> His tender care is over all,
> His tender care is over all
> His creatures."

Tim caught up the strain again, through the friendly crack of the door. "It's a-comin' clos't; if she'd only keep on until" —

> "And despiseth nothing that He hath made."

And the singer paused.

"My, that strikes me like as ef she had a-sung 'Tim' right into it," he murmured softly to himself; "what makes a feller feel so queer and spoony like? Drat it, it's a-rainin'. No, 'tain't; it's a-freezin'. What's that

wet an' shinin' on my posy ?" And he dashed his hand half resentfully across his eyes, to remove the offending cause of that drop of moisture on his precious flower.

"I'll slip in," he said to himself. "Mr. Morgin ain't here, and I'll jest try to get a peep, an' then slide out." He felt as much like backing out as he ever had of any thing in his life. He had expected it to be a mission school of some kind — probably in a rented hall, up a rickety, dark stairway — or maybe, some little frame, gothic chapel out among the brickyards and goat pastures; but, to his surprise, his directions led him up the stone steps of a handsome pile of buildings, ornamented with pillars of polished granite and stained glass windows.

"Here's a go!" he said to himself, after he had ascertained that there was no mistake about it. "I hadn't any idea I was going to get among the quality. Look at them coming there, will you! I ain't even got a scrap of leather to my feet. There must be some mistake; but it ain't none of mine, and here I go. Hallo! Yes, I'm on hand" —

It was in answer to a touch on his elbow and a word of welcome from Mr. Morgan that he said the last. The young man had been watching for his *protégé*, knowing that he was likely to feel abashed about coming in alone, and he now took him by the sleeve and said, "Come on, let us enter into our Father's house," and he took off his hat in a reverent manner as he said it, Tim imitating the example set him. They were only in the vestibule as yet, but already the opening services had begun, and the rich notes of the organ were filling all the building and mingling with the sweet voices of the choir as they chanted an invocation to the throne of God. Tim had

often heard church music before from the outside or through the open doors, as he had stood on the pavement to listen, but it had never struck his ear with the deep, solemn tone and the richness of melody that it now did. As they waited a minute for the usher to show in a little knot of waiters who had stood at the entrance just in front of them, he had time to whisper to Morgan, "I didn't just catch whose place you said this was. Your father doesn't own it all, does he?"

"Yes," said Morgan, a pitying smile chasing a look of blank surprise from his face; "my Father and yours — God."

"I knowed 'twas something about God, but you said they learned about Him here. God couldn't have been no relation to the One they killed" —

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the One as helps a feller. He's a-helpin' me to find Jeems — the One I seed in the picture wot didn't never strike back."

"Why, that was the Son of God, and God himself as well as man," whispered Morgan.

But Tim got in his last word as they were just entering the door, "He was poor and hadn't any such fine houses as this one." And then the first responses of the worshippers in the opening services drowned his voice even to his own ear, and he followed Morgan down the richly carpeted aisle to a pew in one corner of the transept. While it was less conspicuous than many of the others, Tim had time to notice that the arm was of richly carved walnut, and when he sat down it was to sink into the softest of cushions, while under his feet was a crimson stool, and in the scroll-work rack in front of him a gilt-edged hymn-book. These things dazed and abashed

the boy, and made him feel ill at ease. His Father's house was too fine for him, and so was the language of his Father's ambassador, who was solemnly pledged to make his Father's message so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err therein. The sermon was a learned and scholastic discourse on the "Higher Culture of the Æsthetic Tastes," ornate with the sounding phrases of the rhetorician, and polished with the graces of the elocutionist. But there was no meaning or light in it to the soul that was groping for more. There was little mention of the name of Him whose gospel was advertised to be preached at that place and hour, and, when mentioned, it was in such unfamiliar and unscriptural terms as "The Ideal of Humanity's Aspirations," "The Essence of the Divine in Humanity," or "The Lodestone of Spiritual Magnetism."

There was no meaning or touch of helpfulness in it to the poor boy, and his companion felt his own hopes of helping him thin out and slip away, leaving him sad and disgusted. But if the sermon was chilling, the reception that awaited the seeker after truth — such as Christ himself had always gladly welcomed — in the temple of Christ and by his people was freezing. The speaker paused, held up his hands with a graceful, monitory wave, and said, "Let us pray," in the same solemn monotone he had used in reading, leaving Tim in doubt as to whether it went in with what had been read about help in time of need. "I s'pose it does, though, but I'll be plagued if I know what it means — the pray part. I know what help is, and this One is the same as Him that's helpin' me."

Then there was a rustle of silk and a clatter of fans and beaded trimmings against the backs of the pews,

and the next instant Tim's was the only head, in his quarter of the church at least, that was not bowed; but he did not long remain in bolt upright wonderment. He quickly followed the cue of his companion. The prayer was as meaningless and devoid of comfort as the sermon, except that it alluded, in a phraseology utterly unintelligible to the boy, to the Atonement of the Cross.

But it was when all was over and the worshippers who had heard the mention of the Saviour's sufferings and death with unmoved self-complacency and unmoistened eyes, began to file out in dignified unsociability, as become those of their stations in society, that the contrast between the Christianity of the Book and that of some who professed to believe and obey the Book came out.

Some passed the pew where he was with frigid stares. Others inquired in shocked tones when the sexton had taken to admitting beggars to the church; and when Bland, who happened to be near, explained that it was the latest fad of Mr. Morgan, there were more open expressions of indignation, some of which Tim overheard, and was cut to the quick by. And when the minister himself, who had voiced the divine story, passed by the soul that lay broken and bleeding from its effects, he capped the climax of priestly unneighborliness by passing the ragged stranger by on the other side. Morgan, hot and voiceless with indignation, hastily drew Tim out by a side entrance, and walked around the corner with him.

"You mustn't mind anything," he said as soothingly as he could. "It was your Father's house, and you were welcome, whatever others may think."

"Oh, I ain't a-finding fault," Tim hastened to say. "I ortern't to have gone in ther with no shoes and such

clothes, but I didn't know the kind of a place until I was in."

"Could you come to my room to-night?" Morgan asked; "and we will go to another church, and then we shall be there all alone, and can talk about this as much as we please." And Tim agreed to come.

The place to which they went in the evening was less pretentious, though more largely attended, than the other. Its plain brick walls had a homely look, and the wide, open door seemed to say, "Come in, come in!" to every one who passed. They were a little early, and Mr. Morgan said to the gentleman who met them at the door with a smile and warm hand-grasp, "Are we too late for the Young People's Meeting?"

"You'll get the wind-up of it if you hurry. Go right in with your young friend; always glad to see strangers."

And so the whole atmosphere seemed to say. It was spiritual, cheery, warm. Only a prayer and a closing hymn remained of the service, but the hand-shaking and welcome words and whole atmosphere were splendid preparation for the exercises that followed in the auditorium above — an object lesson on the common brotherhood of man, which is but a step from the doctrine of the fatherhood of God. The interior of the church was plain but comfortable. There was nothing for show and everything for use. The cushions were plainer, but as comfortable as those of the morning. The music was less artistic, but more hearty and devotional.

But Tim's attention was drawn from these things by the voice of the minister, who arose to read a Scripture lesson. It had a familiar ring, and the face was that of Tim's acquaintance of the other evening. His selection was the fourth chapter of Hebrews. I do not know

what the words of Holy Writ would have meant to the congregation of the morning, of fashionably dressed men and women. Possibly more sleep on that very Sunday morning would have comported with their highest ideas of rest. Possibly fewer fine clothes to make and wear, or fewer tedious people to entertain, freedom from haggling with tradesmen whose bills were overdue, or from scheming or dreaming how to get marriageable daughters out of the way in time to hatch matrimonial alliances for those who were coming on hard after those now at a marriageable age. But to this poor, lonely waif of the streets, at whom some of them had stared as he came up the aisle, and whom the sexton had followed with the intention of leading him out until he had seen the well-dressed young man usher him into his own seat, rest meant release from his suspense and anxiety about Jeems, and the restoration of both to their home in the Ark and their partnership in the work as of old, before the temptation of the blue coat and the steady pay had been the cause of robbing him of his brother.

"'Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest,'" the preacher read, "'lest any man fall after the example of unbelief.'"

"That means to try," said Tim to himself; "and I'm a-tryin' all I know how."

"'For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and as a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.'"

"Why don't he say something about Him? I want to hear more about Him," thought Tim to himself.

"'Neither is there any creature that is not manifest

in His sight, but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.'"

"My stars! That's a-coming to it now. Then He knows right where Jeems is this minute. Help me find him? I should think He could. Ain't I glad I got onto comin' here, though? What's that?"

The minister was reading the fourteenth verse: "'Seeing, then, we have such a great high priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, let us come boldly to the throne of grace and find help for the time of need,'" and so to the end of the chapter, when the reader closed the book and said, "Let us pray."

"O God, our Father," began the speaker in measured tones.

"Why, that's the one as owns the place; wot's he a-talkin' to himself for?"

"In the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, we come to thee"—

"Why, he ain't; it's 'nother one that he said owned the place, and mine is his son; I've found that much out, anyway."

"And ask thee to pity us and help us, for we are not able to help ourselves."

I shall not repeat the whole prayer. I do not know how much of it the speaker was inspired to say for the benefit of this new hearer. I do not know how much he intended his other hearers to take to themselves of what he said about their sinfulness and their great need of Him; of humbling themselves and becoming as little children before Him; but I do know that Tim took it all to himself, and despite the seemingly irreverent mental observations he interspersed it with, he really entered into the spirit of it, if any one present did that

evening. And when it came to the sermon, his mind was prepared for the annunciation of the grandest truth the world has ever listened to; that is, as much prepared as any mind can be that breaks out of the deepest shades of ignorance into the fullest bliss of truth all at once.

The text was: "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes are we healed." He felt before the reading was done that such words could mean no one but the man of the picture. Just how it meant Him, or in what way others were involved, I do not suppose he fully grasped; but as the sermon progressed, it began to dawn upon his mind for the first time in his life that the man who did not strike back had in some way been moved to die for others, and that he was one of them, and the things that he had been doing all his life, unlike what this one would have done, were the cause of that death.

Those who have been more or less familiar with that truth from childhood, cannot possibly conceive how its first clear presentation would cut into the heart of a magnanimous nature like Tim's. It brought the tears to his eyes, and they trickled down his cheeks in rivulets that washed through grime and dust, and spotted the cushion as they fell. Much more of the sermon, or service, he did not hear. He did not care to hear. He was too full now. Light had come to him, but in that light he had seen a thing that hurt his generous soul — a Saviour suffering for him. It made him unhappy. It made him hate himself. And even the kind attention and well-chosen words the pastor paused to speak to him in the aisle, and the friendly attitude of many of the others, could not assuage his grief.

"He won't want nothin' to do with me, since his Son had to die for me," and the boy's voice trembled with pent-up emotion.

"Oh, yes, He will," Morgan hurriedly assured him; and then, as they walked along together, he told him in simple language what the story of the cross meant, and there came a peace into Tim's troubled soul, as he grasped it all.

"If I only could a-knowed it sooner," he said; "I promised I'd never go back on Him, but I ain't been a-doin' half" —

What they talked about, or how the light continued to come to Tim, we need not relate. The best proof that he had been given the humble, lowly spirit of a child of God, was shown in the way he talked about the reception of the morning. There was not the slightest trace of resentment or hurt. He apologized again and again for going into such a place ragged and barefooted, and could hardly forgive himself for the intrusion.

Morgan told him about his own sweet Christian home in the country, and the loving white-haired mother whose faith in God was his constant inspiration. "I wish she could tell you," he said; "she could make it all plain."

Next morning Tim came to the counter as usual to inquire for his letter. Bland was back in his place, and began at once to tantalize both the newsboy and his partner on the events of the day before. "Could Brother Muldooney favor us with the text this morning?" he leered at Tim.

"If I knowed what a tex' was, I might."

"Don't know what a text is! Ha, ha, ha! Next time you go slumming, Morgan, do for goodness' sake try to

get on a case of mediocre low-downness. Don't bring the whole dregs of creation in upon us at one time."

"Like the woman with seven devils, for instance, or the blind beggar, or the dying thief," retorted Morgan. "Next time you say your prayers, don't for goodness' sake say, 'Our Father,' say the father of myself and my select set. And when you wind up, make it read, 'thy kingdom come, thy will be done on that part of the earth known as "Uppertendom," but not in the alleys and byways.'"

"Oh, come, Morgan, you are too sarcastic."

"Not half as much as your own Bible, if you read it."

"I don't read it very much, that's a fact; but your *protégé* is waiting to have a smile and a gracious word from you, so I give way."

What Tim wanted to say was that he had decided to leave Chicago, and go elsewhere in his search for Jeems.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MILLY AND ROB.

Tim had waited as long as he thought it profitable for some reply to his advertisement, and he had now determined to go on to some other Western city, and take similar steps there. If anything should come of his work in Chicago, he could safely leave it with Mr. Morgan and his other friends there; and it would be a waste of time for him to remain in person, to do what they could as well attend to.

Taking this view of it, Mr. Morgan did not have it in his heart to combat his intention, much as he would have liked to talk further with the boy, and be a help to him in the development of his new experience. And so it was communicated to the other boys, who were taken into consultation; and Kansas City was fixed upon as the next likeliest place, or, at least, as likely as any other. Before going, Tim placed in Mr. Morgan's hands a package saying, "He may need something if he should be here after all, and I have been saving this up for him. I've got enough to take me through, and I'll take care of myself easy enough after that."

The young man looked at his scant clothing and bare feet, and hesitated to take the money. "We'll take care of Jeems," he said, "if he should turn up; you needn't worry about that. You'd better keep this; you may need it all."

But Tim stoutly refused to take it back. "It's Milly's, — a part of it, and I wouldn't touch a cent of it if I starved."

So Mr. Morgan was obliged to keep the money, but he did press something into Tim's hand, — a little package neatly tied up in paper. "It will help you to understand more about Him," he said; and Tim took it eagerly, and carefully put it away in his pocket.

Another thing Tim did before leaving Chicago was to write a letter to Milly. He had written to her before, short notes telling of his arrival, and what he had done to find Jeems; but now he summed the whole results of his unsuccessful trip up, and added something personal, — something that would surprise Milly very much. This was the letter: —

To Milly Raynor. I ain't heard nothin' from Jeems, and I'm goin' to Kansas City to-night; you can write to the *Times* office. Mr. Morgin and the boys will look out for him here; if they hear anything from him here, they will let me know, and I you. I went to church with Mr. Morgin and learned about Him. He died for me, Milly, and I never knew it till then; but it's done me lots of good, and I ain't tired of huntin' for Jeems. The man read from the Book that He could see everything in the world; and He can see where Jeems is this minute. Milly, it makes me feel bad that Jeems never heard of Him, and I want to find him so's't I can tell him. Mr. Morgin gave me a little book that tells about Him; when I come back, I want to tell all the newsboys in Pittsburg about Him. I wish some one could tell Cuffy and Irish Bill and the messenger-boy, that got Jeems run over. I haven't touched the money yet, and Jeems will have plenty when I find him.

Tim.

When Milly got that letter she was touched by it as she never had been by anything in her life. She read it to her father, and he looked suspiciously moist about his

eyes, and his voice suddenly grew husky when he tried to talk.

"To think," she said, "that I never thought to say a word to him about that; but we were so busy talking about Jeems. Papa, I feel as though this letter meant for me to do something, to tell the story of Jesus to the rest of the boys. What can we do, papa?"

"I don't know; should have to think it over, dear. I am afraid that none of us think enough about trying to do something for those poor boys. I am afraid that many of them go to the bad every year, just because Christian people don't try to do anything to help them. We will think the matter over, Milly, and whatever is thought best to do, you shall have all the money you need."

And Milly went to bed with a lighter heart than she had felt since Tim had gone away. She had needed something to do to keep her from brooding over her disappointment; and her father had needed it much more than she. Most of the night her brain was busy. Early next morning she went to see her minister, who was one of the busiest and most helpful men in the city, in all the charitable work of Christian people.

He listened to her attentively, and looked curiously over the letter she had received from Tim. "Well, I declare," he said; "this reads like a romance. I have often wished that something might be done for this class of boys, and have for some time been director of a little school held at night for their benefit. But the teacher, Mr. Platt, has always been hampered for want of means to get a suitable building. If we only had money to rent a large building, where we could have some light, pleasant rooms for the boys, — bath-rooms, a

gymnasium, and plenty of clean, wholesome lodgings, — we could then hope to have them where we could bring some moral and religious influences to bear upon them."

"Oh, I am so glad that I came to you, then," cried Milly. "Since this letter came, I have felt so condemned that I never tried to do anything for this poor boy, when I might have spoken a word for my Master; and I feel as though the duty of carrying out his wish to tell the newsboys of Pittsburg about Him, as he puts it, has fallen upon me. Papa feels deeply interested about it, too; and I am sure he will furnish all the money you need to do what is required. But there is more than money required of me, Mr. Milburn; I must see these boys personally, and tell them, for Tim, about my Master."

"Milly, I am glad to hear you say that," said her delighted minister. "It has long been my prayer that some of the members of my flock, to whom God had given means and social influence, would interest themselves in these poor street boys. Now, I am sure it will not be long until we shall have things in shape to tell the story of the cross to all the boys with whom Tim associated. I will see Mr. Platt to-morrow, and I will find out what is necessary to enlarge the work at once."

And so the bread that the chaplain had cast upon the waters began to return after many days. Milly also looked after Rob, as well as that youngster would allow any one to have any oversight of him. But she had not seen him for a long time. He knew where she lived; and one day, after weeks had passed, there came a ring at the door, and the servant came to tell Milly that a ragged little fellow was standing on the steps, and asking to see her. "He says his name is Rob, and" —

"Oh, it's my Rob; and you must let him in at once," cried Milly. "I told Tim that I would take good care of him, and here I haven't heard a word for weeks."

And it looked as though Rob had not found her any too soon. His clothing was in bad shape, and he looked peaked and troubled, as though the responsibilities of life were setting too heavy on his young shoulders. He told Milly that Bridget had been sick, and that he had had no one to help take care of her; and that, with selling papers, had been almost too much for his strength, and he was about sick himself. "If it wasn't for Jeff, who lets me take hold of his strap, and then almost pulls me along, I don't believe I could ever get to the Ark, and back again to the post-office."

Milly was full of sympathy and concern, and wanted to know why Rob had not let Bridget go to the hospital, where she would be better taken care of.

"Do you think I would let Tim's mother go to the hospital?" said Rob, indignantly. "Besides, she's a good old soul, and has been like a mother to me, and I was glad to do the best I could for her. It's not that I'm complaining of; but, if something is not done to get her better doctoring, and away from that damp place, I'm afraid she'll die, and then I couldn't look Tim in the face when he comes back. I don't believe he ever will come back, though, if he waits to find that brother of his; and that's what he'll do: Tim's not the boy to ever give up a thing he starts to do."

"Oh, that reminds me," cried Milly, "that I have a letter from Tim, and I must read it to you."

So the letter was brought out and read and discussed. It cheered Rob somewhat, and affected him much in another way: he had such a large faith in and admira-

tion of Tim, that whatever he said or did had the weight of an oracle in Rob's eyes. Then Milly told Rob of her talk with Mr. Milburn, and the plans for a larger school and home for the newsboys.

"I believe," answered Rob, "if the boys had some place to go, when they are not selling papers, they wouldn't play pitch and toss in the alleys as much as they do; and so many of them wouldn't go to the saloons and the dancing theatres at night."

And so they talked the matter over; and the more Rob said, the more did the impression grow upon Milly, that she had a mission with the newsboys. And when she thought there was a possibility that her own brother had been one of them, and compelled to live and work as the rest did, with nò one to care whether he had a clean body or a benighted soul, she almost trembled to think how near she had come to living beside them all her life, and never knowing their great need of Christian sympathy and care. She promised to look after the needs of Bridget at once. She interested the Dorcas Society of the church, and supplies of things and a good nurse were sent the next day, Rob stoutly insisting that he would have nothing for himself: he had set out to be independent, and he would stick to it. But Milly brought him around to promise that he would let her bring him a new suit of clothes, and he pay her back when he was able. She profited by what she had learned of Tim on another occasion, and got him a suit adapted to his calling.

Sure enough, Rob had been having his ups and downs in more ways than one. If Milly could have known it, there was more than one cause for his unhealthy, thin look. One of the things he had secretly learned to do

before leaving home was to smoke. His chances to indulge in it at home, however, had been few and covert; and one of the first things that came to his mind, when he first began to feel the new freedom of his city life, was the reflection that now there would be nothing to hinder him smoking as much as he pleased. But Tim had dissuaded him from it as long as he had been with him; and, indeed, the boy who has just come out of a hospital is not in the best physical mood in the world for smoking. The veteran smoker finds little relish for his pipe when the inroads of a long sickness are yet felt in his system.

But after Tim had gone, Rob could not longer resist the temptation to invest a part of his money in a box of cigarettes, and puff away, as he saw the other boys do. There was hardly a newsboy on the street but used tobacco in some way, and Tim himself chewed, and Bridget did not disdain to take her pipe for comfort; so there was little to discourage Rob from the attempt. He had become hardened up beyond the nausea point at home, and at first the effects on his system were not marked. He always said he felt "bully" after a smoke, and he came to that point when he never felt in first-class trim except just after a smoke. So it followed that he smoked often. The first result was a loss of appetite and a nervousness in his manner, especially at night. Instead of sleeping soundly almost from the time his head touched the pillow, he now lay awake and thought of all that had ever happened to him in his life, and of plenty of things that never had happened and never would, and the fancies of his poisoned brain made him blue and homesick. So he took to smoking in his bunk in the Ark, to quiet his nerves, and thus it hap-

pened that one night the occupants of the neighboring boats — for the Ark had changed her position now back to a more convenient point — were aroused by a glare of light and the smell of smoke, to find the Ark in flames.

But the inmates had awakened just about the same time, but in a different manner: while Rob was in blissful unconsciousness, and just as he was dreaming of being out on the boundless prairies chasing the buffalo and chased himself in turn by a prairie fire which was sweeping down upon him and filling his nostrils already with its suffocating smoke, something wet and heavy suddenly dashed itself upon him, and he found himself mopped and soaked with water. Springing up as best he could, he saw the room was light and smoky, he smelled the odor of burning clothes. He saw a dark form lumbering away, and heard a splash outside, then in bounded the same dark form, and Rob, who was just climbing down, ran into Jeff soaking with the water his woolly hide had absorbed in his plunge.

Then he realized the situation; the Ark was on fire, and Jeff was playing fire department to the best of his ability. By this time the neighbors, who had been awakened by the splashing of the dog in the river as he returned each time to wet his hair, were calling and trying to fight the fire which had spread to the roof. Rob and Bridget both escaped, thanks to Jeff, and the boat was saved with only a good-sized hole burned in the roof. Rob hunted around next day, and found a piece of old tin to tack over this; but the rain beat in when it rained, and it had been owing to the fright Bridget had received that night and the dampness of the boat from its leaky roof that she had contracted rheumatism.

Rob was honest enough to own his blame in the matter,

and he did penance by taking the best care of Bridget he could. It was a hard discipline for a boy of his age and bringing up, but it was calculated to bring out the best traits in his nature. Time and again since Tim had left did he feel almost at the point when he must write to Burris and ask for money to come home. He could have done it, so far as any pride in the matter was concerned now, but there was Tim's trust in him that he would stay and take care of Bridget — he could not disappoint that. He had made up his mind, though, that he would go as soon as Tim should come back; and he had earned enough to get him a new suit of clothes and pay his own way.

But as long as Tim stayed away and Bridget was sick, there was not much probability that he would get anything ahead. Indeed, he was getting behind; some days he had scarcely enough to eat, and that was not of the best quality that he did have. His lesson with smoking in bed and his poverty had compelled him to give up his cigarettes, and he had come down to the lowest extremity of the street boy — the cigar stump from the gutter. Rob was too proud to ask any one for help as long as there was any possible chance of things growing brighter, but at last he had to give up and come to Milly, as we have related. Only the day before a couple of gentlemen, standing where they could look down one of the alleys, had seen a strange sight. "Look at that chap raking a loaf of bread out of the rubbish-heap, will you!" one of them had exclaimed to the other; "see, I do believe he's going to eat it."

"Of course he'll eat it; it may be a little dry, but that much the better for the digestion, you know."

"But see how that dog stands and watches him!

Looks as if he might be hungry enough to want a share in it, too."

"And he'll get it, like as not. Yes, the boy has broken it in half, and is going to divide equal."

"Let's slip down that way behind those buildings and see what kind of mortals these be who have to live in such a way," said the first, and the two moved quickly down to a point quite near unobserved.

The boy had been watching the gaunt dog ravenously devour his share of the bread, and had not touched the other half of the small loaf. When the brute had finished, he looked up and licked his chops and whined.

"Want more, do you? Well, pardner, if you want it worse than I do, here, take it all. I'll never go back on a pardner that saved my life," and he flung the rest of the loaf to the dog, and watched him gulp it down.

"And this is Christian civilization!" said the first speaker to the other.

"No, we don't call it by that name down here: you'll find that article farther up town where the streets are wider and the people better dressed."

"But not better in heart, I'll be bound." And a little later, when a weak-voiced boy brushed against him and pleaded for a nickel "just to start me up in the newspaper business," and his companion shoved him aside and roughly said, "Go to the Newsboys' Home, and if you're all right you'll get help there," he looked the second time, and saw the same boy with the dog close at his heels, and he stopped and went back to the forlorn little figure, and put a quarter in his hand. The boy was none other than Robert Graham, the petted son of one of the most prosperous merchants of Bridgeton, N.J., a month ago, now heartsick and homesick and almost alone in the

great city, without money enough in his pocket to buy the little stock of newspapers he needed to earn a crust to keep life in himself and a sick woman.

You will not wonder, after hearing this chapter in his life, that he went to Milly as he did. And if she and others had known more than they did of the hardships of this kind not at all uncommon among the class of people to whom Rob now belonged, you would not wonder that they should feel moved to pity to do something for them, physically and spiritually.

But Rob would not see such days again; Milly would look out for him. One of the first things that Milly did after that talk with her father and her minister about the Newsboy's Home was to sit down and write to Tim at the place he had directed. And this was her letter:—

"I was glad to hear from you that you were well and still in good heart, and more than delighted to hear one great cause of your encouragement. I felt as though I must sit down right away and ask you to forgive me, if you could, that I had never told you that the One you have found is my Master too. I cannot excuse myself because we were so busy talking and planning about Jeems, and I have asked Him to forgive me. It will be so much easier now for you to be alone in the world and with such a great responsibility on your shoulders. I read and talked to Jeems about it when he was in the hospital, and I think he understood something that I tried to tell him.

"I hope, too, that the gentleman who took him away was a Christian, and will tell him. I have been to the hospital again, and asked Nurse Carson everything she could possibly remember about the gentleman, and she says he was a very nice-looking man, and seemed to be a man of means; so I feel that Jeems is in good hands.

"But what I want most to tell you about is the plans we are making for the boys. Papa is going to be treasurer and Mr. Milburn, our minister, and Mr. Platt, who already has a kind of night-school for the boys, are going to get a larger building and open a

better school and home, where all the boys who have no homes can eat and sleep and keep clean and save their money. And I cannot do much, but I feel that I must make some amends for the part of my life that I have spent so selfishly, and I am going to try to see that the wish in your letter about the boys hearing of Him whom we both love and try to serve, is carried out."

And so the letter went on telling about Bridget's illness, but touching it as lightly as possible; about Rob and all the rest. When it was finished and folded, Milly took it to her father to read. "I want you to know everything I do, papa dear," she said, "and our two lives to be just as though they were one — both consecrated to Him."

"I approve of all you have written, and the way you have written it," he said; "and if you will let me, I will add a word myself."

"Oh, that would be such an encouragement to Tim!" she cried. So he wrote at the bottom of the sheet: —

"A father's prayer goes with a fatherless boy. Look to your Heavenly Father, and He will keep you.

"ABNER RAYNOR."

Then he slipped a ten-dollar note into the letter, and handed it back to Milly.

She put it in an envelope and addressed it: "Mr. Timothy Muldooney, Care *Daily Times* Office, Kansas City, Kansas." And while she held it in her hand for a minute, there came something moist and warm down from her face once, twice, a third time, and fell on the paper, leaving as many little marks that went with the delicate missive on its way across the continent.

Leaving the plans for the Newsboys' Home to work out in the hands in which an overruling Providence has placed them, let us now follow Tim on his further journey from city to city in search of his brother.

CHAPTER XXV.

TIM CALLS AT BRAKEMAN HOBBS'S.

THE very last thing that Tim did, before leaving Chicago, was to pay his respects to Brakeman Hobbs. He had no difficulty in finding the place, but, to his disappointment, the good-natured brakeman was not at home.

"But come in, come in!" said a pleasant-faced woman as soon as he told her who he was; "I have been looking for you this long time, and the General was afraid that something had happened to you. He said he afterwards remembered seeing the boys prowling round as though they were going to pounce down on some one. He said he felt like scolding himself for not going to see that you were not mistreated. The General took a great fancy to you. He's said something about you every day since. Oh, have you found your little brother yet that you came here to hunt?"

By this time Tim was inside the room and seated. It was humble enough compared with Milly's home or the handsome library of his friend at Glenwood, but a little paradise compared with the shanty-boat, which so far had given him about his only idea of home.

He sat down and let his eyes wander around the room as he told his story to a group of as interested listeners as he had ever had in all his life. Even the little children left their plays and came to stand by mother's

knee and hear; and Lizzie, the eldest girl, who had been helping mother put the house to rights, paused with her dust-brush in her hand and her dusting-cap on her head.

Altogether, the neat, attractive room, the plants in the window, the canary swinging from his perch, the pleasant, matronly face of Mrs. Hobbs, and the trim, housewifely figure of Lizzie, made an impression on Tim's mind that nothing ever had before. "Cracky, but this here would be a dandy place to stay, wouldn't it now?" he thought to himself. "This must be like what Mr. Morgin told me about the other night, of his place down in the country. I tried to think then how it would look to be like he was telling of, but I hadn't an idea; but this here is as snug as a bug in a rug, of course it is. Cracky, but wouldn't I like to have such a place as this to take Jeems to, when I find him! Well, I can't have it, of course, at first, but when I do get him back, and get back to business, I'm going to get into something and make more money, and have a place like this, then I'll be more fit to go to church. He wouldn't like no such place as the Ark, I'm afraid. This just suits my eye."

"The General will be here pretty soon," said Mrs. Hobbs, "and I know he'll be real disappointed if he didn't see you, so you just sit down and stay until supper time. Going to leave town? Land a mercy! Then you must stay now. Maybe you would like to wash yourself after your trip. Here, Harry, you show the young gentleman to the spare bedroom, and see that there is water and soap and towels, and everything he needs." And before Tim could say a word, or even shake his head, he was taken in charge by the eldest boy, the very picture of his father, and shown to a cosey

little room, under the attic roof, where everything looked too dainty to be touched.

As he viewed himself in the glass, and contrasted himself with his surroundings, there came to Tim his first clear consciousness that he was a dirty boy. I do not mean that he had never before had any sense of discrimination between the clean and the dirty, but that he had never cultivated the least sense of duty to keep clean. He looked at the neat white pitcher and bowl, the snowy towels, and the artistically moulded cake of fancy soap, and then at his grimy hands and smirched face, and hesitated.

"Pitch in," said Harry, "and there's comb and brush, and you know the way down-stairs."

And then Tim did pitch in. He had been sent here to learn the gospel of cleanliness, and this was his first sermon in it, and Tim was not the boy to do half-way work. He lathered and scrubbed and rinsed, and lathered and scrubbed and rinsed again, until, when he had wiped himself dry, and plastered his dripping hair close to his head with the brush, his face shone like a new saucepan. But he did not stop there. He set the bowl down on the piece of oilcloth before the stand, and, taking care not to slop the water on the floor, he put his bare feet into the water, and let them soak, preparatory to rendering them more presentable. But this was no easy task; the dirt was ground into them in grooves and cross-lines, until it had become a part of the skin itself. But he persevered until he had affected quite a change even in them. Then he noted that his clothing was spotted and soiled. It was not more so than it had been for some time, but Tim had had no opportunity of comparing things before, and now they

seemed to be worse than he had ever dreamed they could look. And so he began to rub them in spots and places to improve their appearance. So, by the time he was ready to go down, he heard tones down-stairs that sounded familiar, and told him that his friend, the brakeman, had arrived.

Tim went down and received a very hearty welcome. "Hallo there fellow traveller! Made your run, did you? I was a little afraid that you might have struck an obstruction. You ain't quite on schedule time, but it was an accommodation schedule, and I allowed for differences in watches. Glad you got 'round. Goin' to leave the town, I hear. Didn't find the strayed one? Was afraid you wouldn't. This is a great big world, isn't it, now? What's your next run? Goin' to Kansas City, are you? Well, luck to you there. Keep it up, and you'll know you've done the right thing anyway. Set your switch-light all right, and keep your signal lanterns burning, and if you have to go to the ditch, go with a clear record. If you're still getting motive power from the place Mary gets hers, your engine won't die before you reach the end of the run. Are you still on that track, youngster? I ain't much on it, myself; Sunday runs and a cussin' conductor kinder make slim chances for me, but Mary and the kittens, they're on that run, and making lively time."

This was a very delicate and considerate effort on the part of a worldly but kind-hearted man, to throw a crumb of religious comfort in the way of a boy whose trials he knew to be peculiar and hard, but Tim came as near missing it as he would a similar attempt from a well-meaning church-member, and for similar reasons: the set phrases familiar to the speech of both, disguised

their meaning instead of making it clearer. Tim's knowledge of religious truth had come to his perception apart from the set phrases in common use to express religious thoughts. He had caught some of the substance without the forms.

Mrs. Hobbs's quick woman's penetration enabled her to see this difficulty, and she came to the rescue with delicate tact. "I have no doubt it is a great disappointment to you not to find your brother," she said, "but it is a great comfort to know that the One who cares most for him and you, knows just where he is at this moment."

Tim's eyes flashed a look of intelligence. "That's just the ticket!" he exclaimed, "that's all in the book about Him, for I heard the man read it myself, though I didn't know then it was the same book until Mr. Morgan gave me one for myself."

"Oh, you have a Bible, have you? Is Mr. Morgan some one you have become acquainted with here? and where was it you heard the man read from the Bible, at church? What church were you at?"

"I was up at the big stone front where all of the swells go on Sunday morning. He didn't tell me that; and I ortern't to have gone in my bare feet and ragged clothes, and some of 'em didn't like it, I guess. I ortern't to have gone. But I went to 'nother place at night, an' there was something different on the boards. I heard about him, and I heard that He had to be hung, and I never knew what a mean, miserable son-of-a-gun I was before. But it's all done and wiped off the slate, Mr. Morgin says, and I know it myself. It says so in the book, and I've got the place marked so I can find it any time I want to, and I ain't a-wantin' to do the things

now that don't please Him. The only trouble is, I can't find out fast enough where the things is He wants me to do; I'm a-learnin' them all the time, though."

"I see you are," answered Mrs. Hobbs, glancing down at the marks of the scrubbing on Tim's bare feet.

His eyes followed hers, and his quick wit interpreted the look.

"To keep clean? I almost knowed that was one of 'em as soon as I came in the house, though I never thought of it before, 'cos I haven't read the book much yet; it's slow work, and I wanted to make sure about the pardon place. I got Mr. Morgin to show me where that was, and I read and read it until I can go over it like slidin' on ice, and the book opens right to it every time. I don't want to lose that ever, because once or twice since I heard it, something has come into my head: 'Tim, you measly little rat of a newsy you, no such feller as Him didn't never go and die for you, and He don't care anything for you, neither; it's for the swell folks up in the church.' And then I turns over to the right place, and says back to myself, readin' right from the Book: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' I reads it over twice or three times. 'There,' says I, snappin' my fingers at myself; 'if that don't mean Newsboy Tim, who in thunderation does it mean?' and that settles it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hobbs, approvingly; "it was right to make sure of that first. And when you get farther along you will learn that He wants you to be careful of all that He has done to save — the whole of you, your body. It's all been redeemed by Him, and He wants

you to be careful of it for Him; and that means, to keep it clean and well."

"I know it now," said Tim. "That's what I said to myself up there: 'Tim, you dirty dog you, you ain't like the rest of the folks that's His kind.' You see, I never noticed that before. 'How's he goin' to care anything for such a ratty pup as you?' I'm onto it now, though."

"I'm glad you are," she said approvingly. "You'll not forget any of the things that come to you. That is one of the blessed things about Christian service, it makes us better and happier all around; in our homes, our dress, our speech, our companions, our reading, and everything. Have you noticed this difference, — I guess you haven't though, — that His people don't use some words that others do?"

"Cuss words?" And Tim raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Yes; of course you don't any more use words that have His name in them, in a way you wouldn't want to use the name of the person you love best on earth. But he wants us to be careful, too, about all words that would sound rough to the ears of a lady, or that would sound out of place if said, for instance, by the minister in the church; do you understand?"

Tim gave her a bewildered look, while his face showed that he was struggling with something too hard.

"Suppose I should call myself a son-of-a— what was it? a dirty puppy, — how" —

Tim started to his feet as soon as the expressions were out of her lips. "Don't! Please don't say any more of that! A feller don't just get the sound of such things until he hears some one say them that

ortern't to. Did it sound that way to you when I was talkin'?"

"Worse, I have no doubt, than my speech sounded to you."

"And did it sound that way to Him all the time I've been a-sayin' it?" he asked with almost a horrified look.

"'He knoweth our infirmities, that we are weak,'" quoted Mrs. Hobbs. "'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' You have never had a chance to learn these things before, and He knows that; perhaps He sent you here just to learn. I'll take your Bible, and mark the passages where it speaks of these things, before you go."

Then the subject was dropped, and preparations begun for supper. Tim had consented to stay for the evening. He had his first meal in a refined Christian home. Everything was a source of wonder to him. The books and papers on the table, the cottage organ in one corner on which Lizzie played some simple airs to entertain their company while she was not engaged in helping her mother about the meal, the photograph albums, the table with its snowy cloth, that, under the deft fingers at work on it, was soon covered with a tempting array of eatables, appetizing enough for a hungry boy — all so different from anything in which he had ever participated before, the best he had known having been the cheap restaurants with their uncovered tables and chipped and discolored dishes.

I cannot tell you what a revelation all this was to the mind of the boy whose whole observation had been shut out from this side of life. It needed but the finishing touch of testimony that this was an outgrowth of their

relation to the Crucified One, whom he had so lately found, to settle what had already become a strong inference in Tim's mind. This was furnished by a chance conversation of the brakeman himself, thrown in to fill up time as much as anything else.

"Say, do you know how it was that I had such a soft side for you?" he said to Tim between yawns. "It's because I started in life just where you are. Yes, sir, I used to peddle papers around that very station where you got off the other day, and I wasn't rigged out one bit better than you are, either."

Tim looked interested at once. "How did you ever get out of the business?" he asked.

"Why, I wouldn't have been out of it to this day, or I'd have gone out of it to Joliet — that's where the State's Prison is — if it hadn't been for a little girl, and what she said to me about hanging her cat up by the tail one winter morning when I went around to leave the paper."

"I expect she gave you particular blue blaz— I mean fits, didn't she?"

"No, she didn't; she just said in the sweetest way you can think of, 'Won't you come in by the fire and warm yourself? I am sure it must be cold handling papers such a morning.'"

"I 'spose that was a scheme to catch you."

"That's what I thought at first; but when she went and brought a hot cake, and said, 'If you won't come in, eat this, and it will help to warm you up,' I knew 'twan't no trap, and I went in. There was the girl and her mother just a-settin' down to their breakfast, and the first thing I knowed I was a-settin' down too, and then they both bowed their heads like you'll see Mary do

pretty soon, and said prayers for what they had to eat. It was the sight of what I saw of that way of living that made me want to get up a peg or two. I got a run as train-boy, and then got to be brakeman."

"And did you ever see the girl again?"

"Purty nearly every day — that's her" — pointing to his wife; "it was that little peep I got into a Christian home that saved me from being a heathen entirely — I'm a good deal of a one yet."

The supper was ready now, and all took their places. They all bowed their heads, and Mrs. Hobbs repeated a simple form of grace. The conversation was kept on subjects with which Tim was familiar, as the sights and scenes about Pittsburg, so as to prevent him from feeling any embarrassment in his strange surroundings. By watching, and doing as the others did, he managed to get through pretty well, though the napkin bothered him more than the knife and fork.

After the meal was over, the evening was spent in games and music. Both Mrs. Hobbs and Lizzie had good voices, and Tim thought the music of their songs and the cottage organ was sweeter than the grand music he had heard at the church. The tears came into Tim's eyes as they sang the sweet, simple songs of the Saviour, His sufferings, death, and his wonderful love for the world of sinners shown in it all. In every line that was sung, and in every word that was said, he was learning more of the will of Him of whom he had first heard with his dull, astonished ears from the chaplain at the workhouse. It was an evening long to be remembered by the boy. It lifted him to a higher plane in life, and opened new possibilities to the poor benighted lad. It gave him a clew to the study of his Bible, and a new

incentive to study it, since it meant an open door to him to a knowledge of the will of his Saviour. And the Scripture reading, prayer, and song with which it closed, sent him away with a holy benediction.

What he saw dimly and vaguely on his return from the workhouse, he now saw clearly; he had crossed the line, and henceforth he was not to be Tim the newsboy in his plannings for the future, and Tim the shanty-boat boy; but Christianity was to change the one into an immortal being struggling for the highest position in life that it was possible for effort and sacrifice to grant him, and to transform the cheerless shelter of the other into the cheer and cleanliness and uplifting influences of a Christian home, however humble a one it might be.

But all this was to become reality in the future when he had found Jeems, and told him and Bridget of the new forces and motives of his life. And he now had a new incentive for his search, the most powerful that can be given to human effort, — to find Jeems, that he might impart to him the gladness of a Saviour's love.

The missionary spirit is one of the surest evidences of a changed heart, a divine life begun. But we must not expect too much from that beginning. When we first began to notice it, it was like the sheathed plant-stem of the germinated seed, which pushes a single slender point above the surface of the earth. When the baby plant has sent out two or four leaves from this stem, it is more of a plant than at first, but it is far from being a full-grown tree yet. So with our shanty-boat boy. If the storms or frosts do not blow too rudely or nip him too severely, we may expect a rapid growth. But, anyway, he is in good, warm soil, where, if he clings fast, nothing can kill the life that is in him.

But something happened to Tim on his way to the station that night, which, while it did not do him any great harm, caused him a moment's dismay. A concealed person shot out of the mouth of a dark alley he was just passing, and jolted him so rudely that, had he been less ready, he would have fallen. As it was, he dropped the package he carried under his arm, and it was snatched up and carried off before he could recover. He gave chase for a block or two, for his Bible was in the package taken. But he had to retrace his steps without it, and it put quite a damper on his plans for spending the night studying the passages Mrs. Hobbs had marked.

"Hallo!" he greeted a familiar face in the waiting room. It was Mr. Morgan, and Tim was never more glad to see a friend.

"Too bad!" he said, when he heard of Tim's loss; "you have no idea who" —

"'Twas Bully Bill. But I ain't got nothin' 'gin him; don't tell the police. If you could write out some of them things she had marked; maybe you can't though, without" —

"Yes, I can do that, if there's time. I always carry my own. By the way, you just take this: mother gave it to me, but she would want me to do so," and he pressed it on him. He sat down and marked all the passages he thought, from Tim's description of the conversation, Mrs. Hobbs would likely have marked, and showed him how to use the concordance; then the clanging depot bell warned Tim off.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TIM AND HIS BIBLE.

When Tim had settled himself in the car that night for his journey, as close to the light of the lamps as he could get, he took out of its snug place in his pocket the Bible that Mr. Morgan had given him, and pressed with eager haste to the task of learning more about Him who had now come to fill the largest place in his life. It was hard, slow work to spell it out a word at a time, and then go on and wrestle with another word, and so on through the sentence, putting the whole together, and trying to make sense of it. No one who has not learned to read at a comparatively late period in life, or who has not tried, without the aid of a teacher, to master the literature of some other language than his mother tongue, can conceive of the difficulties and discouragements of the boy.

With his back against the side of the car, and his book on his knees, under one of the side lamps, Tim whispered away to himself, and puzzled his brain over what sound to give this letter or that, to make the word seem like something he had heard before. He was taking the passages that had been pencilled for him, and having the position of the marked passages indicated from the outside by red threads between the leaves and around the back of the book. "Let y-o-u-r, your, c-o-m, com, m-u-n, come in — no, c-a-t, cat — that can't be come in cat — i-o-n-s, shuns; oh, communications, be yea yea and

nay nay, for w-h-a-t, what, s-o, so, whatso, e-v, whatsoever is more than these c-o-m, com, e-t-h, cometh of e-v-i-l, devil; cometh of devil? Whew! this here makes a feller sweat, an' I don't know as I jest get the sense of it. Maybe if I was to go back a bit it would unravel itself, though." Then he read a verse or two back: "'But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair black or white.' Maybe that there ain't comin' right to the point nor nothin'. By this or by that or by any thing, it says, if I get the hang of it. There's a whole houseful of by's that I've been a-slingin' around like they was good money, but this here knocks 'em all out of circulation in a minute, if I ain't mistaken. But if it's one of the things He wants me to do, here goes, and He'll help me to do it, that's all. Now let's see about them other places. 'But now, also, put off all these things: anger, wrath, malice, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing ye have put off the old man and his deeds. I ain't been a-lyin, I know that, an' no one dassent say I — look a-here; didn't I just say to Mrs. Hobbs in there to-night, that I'd be hanged, and that I was a son-of-a-gun, and all that sort of thing? I see now what she was a-drivin' at. I never was hanged, and I don't intend to be. And if that there other wasn't a lie, it wan't no fit thing to say in that house; and if it wan't fit for her and Lizzie to hear, then it was a filthy communication an' not fit for Him to hear, as hears it all. Tim, my boy, you'll have to — wait, here's another: 'If any man seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue'

— why, that's the very thing I was goin' to say. I'll have to get what the car-drivers call a stiff bit an' put on this here tongue of mine. Here it is, right down in black and white. Now, my boy, you've learned one more thing that He wants you to do. I s'pose there's some marked on the keepin' clean business, but maybe I'll miss that — no, here it is: 'And Jacob said, Be clean and change your garments. He shall wash his flesh with water; he shall be clean in the presence of the Lord.' That there's 'nuff. I never did like water very well, but I'm beginning to get it through my head now what makes the difference between the old Ark an' that there snug little place of Brakeman Hobbs. I'm in for all that sort of thing now jest" —

"Wot's the cove a-wearin' his brain out over? My eyes, but I've had a chase to catch up with you. Got to be a commercial traveller, have you, an' readin' up on the price-lists and orders?

Tim turned to see who it was who had thus unexpectedly interrupted him, and was not any too pleasantly surprised to find that it was his old acquaintance of the workhouse, Cracksman Joe. He leered at the boy over the back of the seat, his face overspread with what he intended to be a benevolent smile over his own wit and his pleasure at meeting Tim again. "Yes," the latter answered, not showing a surplus of joy on his countenance; "I'm a travelling man now, and these is the orders of the One I'm a-travellin' for. He's took the job, an' I'm doin' the work under Him."

"Have to give me a plainer tip; I ain't up on the travellin' line. Wot are you workin' on, anyway?"

"The same as when I saw you before: I'm a-huntin' for Jeems."

"On that tack still? That's your affair, though, an' you've got the pluck of a bloodhound. That's all the more reason why you should take a hand with me along with your own. You'd make the finest kind of a hand for my perfesh."

"Will it be one of the things He wants me to do an' will help me in?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, Him as had to die for us to make us like Himself — the one they call God's Son."

"Oh, that's the racket, is it? You'll find that'll do for a funeral, or to shorten up your time when you get sent up, but it don't do outside for real business. If there is any such a one, what does He care for the likes of you and me? If we was starvin' to-night, is he going to fetch anything and lay it in our laps to keep us alive?"

"I ain't afraid of starvin'," said Tim, "as long as I have some work to do; and I've made up my mind that I ain't a-goin' to do any work that He doesn't want me to. He's stood by me so far, an' I'm goin' to stand by Him."

"All right. You'll sing another tune some day, though, an' then come to me. Where do you stop in town? I know what town you're ticketed for, you see. If you want a snug place, come with me, and I'll introduce you to some friends of mine — select people."

Tim didn't accept the invitation. He had his own plans to carry out, and he did not intend to let anything interfere with his doing so. He and Cracksman Joe separated in the morning at the station, the latter promising to see Tim again. When he did so, he had occasion to triumph over the boy.

Tim's plan and experience did not vary much from what they had in Chicago, so we need not relate the details here. He had notices inserted in the papers, and waited to see what the result would be, making his living by working at his business meanwhile. Incidentally, as opportunity offered and he had the means to spare, he picked up new coins for his collection, as he had been advised to do by his friend the collector, of Glenwood.

The value of Mr. Maxwell's advice in this direction did not appear to Tim, until after he had been in Kansas City for a while. He found it a poor place for plying his trade. The "perfesh" was overcrowded, as was almost everything else overdone, and "Western enterprise" on the part of the boys who belonged there bade fair to put Tim on starvation rations, or else compel him to use some of the money he had been sacredly hoarding for the use of Jeems. That he was resolved he would never do until actual necessity compelled him. A crust and a drink of water had to suffice him one day; and the next, a dark, damp day when everybody seemed to be in-doors, he did not even get the crust. He had not had a job the entire day, and was feeling pretty blue when Cracksman Joe came along. The latter soon saw the situation, and a wicked gleam of triumph shone in his eye; but he was too politic, too much of a serpent in his nature, to take direct advantage. "Come along, my cove," he said jauntily; "and do me the honor to dine with me; hot soup, chicken pot-pie, coffee, mince-pie."

Tim's mouth watered at the mention of these things. He had not really known how hungry he was until this minute, though he had been feeling weak and hollow. He almost said "yes" involuntarily. A friend with a dinner attached was a friend indeed, in such an emer-

gency. The feeling came into his heart that, after all, he had judged Joe too harshly, and he was not such a bad fellow. He had enough to eat, anyway, and Tim was starving. "All right" was on his lips, when —

"Here, go over these mud-boats in a hurry, will you?" caught his ear close by. He turned, and there was a man with his back against the brick wall, and his foot lifted, ready to put it in position on the box. "Had to walk half way to the North Pole to write up some real-estate deal or other in Jones's or Smith's or Jenkins's or some one else's addition to Kansas City," he growled; "want to take the next car back again to the office, and look civilized when I get there." Then he eyed the kit curiously as Tim began on his shoes. "What kind of a travelling circus is this?" he demanded.

Tim explained, and spoke modestly of some of his pet coins of which he was especially proud. Before he was half through, the reporter's eyes were wide open and his note-book out. He was awake to the fact that such a subject for an item did not come along every day. "Never ran across such a freak in your line before," he said; "make a good item of this." Then, the job being finished, he handed Tim a quarter and boarded a car.

Tim looked up for Joe when his task was done: that worthy had vanished. The moment he had heard the reporter's voice, he began to slink away as though the main object of his life was to avoid observation. It was a lucky thing for Tim. The tempter's spell was broken, and succor had come at the hour it was most needed. Tim looked at the quarter almost as though he expected to see some message of cheer written on it; but there was nothing outside of the usual inscriptions. But, to

Tim, it was another evidence of the overshadowing care of the One to whom he had vowed to be true.

The next morning one of the papers which Tim cried on the street contained a quarter-column account of a remarkable newsboy and his curiosity-box of rare and valuable coins. The reporter had let nothing shrink in importance, nor under-stated any truth in his narration, and, for the time, Tim was the lion of the city. It brought him notice and work wherever his metal-studded kit was seen swinging on the street. When the tide of his prosperity had turned, he shuddered, and then his heart gave a bound of gratitude, on reflecting how near he had been to falling into the clutches of the evil man. "But He didn't go back on me," he said to himself, "though I came mighty near to forgettin' that He was helpin' me, an' goin' back on Him." When Milly's letter was received next day, with the postscript and enclosure of Mr. Raynor, Tim felt that he was strongly fortified now in sympathy and help to meet anything.

Cracksman Joe managed to see him repeatedly after that, but never for a moment did he find an opportunity to get a hold on the boy and bend him to his wishes. But one day an incident occurred that almost left Tim breathless, by the promise it seemed to hold out of the near realization of his hopes. And then there came on the heels of this, another, which pulled in the opposite direction at the heart-strings of the poor boy in a way that sorely tried his loyalty to duty and right.

One day on the street, he had fallen in with a boy whom he had formerly known as a newsboy in Pittsburg. He belonged to a class not unknown to many other callings, designated in the not very elegant parlance of the street as a "bum." "The bum," whether he

is a newsboy, printer, iron-puddler, or what not, has no settled habitation, but tramps or steals a ride from place to place, and when he gets work, sticks to it just enough to keep him above want until he gets acquainted with the place, when he is up and off for pastures new without warning. This boy had sold papers in nearly all the large cities of the country, and knew all the Newsboys' Homes in the country, and a number of jails and reform schools. "Say," he said to Tim as soon as the first greeting was over, "when did you take to bumming?"

"I ain't bumming," said Tim, indignantly; "I'm hunting Jeems."

"Jeems? Oh, that fine-haired sister — I mean brother — of yours. When did she get away? and — by the way! that just reminds me that when I was in the Newsboys' Home in Cincinnati, I saw the very chap you're talking about; she" —

"No?" said Tim, growing pale; "you don't mean it?"

"Yes, but I'm pretty sure I did. He'd blue eyes and baking-soda cheeks, hadn't he? Well, it's the very same one, I'm sure. Why don't you run down to Cincinnati and see for yourself? It's enough sight better town than this one-horse place."

"If you're certain and sure that it was Jeems you saw there, the first train and the fastest one will take me to Cincinnati," said Tim; "how did he look, and what did he say?"

"He looked a little peaked," said the other, drawing more on his imagination; "and he hadn't much to say. Kinder seems he had forgotten me or else he didn't want to know me. I used to bear down a little hard on the kid, you know, sometimes, pokin' fun at him; but I

meant it all well enough. Say, you don't need to be off in such a hurry. Wait till next week, an' I'll go with you. I may be off about its being the same kid, but I'll bet my hat it's the same one."

"Then I'll not wait an hour," said Tim. "I've about done my work here, anyway, and I might as well be going. You'd better not put up any job on me, though, Sheeny Sam."

Sheeny Sam muttered something and ambled off, but he had said enough to set Tim's soul on fire, and the latter at once began to hasten his preparations to leave Cincinnati. But while he was hurrying on his way to the depot, his evil genius, in the shape of Cracksman Joe, met him. "Where away so fast, my hearty?" he called out. "When are you going to accept my invitation and come round and see my friends, and get a taste of what it is to be a gentleman of leisure?"

"Don't stop me now," said Tim; "I've got on track of Jeems; I'm off for Cincinnati on this train."

"Look a-here," said the other; "maybe I've got something to tell you that will make you change your mind. Didn't you have a father at one time?"

Tim stared and answered, "Yes," in a vague way that left it in doubt if he had ever thought of the existence of that personage within the last few months.

"And didn't he strike out for the West some time ago?" was the next question.

"They said he did," answered Tim;" but that was while I was out at the workhouse, and I 'spose it's correct."

"Well, what will you give to know where he is this minute?" Then, as Tim did not answer for a minute, Joe continued, "Young man, your father is down

at Freckled Mag's, where I'm staying, and he's bad with consumption, and ain't got many days to live. They were a-going to put him out on the street, but I got them to hold up until I could let you know. If you don't go and 'tend to him now, he'll be tumbled out to die like a dog."

Tim stared at the man in silence a minute, and then he slowly asked, "Is this here all straight, Joe?"

"As straight as the gospel you prate about," was Joe's answer.

"Then I'm bound to put off my trip and go and see him," was Tim's reply. He did not see the look of exultation in Joe's eye, or he would have hesitated about following him. Joe had trapped him at last.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TIM GOES THROUGH THE FIRE.

Tim followed Cracksman Joe toward his lodgings with an uneasy step and divided mind. He had no doubt about the story being true, but, while his decision to give up, for the moment, his trip and go to his father had been instantaneous, he was having a hard struggle within himself as to what should be his course in case, as he feared, his father should need him for some time. What should he do?

Uppermost there was raging in his mind like a tempest, since his talk with the newsboy, the desire to fly to Jeems. Both his own affection and his new religious zeal were driving him on in this direction. As long as his enthusiasm for doing the things He would want him to do had been directed in this channel, it had been plain sailing with Tim. He could hope and wait and even suffer for this. When duty runs parallel with inclination, the path of obedience is smooth; but it does not follow that a smooth path is always the best for one to tread.

A month or two since, there would have been but one duty recognized by Tim in such a case as this, — his duty to Jeems. His father's needs would have counted for little or nothing as against those of his brother. Pat had never counted for anything with his children, anyway. He had never done anything for them or asked anything of them, except to keep out of his way and contribute to his maintenance. There

could be little filial attachment in such an atmosphere as this, and there never would have been any in Tim's heart, but that the whole motives of his life had been changed. Instead of asking now what Tim would like to do, he asked what He would want him to do; it mattered not whether it pleased Tim or not; when he found it, that was the thing he was to do, by His help.

"If this here's true," he said to himself, "wot's a feller to do when it's a-pullin' both ways at onc't? Tim says, 'Leave dad to look out for himself, and go to Cincinnati on the next train and see if Jeems is there.' But it ain't what Tim says; it's what He wants me to do. I ain't got time to look it up in the book now, but I kinder know what He would a-done if He had been fixed like this. He wouldn't a-done like any one else, and that's what makes me sorter feel that He would have stuck to the old man. I wish I could get it down me t'other way. I don't want to spend this money I've saved up for Jeems, an' Milly's an' her father's too. It'll pull hard on me, an' if I could fix it up in my mind the other way, I'd skip to Cincinnati on the next train; but it sticks in my craw, and won't go down, that He wants me to do it in that way. I'll stay by dad as long as he needs me, unless the book says not to. If He knows just where Jeems is, why, He will keep him in Cincinnati until I am through here; or if He sends him to some other place, He can let me know where that place is."

And it was with this determination of mind that Tim entered the place into which Cracksman Joe led him, one of the lowest haunts in the city, full of sporting characters, vicious criminals, and degraded women. Joe stopped in the hallway to speak to a woman who seemed

to be the proprietor of the place. "This is old Pat's kid," he explained, as the woman began to eye Tim suspiciously; "he's come to take care of the old man."

"It's about time some one came to take care of him," replied the woman, with an oath; "I'm tired of feeding and housing him for nothing, and was going to have him put out on the street to-morrow. I've no use for any one here without money."

Joe motioned her to be silent, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at Tim, as though there were some reason connected with the boy for being cautious. "This is a likely lad," he said; "and he sha'n't be abused in my hearing." Then he approached, and whispered some words into the woman's ear, who, when he had finished, looked sharply at Tim and said, "Oh!" It was evident that there was some understanding between them about Tim being brought there.

"Yes, he's a fine young chap," Joe went on, as though finishing up what he had been whispering into her ear. "He's religious, but 'll come out of that all right. If you want any tunes sung, or prayer-meetings held, Mag, he's your chap," and Joe ended with a laugh, at what he considered a pretty good joke.

The woman laughed, too, and turned to Tim in a bantering way and said, "We're awfully pious here; 'spose you won't object to leadin' us in prayer once in a while?"

Tim either did not see the point of the supposed wit, or else he chose to ignore it, and replied with the utmost sincerity, "I'll do the best I can; but I ain't up on all the things He wants me to do yet. But He'll help me out, an' I'm in for it, 'cos I wants 'em all to know wot He has done for 'em."

The woman stood and stared, like one who has bought too much of a bargain.

"It's just his queer ways," explained Joe; "up at the workhouse he was taken to be a little cracked 'bout a brother of his that had got strayed, but I wish I was cracked with some of his pluck. Come on now, an' we'll go to see the old man. He's been havin' some hard knocks since he left Pittsburg, an' he ain't always took care of his health in the way of drinkin' an' carousin', an' now he's goin' down fast."

He led the way up four or five flights of steps to a wretched attic chamber, where, on a pile of filthy rags, lay the shadow of what had been his father when he had last seen him. It was not so much the surroundings that shocked Tim, for he was used to wretchedness and squalor, and to not much else until of late; but the evident nearness of Pat to death's door. He had never seen him looking any way but ruddy and fat, or having that appearance from being bloated.

The emaciated man made a feeble effort to turn as he heard them enter the room. "Cheer up, old pard," said Joe; "I told you I would bring the kid, and I have kept my word, though I collared him just as he was on the wing for another climate. Rouse up, here's Tim."

"Is that you, Tim?" Patrick asked, in a weak, faint voice. "I don't s'pose, though, that you care about bein' dragged up here to see me. I never done anything for you but kick and cuss you. I'll have to pass in my checks pretty soon now, an' I guess I'll die like a dog on the streets. No one cares for an old wreck like me, especially them as I have kicked and cussed all my life."

"You never kicked me much, daddy; I always was

too good at dodgin'; an' as for cussin', I've found out that hurts the feller wot does it, an' Him as is up yonder, an' He lets up when you let up, an' He wants me to stand by you, I guess."

"Tell Bridget that I'm sorry for the way I have done," went on the other, appearing not to notice what Tim had been trying to say to comfort him; "an' I don't s'pose it's any use to tell you, though, but don't do as I have done." He was interrupted by a fit of coughing, and a rough exclamation from Joe, "Gammon on this here rant. You ain't a dead man by a long shot, an' when you do die, die game."

It was a minute or so before he could stop coughing, and it became quiet enough to allow Tim to say more. "Daddy," he said, "I'm a-going to stand by you. I was a-goin' to hunt Jeems when Joe told me about your bein' here, but I'll wait now."

"Jeems, Jeems," said the man feebly; "I thought he was killed on the street just before I came away. I ain't seen nor heard of him since, an' I thought the little shaver was a goner. I never have took quite as much stock in the chap as if he had been my own, and" —

"Cheese that there, if you're talking about my youngster," roughly interposed Joe with a threatening look. "Wot's that about him bein' killed? — he ain't, though, 'cause this here one's a-follerin' him, an' I'm a-follerin' this one, an' when he finds him I'll find him. 'Nuff said about that."

"Not your own, dad!" exclaimed Tim, as soon as he could get an opportunity. "What do you mean by Jeems bein' not your own?"

But he got no answer to this tumultuous question,

which the new and terrible apprehension excited by his father's words and Joe's had forced to his lips. His attention was withdrawn from the latter for the moment by a more startling thing; the crimson blood streaming from his father's lips, showing that a hemorrhage had followed the exertion of speaking and coughing.

Joe called him to one side and said, "The old man is about done for, but he may last weeks yet. But don't you pay no attention to what he says; he's out of his mind. They were going to turn him out of doors when I found that he was here. I'm dead broke myself, though; and I guess that you ain't any too flush, so we'd better both be gittin' into something that will get us the rocks. I've got my eye on a first-class opening that will pan out rich for both of us, if you'll join in with me; what do you say?"

"Every man to his own trade," said Tim; "you couldn't make much at shining, and I don't know anything else."

"But this here that I want you to do is something that any light-built chap with the muscle and nerve you have can do, if he has a little wit. All you have to do is to squeeze through a cellar window and pull back a latch for me. Then your work is done, and you skip out of harm's way before any row is raised, and sleep as sound as an alderman, and as rich as one, too."

"Is it one of the things He wants me to do?" was Tim's unexpected turn on the burglar.

"Who, your daddy? Why, he's been in the same business with me many and many a time."

"I don't mean daddy, though. I mean Him as made the world, an' loves us all, an' went through a lot to get us out of a bad scrape an' show us the way."

"Oh, bother your everlasting palaver about such things," was the impatient exclamation. "Can't I talk any business with you without your running off on that rant? What's the matter with you?"

"There ain't nothin' the matter now, but there was when I first found it out that He had to go an' die for a six-cent chap like me. I'll talk His business to you, Joe; but there ain't no use to talk to me 'bout doin' anything He don't want me to do. I won't go back on Him, not for anything."

"But, look a-here," argued the burglar, determined to make one last effort to win the boy over, his admiration of his pluck and constancy growing every minute, in spite of his vexation and fear that he could not succeed in securing him as a partner: "I don't believe the One you're a-speakin' of would care about this thing. The place I'm a-goin' to do is up on the bluff, that big gray stone. The man as owns it lives like a prince, an' he has made it all off poor devils like you an' me who have to live like beggars. You don't think it would be any harm to divide things up a little, do you? Besides, you ain't to do anything but stumble into a cellar window. I reckon it ain't no harm to stumble into a man's cellar window, is it? Then if you should find it easier to come out by the door, an' forget to lock it behind you or call the servants to look after it, you wouldn't call that a great sin, would you, when your own father lays a-starvin'?"

The boy was puzzled just for the moment by the man's clever sophistry, but his native good sense came to his rescue in a moment. "I can't talk things as slick as you can, Joe, an' you knows it; but that ain't His way of gettin' things even, I'm sure. He never'd a-struck back at no one, an' He wouldn't want me to do it."

The man gave a deep growl that sounded like a malediction, when he remembered, that, in his eagerness to win the boy over, he had put himself in his power. With a baffled look in his eye he turned upon Tim, and ground out between his teeth: "Curse you, you've got my secret now, and what are you going to do with it? I ought to kill you on the spot. I could put you out of the way easy enough, and no one would be the wiser for it. Say, what are you a-goin' to promise me about keeping mum over this thing?"

Tim's first impulse was to assure Joe that he would never say anything about it, and would put himself out of the way of ever being asked as soon as possible; but the second thought came to him: "What about that other man, the one he's going to rob? What would He want me to do about it? Maybe I ought to go and tell him. Maybe if I did he wouldn't believe me an' I'd get arrested for my pains. I don't know; I ain't got that far along yet, but it must tell in the book, only I ain't come to it yet. Mr. Morgan said it was all there, enough to last a lifetime and more." Then he noticed Joe standing and waiting impatiently for his answer with a fierce look of hatred on his scowling face. "I don't just know what He would want me to do," he said; "an' so I ain't a-goin' to make any promises now. I'll look in the book an' tell you as soon as I can find out, but it's slow work spellin' it all out."

"And I'll let you roam this city in your sweet innocence and maybe stand next door to a police-station when your book tells you that you ought to go and peach on me? I guess not much. When you get out of here again, Miss Sainty, it will be after you've had time to eat humble pie and make up your mind to do

something better than to go ranting around the country like a backwoods preacher." And Joe stamped angrily out of the room and slammed the door after him, turning the bolt with a vicious snap that sounded ominously in Tim's ear.

He ran to it and began to shake and rattle it with all his might, but it was in vain; he could not force it open. Seeing that he was caged, and thinking that Joe would be back in a little, Tim turned to his father, whose presence he had forgotten in the momentary excitement of the conversation between himself and Joe.

He was still lying in an unconscious stupor, the blood-stains on his lips and cheek. Tim took from his pocket his own handkerchief, one he had bought since his lesson in personal cleanliness at Brakeman Hobbs's, and wiped the stains away. Then he tried to fix the bundle of rags under the head more comfortably, and drew the covers closer around the wasted form, fearing he might be cold, and stood and watched the unconscious man with feelings that cannot be described.

He could do him no good, he felt, and yet that it was his duty to stay by him until the last, he had no doubt, nor was there any wavering in his determination to do so. All that afternoon he sat and beheld the ravages of dissipation and disease, and if the boy had needed a text to set his mind working on the problem of the wages of sin, there it was before him in all its ghastly significance.

By and by he took out his Bible and began to spell out some of the marked passages, and then some others. Unconsciously to himself, his tones became audible as he read in his broken way some of the consoling passages of Holy Writ. For the time he was lost to the fact that there was any one in the room but him-

self, when he was interrupted by a faint whisper at his elbow: —

"Say that there over again. It sounds like something I used to hear a long time ago: 'Will in no wise cast out; in no wise cast out, cast out, cast out; no wise cast out, — who said that there, Tim? I used to know. I don't suppose you know anything about it, though. You don't know anything about it."

"Yes, I do, dad," Tim hurried to say: "I've found it out since I started out to find Jeems. It's Him as was killed to save us. It's all straight enough in this book here, 'cause He made the book himself."

"I know about the book. I've made fun of it many a time, but them words sound better to me now than anything I have heard for a long time. If they only meant a blowed-out old bum like me! but there ain't nothin' in that book for me, Tim; there can't be anything in it for such a miserable old bloat as me. He wouldn't never take notice if I was to ask Him anything, would He, Tim?"

"Why, in course he would, dad," Tim said eagerly. "I heard the man say wot was a-talkin' about Him over in Our Father's house in Chicago the other day, that there was a feller wot they was a-hangin' by His side for bein' such a dreadful train-robber or somethin', an' he caved an' begun to beg, an' this One wot made the book, he stopped a-dyin' to listen to him, an' He gave him wot he wanted."

The old man drew a long sigh and then closed his eyes and went off into a doze again; he was too weak to talk long at a time.

Tim went back to the book again, and began to turn the leaves. "If I could only find that place for

him an' spell it over to myself so as to have it pretty glib by the time he opens his eyes again, it might chirk him up a bit; but it's a-gettin' so dark that I can't hardly see nothin'. Wonder what's become of Joe."

He went to the crack of the door and listened, but all his straining to hear did not enable him to catch the faintest sound indicating the approach of any one to that part of the house. Then the remembrance of Joe's threat came over him and filled his mind with dire forebodings. Would he dare leave them both there to starve? Would he have the heart to let a sick man suffer from want of attention?

Another long wait, and then Tim became more and more convinced that it must be Joe's intention to leave them there for the night at least. What if his father should die? He had no fears for himself, or no fears of death, but maybe his father needed a doctor; he would want some kind of nourishment. What was to be done? Maybe Joe would come back again. If he should, would it be right for him to promise what he wanted him to, for the sake of his father?

"I don't believe He would hear daddy if I did such a thing as that," he reasoned within himself; "but does He want me just to stay here an' let daddy die? I can't just make that out, either; I wish I knowed more about Him an' the things he wants. They talked an' asked Him. I wonder if I could ask Him as the brakeman's wife did? Praying, they called it."

It may seem strange that, up to this time, Tim had never consciously prayed. That is, he had never coupled the name and the act together. He had never gone through the form of prayer. He had prayed when he climbed the telegraph-pole, and he had prayed every time he had

promised anew not to go back on Him if He would help him find Jeems; but he had not called it prayer; he knew nothing about forms, but now he would try the forms he had caught up in his brief contact with praying Christians. It was a little like Saul's armor on David. He knelt in one corner and began: "Our Father, this ain't none of your kind of a house, nor like Brakeman Hobbs's, but I reckon you can pay 'tention here to a feller wot's in trouble. I wants to know what Him as is a-helpin' me wants me to do about promisin' Joe. I'll do whatever He wants me to, for Jesus' sake, Ame—"

There was a rattle at the door just at that moment, stealthy steps having approached without Tim hearing them. The door opened a crack, and Cracksman Joe's head was thrust in, his face wearing the same savage scowl as when he went away. "Are you ready to come to my terms, yet?" he demanded of Tim.

"No," said Tim firmly; "that is, I ain't got no orders from headquarters yet to that effect, and I shan't promise anything He don't want me to do."

"Then stay here until you rot, both of you," was the furious answer, coupled with an oath, and the door was banged to again and the key turned in the lock.

Tim felt his heart faint within him as he turned away. Then he recalled how he had felt on the train and how been comforted, and what consolation the words about His knowing where everything on the face of the earth was had given him in the church. "Why, that's so," he said; "and He knows where I am this minute, and just why I am here. I ain't afraid to leave it to Him, I guess. I'll put Him agin Joe any day. He ain't never gone back on me yet, and I don't believe He ever will."

"Who's that you are talkin' to, Tim?" asked a faint

whisper from the sick man; "I can't see anybody here."

"There isn't any one just now, daddy, but Joe came back, and I guess he isn't going to let us out of here. He's mad at me because I wouldn't help him crack a place, and then he's madder yet because I wouldn't promise not to tell that he was going to do it if I got out. But I don't care for Joe. He's a bigger man than Joe — the One in the book, you know. If I could get away from here, I could get you a doctor and something to eat."

"Don't you worry about me; I'm past the doctor," whispered the other; "and I ain't got need of anything more to eat. There's nothing that can do me any good now, 'cept — cept it's Him you mentioned. You don't know any more about Him, do you — about the way He did with that other thief? Maybe if" —

Tim picked up the book where he had dropped it when the darkness came on. It was lighter in the room now. Across the city, several squares away, was a tall electric light tower, and from it a softened white light shone right into the uncurtained window. He could see the face of the sick man before him, and the print of the book quite plainly. Strange as it may sound, just at the spot where his finger touched the printed column, began the account of that six hours' agony on Calvary, and the verse that caught Tim's eye as he turned, hopeful that if he could not find the one he had heard from Mr. Morgan's lips, he might at least find something that would assure his dying father of the willingness of Him who had played the chief part in that world's tragedy to listen to him and receive him as He had the other thief, was Matt. xxvii. 38.

"And t-h-e-r-e, there, w-e, were, two t-h-i-e-v, thieves, c-r-u, cru, c-i, cruci, f-i, crucified with Him," stammered Tim into the passage.

"Thieves, thieves; read that there again. It can't be thieves," appealed a whisper hoarse with excitement.

"Yes, it is, them's the very fellers he was a-readin' to me about. One of 'em wouldn't 'fess up, an' got a stiff sentence, but it's t'other one," and Tim read on, while his listener strained to catch every syllable, impatient at times that the reading went so slowly.

"It's there, sure enough," he whispered to himself with a faint sigh; "I thought it used to be when I was a boy, but I ain't paid the attention I ort to, to what's in that book. I'm glad you're a-doin' it, Tim. Maybe He will take in one more thief. I ain't sure that I have any show to ask Him; but it kinder looks that way. If I could only think so!"

"He'll be awful glad if you do, daddy," Tim hastened to assure him.

"Do you think so, Tim? I don't see how any one can be glad over such a wicked old sot as I be; but if the book says so, maybe I can take the book for it; maybe I can — say, what was that you was sayin' about Jeems a minute ago? Oh, yes, he wasn't killed. I took him to keep for Joe when he was a little feller. He and I pulled him out of the river one day, but Joe had stole him from somebody before, an' had an old couple keepin' him for them. He was goin' to get it back on some one that had discharged him or something. Tim, you can't do nothin' to find out who the little feller's folks is now, but if you ever can, you'll do it, won't you, Tim? An' maybe — He — will —" and the man's breath was gone again with the effort he had put forth to make this revelation to Tim.

How Tim was affected by it, you may imagine. To learn that after all the years in which he had loved and cherished Jeems almost like a sister rather than a brother, and after all this long, wearisome pursuit in which the suspense and heart-sickness were at times almost unbearable, now that he seemed at last to be just on the eve of success, that the boy to whom he had devoted himself with the self-abandon of a young martyr was not after all his brother, was like receiving a knife-thrust in his heart. It was the hardest of all the hard blows that his hopes and longings had yet sustained, and for a moment it threatened to completely overwhelm him. He staggered away from his father, and sat down in a corner of the room, stupid and voiceless. For a long time he sat thus with bowed head and closed eyes, when again the whispering voice from the bundle of rags aroused him.

"Tim," gasped the voice fainter than ever; "come close to me."

He obeyed mechanically, but with a feeling almost of loathing for the man who had practised this deception on him. He could scarcely keep it from showing in his face as he stooped down.

"Tim, you mustn't stay here for me. You'll starve; there — is — a — way — to get — out."

"How?" asked Tim without looking up, scarcely caring to know after he had asked.

His father tried to tell him, but his voice failed. Finally, with difficulty in speaking that increased with every breath, he managed to make Tim understand that he was to swing himself up on to the roof by means of the eave-spout and the cornice, and that when he reached it he could walk across to the next building, where he

would find a fire-escape by means of which he could descend to the ground. His strength was completely exhausted by the effort, and he sank back in a stupor.

The information seemed to have no effect on Tim for several minutes. He sat there in the same apathetic silence, brooding over his disappointment. Then all at once he started up. "This here ain't what He would want me to do for dad. Maybe I can get out the way he told me of, and do some good for him yet. I ought to do it if I can. An' then there's the other one he was a-goin' to rob; He would want me to tell him if I could get away. He wouldn't want me to sit here and mope on my own account when there was something to do for Him; that ain't the way He did, by a long shot."

This reflection was enough to start Tim to his feet. If he was going to escape that night, there was no time to lose if he wanted to help his father or save the threatened house. Cautiously raising the window, he looked all around. Evidently they were above all the other inmates of the house, and there was no interference to be feared from that source. He looked up and saw that it would be possible to swing himself upon the flat roof, though a fall would mean to be maimed or killed on the pavement below.

Again did his athletic training in the back-alley gymnasium come into play; without the hardness of muscle and dexterity of action acquired there, he would have been a helpless prisoner. With these, he would have been helpless, too, but for that courage his faith in his Helper breathed into him. By an agile movement he scrambled up the water-spout as only one boy in a hundred could have done, pulled himself on to the roof by means of the cornice, and tip-

toed across the roof and was soon at the upper end of the fire-ladder. Down, down, down the steep winding steps he went, until his brain began to whirl with the rapid circular motion; but he clung to the rail and kept on moving. The cool night air struck his face like a stinging blow and made his eyes fill with water so that he could hardly see. As he went down, he came into a thick black fog so dense that he could see nothing, and had to depend entirely on the sense of touch. But he never faltered, though the muscles of his legs began to cramp with the continued strain, and he felt a giving-way in the joint of his knees.

At last his feet touched the lower round, and in front of him was a grating of iron. He peered over it down into the darkness. How far was it to the pavement? It might be ten feet, it might be fifty. There was nothing to do but to launch out. He was not dismayed. He gripped the water-spout with his hands and knees and began the descent. The rough joints cut and tore into his already numb and aching hands. The friction of the rapid sliding motion blistered them. His trousers were worn to tatters against the pipe, and his knees grew sore; but when he alighted on the ground, he felt a sense of triumph at having outwitted his jailer and at having his liberty once more, and his spirits rose higher as every footstep took him farther and farther away from the dreaded locality.

As soon as he left the alley in which he first found himself, and stepped onto the pavement of a wide, lighted street, he slowed his pace down to a walk, because he feared that to be seen running would excite suspicion and result in his detention and return to the place he had just escaped. But his walk was rapid,

and he glanced eagerly to the right and the left for some signs of a police station. It was several blocks before he found one, and he was breathless, hatless, and altogether a sorry-looking specimen as he stood before the sergeant in charge.

"What do you want here?" was the gruff question after he had stood several seconds in silence.

"Cracksman Joe," was all that Tim could at first articulate.

"Alias Gentleman Sam, alias James Montague, alias Lord Henry, alias The Ferret; yes, we know him here, but he's somewhere in the East now; serving a ninety-days sentence in Pittsburg, I think."

"No, he isn't; he's here, and is going to crack the big gray stone house up on the bluff to-night," gasped Tim.

Every man in the station-house was on his feet at this, and the sergeant began to show some interest in the bare-headed, ragged boy. "What do you know about him?" he demanded.

"I know that he's over at a place kept by a woman called Freckled Mag, and I can show you the way if you'll go with me; I just came from there. He shut me up because I wouldn't help him or promise not to give it away, and I climbed down the fire-escape."

Tim's appearance was sufficient proof of what he said, and no time was lost in sending a detail of police to the place to which he piloted them. Joe was an important catch, and had been wanted in Kansas City for some time to answer to a serious charge. The surprise was so complete that the capture was easily made, the house being pretty nearly cleared of its surprised inmates, who were wanted by the police for one thing or another. Just as they were about leaving, in high humor over

their success, the officer in charge felt some one pulling at his coat-sleeve, and when he turned, there was the bareheaded boy who had given them the information, beseeching him: "Please don't go away without daddy."

"Who's daddy? I think we have made a pretty clean sweep of this place."

"But he's up-stairs in the attic, sick, and if I don't take him away he'll die."

"Go see what he wants, and come on after us: we'll take care of the prisoners," was the command to a policeman, and he turned to Tim, and bade him lead the way to where his father was.

"The door is locked," cried Tim in dismay, as he turned the knob and found he could not get in. "I'll run after them and get the key from Joe. There is where he had me locked up to keep me from telling."

"Who cares for a key?" laughed the policeman. "Stand to one side, and I'll show you something better than a key;" and he put his knee against the door and brought a pressure to bear upon it that quickly burst the fastening and sent it flying open.

There was no stir from the occupant of the couch. Tim and the policeman reached his side at the same moment. "He's not caring how many doors are burst in," said the policeman grimly.

"Is he clear — clear — gone?" the boy asked, hesitatingly, knowing before he asked what the answer would be, for he had the answer there before his eyes. Patrick was, as he had himself told Tim, indeed beyond the reach of doctors' aid or any other attentions. But there was on his face a more peaceful look than the boy had ever seen there. He had always remembered it as bloated and brutal: but the sickness through which

he had passed had helped to refine it, and, whatever the last thoughts of the man may have been, they had left the impress of inward satisfaction on his countenance.

"He knows whether it was straight about Him receiving sinners, now," mused Tim; "an' dad wan't no worse than the one on the cross."

"This here one was bad enough, if that's what you're driving at," said the man, catching a part of Tim's utterance; "he's been here before if I'm not much mistaken, and he'd been wanted in this same case as Joe if there hadn't another summons come in ahead. If I'm not mistaken, they were in partnership."

This was not much of a surprise to Tim, but he followed the man whom the policeman summoned to take charge of the remains, with solemn if not sad feelings. It was the first time that death had come into the little circle in the Ark within his recollection, and the strangeness of it affected him more, perhaps, than any sense of loss. His stay in Kansas City would have been short but for another prompting of that new nature which had made him recognize as a duty the delay of staying until his father's death. He would not listen to the burial of his father as a common pauper while he had the means to pay for a plain coffin and other necessary expenses. To use the money he had hoarded for Jeems was the hardest tug of all; but as soon as it resolved itself into one of the things which He would want him to do, it was done.

"He's a queer one," said the sergeant, as he indorsed Tim's application for the burial of his father, showing the money he had saved up to pay his way to Cincinnati, as security for his ability to attend to it. "Ragged as a scarecrow, but he won't let the town bury his dad."

"I can wait until I earn more money," Tim said to himself. "He wouldn't want me to let daddy be buried like a pauper, an' He can take care of Jeems until I can do this. I b'lieve He took daddy in afore he died, an' it won't do to let one of His ride to the grave in no dray or express wagon. It's goin' to be done in His house and 'cordin' to His way."

The pastor of the church to whom the police sergeant gave Tim a note of introduction, was almost too surprised to speak, and so was the undertaker of whom the hearse was ordered; but a few words with the boy satisfied and touched the heart of the one, and "cash in advance" silenced the other. And so it was that next day the curious lookers-on on the streets stopped to stare at a funeral *cortége*. The black-plumed hearse was not followed by the usual string of carriages, but all alone down the middle of the street tramped a barefooted boy whose only badge of civilization as well as of mourning was the piece of crape the undertaker had fastened to his hat.

"What does that there mean?" asked a loafer who stood near the police station. "I declare, I never see such a funeral in all my life; it's more like a comic theatre. Whose hearse is bein' advertised?"

"Stop your gabble and go hide your head; you ain't fit to walk the streets the same day with that boy," interrupted the policeman standing at the door of the station-house. He was one of the party who had made the arrest the night before, — the one who had been detailed to go with Tim for his father. "That there boy has more sand in him than half the men on this force." And then he proceeded to relate what he knew of Tim and his adventures, as he had drawn it

from the boy's own lips after they had returned to the station.

Among the little group of hearers was a prominent city politician, whose carriage was then in waiting before the door of the station. He was a man noted for his strong impulses, though selfish and domineering in his worldly relations. Scarcely waiting for the close of the recital, he sprang into his carriage and ordered the driver to overtake the hearse. He drove up to the curb, sprang out, joined the procession beside the boy, speaking a few hasty words to him as they walked together, and then both entered the carriage, and the handsome equipage continued on to the cemetery behind the hearse.

Tim did not lack friends in Kansas City after this. But he did not tarry long. Without further incident he reached Cincinnati, and made his way at once to the Newsboys' Home. Yes, the boy answering to the description he gave was there yet, and would soon be in for the night. Tim could scarcely wait until night came. In spite of the effects of the startling information his father had imparted to him just before the latter's death, he felt his heart yearning toward Jeems with the same longing fondness as before, only there was a little pang accompanying it. If anything, he was more anxious now, after what Milly had told Him about Jeems's dazed condition. Would he know him? If he should know him, what change, if any, would it make in his feelings toward him when he learned that he had never been his brother? Who were his parents, and where were they to be found? If they were wealthy, as Milly and his father seemed to think, and there was any possible way of finding them, he would devote the rest of his life to securing Jeems's rights for him. All these

and other questions that could only be settled, if ever, when he had found Jeems, kept coming up in his mind. Would the boy they said was like Jeems never come? Tim grew all impatience. He felt that if all his hopes were to be fulfilled now, he should be happy beyond expression, and he should have unmistakable confirmation of all he had hoped concerning Him whom he had come to know in his search for Jeems. There was a little stir at the door. "Here he comes," cried one of the boys, who had been lounging with Tim a part of the time while he was waiting. Into the room came a slight, fair-haired boy, the very first sight of whom made Tim's heart leap within him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ABOUT MILLY AND HER PLANS.

All the while Milly was unceasing in pushing forward the interests of the Newsboys' Home. She and Mr. Milburn had written to New York, Chicago, and other large places having like institutions, for the most approved plans and methods. The task grew on them as they learned more and more of what had been done in other fields. Indeed, it began almost to discourage them, for they knew that it would require more money, and a larger share of public sympathy, than they had any reason to hope for in Pittsburg.

"I have been reading of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund," said Milly to her minister one day; "and I wonder why we couldn't interest some of the papers of Pittsburg in our Newsboys' Home, and get them to help us in raising a popular subscription?"

Mr. Milburn commended the idea as a very practical one, but still was dubious about interesting the newspapers.

"They ought to be interested," said Milly, "for they depend so much on the boys for the sale of their papers. I mean to try anyway, for I promised Tim that I would do everything that I could for the boys."

With her father's consent Milly, in company with Mr. Milburn, set out to visit the newspaper offices of the city. She was discouraged at the first two or three she

visited. They were in the midst of a political campaign, and they had no time to listen to such proposals, or their columns were already overcrowded with important matter and paying advertisements. She was almost discouraged as she climbed the steps to the office of the *Press*, but she had resolved to try once more. The managing editor was in, and would see her for a moment. Her father's name on the card had influence enough to gain her an interview. Milly came directly to the point, and told her story in simple touching language; and she was encouraged to see almost from the beginning that she had an interested listener.

When she had finished her appeal, he brought his hand down on the desk with emphasis, and said, "That's the very thing: that will be one of the best business moves the *Press* could possibly make." Then he explained to her that it had been the policy of this paper from the beginning to court favor with the masses of people, the workingmen, and the middle classes. Milly was glad to have him take this business view of the matter, though she had little sympathy with it. But she went away with his full consent to open a subscription at once for the Newsboys' Home Fund, and to give all the influence of the paper to it.

"It doesn't matter so much about his motives," said Mr. Milburn, when Milly repeated the result of her errand to her minister. "The Lord overrules the selfish motives of men to His use and glory sometimes; besides, there may be more real good behind the offer than you think."

For the first few days Milly scanned the columns of the *Press* with anxious eyes. The paper itself headed the subscription-list with a hundred dollars. The addi-

tions to this were few and small, and Milly grew disheartened. She knew she could rely on her father for a handsome amount, but still she felt that without the sympathy of the community, and the co-operation of some of its business men and capitalists, she could not carry out the broad plans they had adopted. When her courage had reached its lowest ebb, there came to her one day a suggestion which she was sure must have been whispered into her ear by her good angel. It told her to sit down and write letters to some of the leading business men of the city, making a personal appeal.

She did not tell any one of this, for fear she would only awaken hopes to be disappointed. Yes, she did tell some One to whom she had been taught from childhood to take all her troubles, and leave them with Him. Then she wrote her letters, despatching them to a number of men of means and public spirit in the city. Meanwhile it had been decided by the Board to send another letter on another mission. There was living in London a very wealthy lady who had large landed estates in the city of Pittsburg. She had already manifested a very liberal spirit in the donation of a considerable tract of land for a public park, and another gift of a site for a Blind Asylum.

The Board had hopes that a request to Mrs. Allen for a similar donation to their institution would lead to the transfer of a much-coveted site, — a triangular piece of ground immediately across the street from their present rented building, and in the very heart of that section of the city where it was most desirable to have a location. So both these letters went on their way, followed by the hopes and prayers of those interested in the lot of the poor newsboys.

The answers to both came the same morning. That is to say, Milly received an answer from one of the number she had addressed, and Mr. Milburn came bringing the answer to the Board from Mrs. Allen. He came up the steps just as the postman left Milly's letter. The same servant who showed him in, took the letter to Milly. She held it in her hand unopened when she met him in the parlor.

"I have good news for you," he said.

"Oh, is it about the site for the Home? I know it is, though, for I see the letter is post-marked London."

"Yes," he said; "Mrs. Allen will give us the lot for the nominal sum of a thousand dollars, — and its market value is at least fifteen thousand dollars, — provided the railroad company will release an option which it now holds upon the same tract of land."

"Then I'm afraid we won't get it," said Milly, "for I heard papa saying the other day that the railroad company was trying to get a bill through the council granting them the right of way across the street at this point for additional tracks."

"Well," said Mr. Milburn, "we'll try, at least."

"I had quite forgotten my own letter; this other may be about — why, let me see, it is from that Mr. Maxwell I wrote to;" and then as she opened it, and her eye ran over the page, she dropped it to the floor with an exclamation of pleased surprise.

Mr. Milburn picked it up and read the few clear business-like sentences in which Mr. Maxwell, a leading politician and newspaper-owner of the city, offered to give ten thousand dollars to the Newsboys' Home Fund, provided the public would raise another ten thousand dollars. Then there was a reference to Tim's letter, which

she had copied in hers. "I think," he said, "it must be the same boy to whom I gave a pass to Chicago some time ago to find his brother. You did better than you knew when you copied his letter. I give what I do, chiefly because of my fancy for that boy."

When Milly told her father about this, he was as much pleased as she. He had never told her what he proposed doing in the matter, and now he explained why he had held back his own intentions. He saw, as she did, the necessity for an awakening of public sympathy. And he knew that if all the money needed was assured at the outset from one or two wealthy subscribers, the great object of interesting the public in the needs of the newsboys would be lost. But he now told her that it was his purpose to set aside five thousand dollars to assist in building the Home. Milly clasped his hands with tears of joy in her eyes, and said, "O papa, papa! I feel as though we were going to succeed! No, not we," she added, "but Tim, for it is all Tim's doings. He was the first to show us our duty."

The popular subscriptions to the Newsboys' Fund now began to multiply rapidly, and in a few weeks the *Press* had the pleasure of announcing to the public the completion of the sum needed for a building, twenty-five thousand dollars. As Milly read this announcement to her father from the evening paper, she sighed to think that there was still an obstacle in the way of their success: the acquisition of the lot.

"What," said her father, "not satisfied yet? It takes a great deal, it seems to me, to fill my little girl's cup of happiness full."

Milly did not answer him directly, for her eye had just caught another paragraph in the evening paper which

suggested to her quick mind another scheme. "O papa," she cried, "the paper says that the president of the railroad company is in town, at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. Do be a good papa, and say that I may go and see him myself about the lot."

Her father looked at her in astonishment, but he was beginning to realize that his little girl, as he called her, was no longer a little girl; she was broadening in her sympathies and developing in mind and heart into an earnest, unselfish woman. And he was beginning to learn, also, that she had not lost the art of having her own way, and in matters of this sort it did not trouble him much that he was compelled to let her do as she pleased. "If you insist," he said, "I'll go with you, my dear, but I have little hopes of accomplishing anything."

Together at a later hour that afternoon, they were ushered into the private office of the president of the railroad company in the large building on Penn Avenue.

Mr. Raynor thought it would be better for him to state the case. After proceeding a few words he was interrupted with, "My dear sir, I've nothing whatever to do with such matters as this. Mr. Briggs is our agent for right of way, and you must see him."

Mr. Raynor turned to Milly, and said, "I told you so, daughter; now if you can tell your own story in a way that will do any good, go on."

The polite railroad official nodded a respectful assent to this, but his manner showed that he would be impatient of any long detention. Milly went at her story in a straightforward, simple manner, asking permission to read Tim's letter, which was given. "You have influence," she said, "even if this matter is not under your direct management; and, won't you please give us

a word of encouragement, that the company of which you are president will relinquish its claim to this site, in the interests of common humanity ? "

"That is a very important piece of property to us," said the president, hesitating and clearing his throat. "We have been watching for years to get an opportunity to get possession of it. Our growing traffic demands a better outlet at this point, and it is only a question of time until we must have that or adjacent land. But, I will be perfectly candid with you; I've always had very grave doubts of getting any additional right of way across the street there."

Mr. Raynor politely interposed at this juncture to inform the president that, being himself a member of the city council, he was sure there was a very strong adverse sentiment in reference to this matter.

The president hesitated, and Milly saw her advantage, and followed it up vigorously. "I would like," she said, "if you would grant me a moment to tell you a story."

He nodded his head, and she proceeded: "I had a brother once, a dear little baby boy, who we thought was drowned in the river. One day a newsboy was hurt upon the street by a wagon. We chanced to be near and saw the accident, and followed him to the hospital. I visited him frequently until he was conscious, and then when his mind became active, and seemed to call up the memories of his early life, he told me that which led me to think that he had been stolen when a babe, and had been living with people who were not his parents, and that possibly he might be my own little brother, not drowned as we thought, but carried away and kept from us all these years. You cannot tell how my heart went out to the little blue-eyed boy, and how it began to

interest me in all the other boys of his kind. And when this letter came which I have just read, it seemed to be a message to me from One who cares for us all, to use my advantages and influence to try to help this class of boys. Now I want to ask you, sir," she said, "have you a boy?"

The president nodded assent.

"Then I want you to suppose," said she, "that this had been your boy, and I had been your daughter, and had gone to another man as I have come to you to-day with this request, what would your heart tell you?"

The man's face showed deep emotion, and he answered, "I would say the father ought to be above the business man," and then without further remarks he took up his pen and wrote a hasty note.

"Take that to Mr. Briggs, and he will release our option at once. No, don't thank me. I only did what common humanity dictated; besides," he laughed, "maybe I have given you something which was not mine to give."

Milly went home a very happy girl. She felt quite proud, when at the next meeting of the Board, the secretary reported the way clear to get a title to the property, and the president complimented her by saying, "You have done something none of us could have done."

"Now I am beginning to do what Tim wanted me to do."

The next move was to secure working plans for a building. When all this was ready, the work went on unhindered, and Milly could look forward to the time when Pittsburg would have a home ample for the shelter of, not forty, but two hundred homeless, friendless street boys, friendless and homeless no longer, because Christian sympathy had reared itself up into walls of brick

and stone; and had diffused itself, like the precious ointment that anointed the Saviour's head, in the practical comforts and home influences within that would help to keep these boys from the paths of sin, and to rescue them to lives of usefulness and morality.

Perhaps we can better understand the need of Milly's plans for a better Newsboys' Home by taking a peep into the present quarters. This is what Milly herself did, in a day or two after the arrival of Tim's letter. She had two objects: to see if it was a proper place for Rob to be sheltered in, now that Bridget's sickness made it necessary to remove her to Mercy Hospital; also to satisfy herself as to how she could better carry out Tim's wish.

"Drive to the Newsboys' Home," she said to James, as she stepped into the carriage. James's only answer was a stare of bewilderment. "Don't know of any such place, miss," he replied.

"Is it possible?" she asked. "What shall I do? Wait, there is a newsboy, I'll ask him."

"The Newsboys' Home? Why, don't you know that there is one round on Old Avenue?"

But James still shook his head. "I'm not sure," he said, "I know where that is, but I guess it's in a pretty tough part of the city."

The boy, seeing their perplexity, volunteered his services as a guide. The carriage drove several squares down Fifth Avenue, past the court-house and jail, and then turned into a narrow, dirty street, lined on either side by rickety, tumble-down buildings. Under the very shadows of the jail walls stood a large, three-story brick building newly painted. They alighted, and the boy led the way up two flights of narrow, steep stairs on the

outside of the building. Following him into the doorway, Milly stood on a bare but neatly scrubbed floor. In the centre of the small room stood a large soft-coal stove, and around it, on a number of hard benches without backs, lounged half a dozen newsboys hovering close to the fire. Just as Milly was wondering how she should introduce herself, a man stepped out of another room and said, "Do you wish to see anybody? I am the superintendent, if you do, Mr. Platt. This is a poor place, but it's much better than the old one. We moved in here two years ago. Before that I had only a sort of a cellar down on Penn Avenue. We were crowded there for room, but we have grown so since coming here that we are just as badly crowded here."

"Indeed," said Milly, "you must have a great many boys."

For a reply he led her into an adjoining room. It was a large one, with windows on both sides. Across it stretched two rows of iron-framed cots, each one having two beds, one above another. "There are just forty of these," said the superintendent, "and we have them filled every night. But there are two hundred regular newsboys in the city, and we could lodge nearly all of them if we had the accommodations."

"Only two hundred!" said Milly in surprise. "I thought from the number that I have seen on the streets there must be a thousand."

"So there are in all," he replied. "I suppose there are at least eight hundred selling papers on the streets of Pittsburg every day, and at the newsboys' dinners we have fed as many as eleven hundred or twelve hundred."

While he was speaking to her, a boy sidled up to him,

and laid down some money on one of the benches. "I'm going to work now," he said.

"Whose place do you take?" asked the man.

"I'm on for Jimmy to-day," was the boy's answer.

"What did he give you the money for?" inquired Milly with some curiosity.

"That was for his lodging. We charge the boys twenty-five cents per day for their lodging, three meals, washing and mending, and the privilege of the school."

"Oh," said Milly, "I didn't know you fed them here. I thought it was only a place for them to sleep at night."

"This is a home, miss," said the man with a pardonable pride in his tone. "There are plenty of cheap lodging places in the city where the boys can get some kind of a cot to sleep on for a nickel or a dime; but we try to make this a home to them, where they will be surrounded with all the refining influences they would have if their own parents were sober and religious."

He then opened another door, and led her to another large room fitted up with desks and seats. "This," said he, "is our schoolroom. We have school every day from ten to twelve in the morning, by which time the boys are through with their morning papers, and have nothing to do until evening editions are ready. Then we have night school five nights in the week."

"Oh, dear," said Milly; "that is exactly one of the things I wanted to talk with you about. I so much wanted to do something myself for the newsboys, since I got Tim's letter." And she took the letter from her pocket, and handed it to the superintendent to read.

"Hum, yes," he said; "but have you ever taught?"

"No," she answered; "but couldn't I do it?"

"Why, you see," said he, "teaching is a regular pro-

fession, and the teacher we employ has to pass an examination the same as that required for the teachers in the public schools of the city, and we pay her a salary for her services."

Milly blushed at this revelation of her own incompetency for the work she had been planning to do. The superintendent noticed the look of disappointment upon her face, and said, "But if you will come round next Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, we will give you an opportunity to teach. We have a Sunday school for the boys, and have to depend upon volunteer assistance."

"Then you may look for me," said Milly; "for that will be exactly what Tim wanted me to tell the boys." Then she drove away with better ideas of the work she had undertaken for Tim's sake, and prepared to enter more energetically and heartily into plans for the future.

Her next step was to see Rob. She was determined to make one last effort to persuade him to give up the newsboy business, and accept some other kind of employment. Now that Bridget was in the hospital, and he would necessarily have to seek another home, she thought she might possibly persuade him to become an office-boy or assistant in her father's office; but Rob was immovable. He wanted to be independent, and he was not ready to surrender the charge Tim had committed to him of caring for his mother, until Tim should return, and he could surrender it to him. Had it not been for this, he probably would have returned home.

That morning when Rob left the Ark, he bade adieu to what had been his home since he had cut himself off from his own. He pocketed the key of the shanty-boat, with a feeling of regret and sadness, although a few

months ago he would have laughed at the idea of surrendering such a home with regret. After his day's work was done, he set out with Cuffy for the Newsboys' Home. Following the other boys into the hall, he threw his hat down on the floor as he had been accustomed to do in the shanty-boat, and announced himself as hungry as a bear, and ready at once for a supper.

"Not much you ain't ready for supper," said the other. "You have to have another introduction to 'old Allegheny' first." And he led the way to the wash-room, where several of the boys were making the water fly in canary-bird style, preparing for the evening meal. Rob flushed with shame to think that he, the boy who had been bred in a home of refinement, should have to be reminded of his personal appearance by a street boy. But it is remarkable how rapidly one is prone to degenerate into such a condition as soon as the restraining influences of refined surroundings are removed.

Upon a long bare table, scrubbed as white as sand and soap could make it, were set a number of tin plates, each one plentifully supplied with fresh bread and cold beef. There was molasses to spread upon the bread, and hot tea for the boys to drink. There was not much said while they were eating, as they were all hungry and tired. After supper the boys gathered round the stove in the reception-room, jesting and laughing, and cutting capers pretty much as any crowd of schoolboys would do at recess or in the vestibule of the schoolroom. Rob enjoyed this for a little while, then thrusting his hands in his pockets he proposed, "Let's go down street and loaf awhile."

"Not much I ain't going to stir away from this place again to-night," was Cuffy's answer. Rob looked at him

a little surprised, and then repeated his proposition to another boy. He met with the same repulse. "What's the matter with you?" Cuffy asked. "Why don't you stay to school, and try to get an education, and be somebody?"

It dawned upon Rob's mind just then, that he had promised Tim before he went away that he would attend the night school, and try to improve himself, and get a preparation for something better than selling papers. So he followed the boys into the schoolroom, which we have described in connection with Milly's visit in the morning. It was a dingy, plain-looking place, compared with the No. 3 room Rob had been accustomed to study and recite in at the school in Bridgeton.

But Rob took his place at the desk assigned, where he found a reader, an arithmetic, slate, and copy-book. He opened the book indifferently, and began to read over some of the problems. To his surprise, they seemed familiar to him.

He read further, and a flood of old associations and memories came flocking to his mind. They were the very questions and exercises he had studied in the school at home. How much fresher and more enjoyable they seemed now than when he had been compelled to go over them then. He began to go into them with the relish a hungry boy has for bread and butter. The fact was, Rob had unconsciously become hungry for books and study in the months he had been mentally idle; and to his surprise the things which he had before despised now came to him as a kind of amusement and rest from the routine of selling papers. And the hour sped away so quickly, that when the time came for closing the school, Rob was at the height of his enjoyment, and

unwilling to leave a difficult problem in the solution of which he had become intensely interested.

"Come along and go to bed," commanded Cuffy.

"I don't want to go," said Rob; "this is too much fun. I used to hate it when I was at home, but it's just play for me now." But at last he consented to go, and once away from his book, drowsiness began to overtake him, and he was anxious to get into bed as soon as possible.

"No, you don't," said Cuffy. "There is a little bit of ceremony as has to be gone through with when a boy first comes to this place. Come along with me, and I'll show you."

And he led Rob to a bath-room, small but clean, and provided with everything necessary to cleanliness. It was Rob's turn to blush again. To think that a boy who had a mother's training, and a home like his, should so soon have forgotten what belonged to cleanliness of person! The fact was, Rob had not taken a bath since the compulsory one administered to him by his comrades from the roof of the shed in Virgin Alley. But, once the customs of civilized life were brought to his attention, his self-respect asserted itself, and he took as much pride in trying to make himself the cleanest boy in the institution as he had before felt indifferent in regard to the matter. When he was ready for retiring, and had returned to the room, he noticed the superintendent going round among the boys, and receiving from them their money. "What is that fellow doing, Cuffy?" he asked.

"Why, he is doing a banking business for the boys," was the answer.

"But what business has he to take their money? I'm going to get out of this, if that's the plan it's run on."

"You just keep cool," said Cuffy; "he'll keep your money for you to-night, and give it all back to you in the morning, or as much of it as you need to start you up."

It was nine o'clock that night when Rob went to bed. Some of the boys had already been tucked in for more than an hour. But still they came coming in one by one up to ten o'clock, when the doors were shut, and the lights put out. It seemed as though this was the signal for which some of the more mischievous boys had been waiting to begin to play all sorts of pranks and practical jokes on those who wished to sleep.

They stole pillows, and fought mock battles with them, knocking one another down, and throwing them from side to side of the room. They tickled the feet of the sleeping boys with broom straws; and, just as Rob was getting into a doze, in spite of all the confusion, he was surprised to see the blankets of his bed go sailing away towards the ceiling of the room, leaving him cold and bare. He grumbled a good deal at this imposition, but when he discovered the cause, — a hook which had been inserted into the clothing and operated by a string drawn through a staple in the ceiling, from a distant corner of the room, — the thing was so ingenious that he had to join in the laugh with the rest. But the fun of this description was nothing more than one would see among any crowd of boys left alone to themselves, as a set of college students, or a bedroom full of cousins some of whom had come on a visit.

When Rob awoke next morning he could not at first make out his surroundings. Everything looked so different from the Ark, and his first thoughts turned back to the hospital with its rows of white cots, the picture of which he still so well retained in his memory.

But when he did remember all, he bounded out of bed with a suddenness that threatened to injure the springs and test the timbers of the floor. He remembered that the early editions of the papers would be ready before daylight, and he had his breakfast to get and other arrangements to make. He remembered the toilet-room this time, and went into the kitchen of the Home with a smiling, rosy face. The boys' breakfast consisted of hashed meat and potatoes from the yesterday's dinner, coffee, and good fresh bread — enough of it to satisfy any hungry boy who had his living to make by hard work. After breakfast Mr. Platt came round with the money the boys had given him the evening before, and gave to each one a sufficient amount to start him up in his business for the day.

"Cuffy, where are them big fellows going to? I never see them selling papers on the streets. If they're newsboys, they don't belong in this town."

"Oh, they are not newsboys," answered Cuffy. "One of them drives a cart, another one works on the Duquesne Traction, and one has a job in the printing-office."

"I say, what are they doing about here?"

"Why, you see, they used to be newsboys like us. They keeps a fellow here until he is twenty-one years of age. But most of them get out of the newsboy business before that. One of the big fellows here has got to be foreman in the *Trades Journal* office. About half the boys in the Home work at something else besides selling papers."

When they were all ready to start out to their daily work, Rob noticed one bright mulatto boy, apparently not more than four or five years old, who stayed behind. "What's the matter with that little fellow?" asked Rob.

"Oh, that one," said Cuffy; "why, that's the baby. Don't you know him?" The explanation which followed, informed Rob that this was a wee bit of a child who had been picked up dead drunk upon the streets, taken to the central police station, where he had been handed over to Humane Agent Dean, who had got him into the Newsboys' Home. With good treatment, he was getting fat and hardy, and he was very bright, and would soon learn to make change and sell papers like the other boys. "He can't tell a nickel from a copper now," added Cuffy.

"But who's going to show him how to sell papers?" asked Rob.

"Why, don't you know, the superintendent always does that. He goes out with a new boy, and starts him in, and stands on the corner and watches him until he gets his hand into it."

Rob had a busy morning of it with his papers, and he did well. His taste for study the evening before had left a relish for the school, which brought him back to it promptly at half-past ten as soon as the morning editions were sold. In the afternoon he did not do so well. Most of his sales were penny papers of which he had to sell fifty to clear a dime. That night after supper, as the boys were sitting on the benches in the reception-room, Rob noticed a strange boy among them. After he had been there some time, the superintendent approached him, and asked, "Where do you belong?"

"Just come in from Chicago," answered the boy.

"But why do you come here?" asked Mr. Platt.

"A Pittsburg feller named Tim, with a lot of money tacked to his kit, told me in Chicago this here was a Newsboys' Home; isn't it?"

"This is our Home," answered the superintendent. "It is not yours, is it? You don't belong to this crowd of boys, do you? You needn't look so blue though, we will not turn you out. But we never put a new boy in the cots, so you may sleep on the bench here to-night, and for a night or two, if you care to stay, and when we find out what sort of a boy you are, we may take you in if there is room."

In this way Superintendent Platt emphasized the home idea of the institution. He did everything he could to impress it upon the boys that it was not a mere cheap lodging-house, but their home, — the only home they had. And in this way he tried to foster in their minds a love for the place, and a self-respect that grows out of the possession of a home.

Rob hurried to get near the fellow and ask him about Tim. He learned about his reception and his subsequent success in Chicago.

Rob had noticed from time to time some of the boys unlocking boxes in a tier that stood against the wall, and taking out clothing. He also noticed on a row of pegs along the wall at the heads of the beds, where a number of extra coats and other garments hung. He did not understand just what this meant, until a little dispute arose between two of the boys.

"I don't care if you have been here longer than I have, I have got better duds than you. You have only one coat to your back, and that's ragged and a summer coat, and I have two coats and am getting another overcoat for winter."

The other boy mumbled something about going to get better clothing, but it opened Rob's eyes to a new phase of newsboys' life, and awakened in his mind a desire to provide himself with better clothing.

Pretty soon some of the boys began to put on their garments and saunter off, chinking a few coppers in their pockets. "Come on, Cuffy," challenged one of them to Rob's companion; "this here's 'musement night."

"Not much," answered Cuffy. "I'm going to salt down all my ducats in the savings bank."

This was another new idea to Rob. "What," he said in surprise, "you haven't a savings bank here, too?"

"You'd better believe we have," was Cuffy's answer. "There's one boy in this place as has seventy dollars salted down. I've got twenty shiners myself."

The next day, as Rob and Cuffy were together selling papers, Cuffy pointed to a substantial, old-looking building with pillars in front and two bronze lions on either side of the entrance, and the name, "Dollar Savings Bank" over the door in gold letters, and he said, "There's where our rocks are stowed away, and I'll tell you they'll make the floors bend one of these days."

This started a new train of thought in Rob's mind. It gave him another object to work for: he would not only save his money to get better clothing, but he would at once begin to hoard up his fund to take him home as soon as Tim came back. His first week having expired, he paid his board bill to Mr. Platt in shining nickels and coppers. He had never possessed such a feeling of self-respect and manly independence in all his life as when he was counting out his own hard-earned money to pay for his keeping. Most of the boys were able to pay promptly the full amount. But there was one poor little fellow who had had bad luck, who was able to turn in only a solitary nickel to the superintendent. "They'll turn him off, won't they?" Rob asked.

"Nary a turn," said the other boy. "A fellow never

gets turned away from here so long as he does his level best. They don't go back on a fellow here when his luck's agin him. They stands right by you."

The next day was Sunday. It had been the custom of most of the newsboys to go swimming in the river on Sunday afternoon in summer, or, if it were winter, to spend the time between the editions of the papers in the warm waiting-rooms of the railway-stations, or some other loafing-place, worse, perhaps, than this. Rob sauntered out after dinner to amuse himself in the best way he could. While he was standing on a corner waiting for some other boys to come up, he saw Mr. Platt hurrying down the street towards them. "See here, Graham, I want you to come up to Sunday school this afternoon."

"Sunday school?" said Rob, looking at his shabby clothes, and thinking of the nobby Sunday suit with which his mother used to fit him out for the Sunday school in the pretty church at Bridgeton. "I guess I'll ask to be excused from Sunday school. My Sunday suit is locked up in the trunk and the key lost, and my beaver hat needs dressing up, and the moths ate holes through the fur of my kid gloves and my seal overcoat."

The other boys laughed at Rob's attempt at a joke, but consented to go at once when Mr. Platt asked them, and they explained to him that it was a Sunday school held in the schoolroom of the Home, and no one would be there but the boys, except teachers. He was very much surprised when he entered the room to see Milly step on the platform with a number of strange ladies.

I shall not enter into the details of the Sunday-school services. Occasionally some of the newsboys would jump from their seats and shout with Methodistic unction, but

moved, I'm afraid, by a different spirit than that spoken of in the lesson — a sharp pin-point. The singing was the best-relished part of the exercises. Most of the boys had good voices and sang with a gusto, though they sometimes introduced comic variations of their own which were hardly in keeping with the day and place. Altogether, while the school may not have been up to the highest ideal, and the scholars not of the well-behaved type found in story-books, still it was far better for the boys to be under some kind of restraint than to be roaming the streets open to all the temptations that come to an idle boy on a Sunday afternoon, from vicious companions and degrading surroundings.

At the close of the regular exercises, Rob saw Milly lean over and whisper a few words to the superintendent. He nodded his head and told the boys there was a young lady present very much interested in them, who had a communication from one of their comrades who was now absent, which she would like to read to them. Milly took from her pocket Tim's letter, and, mentioning his name, and reminding the boys of the cause of his absence from the city, she proceeded to read it in clear, affecting tones. However the other exercises may have impressed the boys, there was something in this that seemed to come right home to them, for Tim had been a leader among them, and although they did not probably understand fully what he meant to say to them, there were some moist eyes among them, and all their spirit of levity was subdued by some influence growing out of the reading of the letter.

In a short time Rob entered fully into the spirit of the institution, and it became to him in a real sense a home. It was his third home.

With the first he had been dissatisfied because it was better than he deserved. With the second he had been more than dissatisfied, because, while it was the sort he had dreamed of in his wild imaginings, the reality had disappointed him; there was no romance about sleeping in a damp shanty-boat with the steam of soapsuds and the odor of soiled linen filling the air. But it had taught him a useful lesson, and now he was in a mood appreciative of the rudest elements of home life such as he found here.

He learned to stay in at night, to keep himself clean, to save his money, and to live and work for a new purpose, or rather the only purpose he had ever had — that of paying his own way back to Bridgeton with his own money instead of writing to Burris for money, wearing a suit of clothing home which he had paid for with his own earnings, and humbly acknowledging to all the other boys what a silly little fool he had been in supposing there could be such characters or such life as he had stuffed his head full of under the cover of his school desk in those novel-reading days.

He had found enough of the same characters portrayed in the books, it is true, but he had seen them in their true light, stripped of the tinsel and false coloring of a lying imagination. He had seen them as common toughs in a police court, instead of heroes fitting for a young boy's worship. Rob had another ambition too; to excel in scholarship, thus showing on his return his sincerity in making this last choice. He was striving for two prizes offered in the Newsboys' Home, of five dollars each; one for the best attendance, and one for best scholarship. He worked hard, as his competitors for the prizes were largely ahead of him. One was a negro boy two years

older than Rob, and the other a bright little Jew; but Rob had the advantage of both in his former schooling.

Rob had not been at the Home long before a coming event of no little importance began to cast its shadow on the minds of the boys there. But it was not a shadow in the sense of bringing gloom or discomfort. It was just the opposite. It had for years been the custom of one of the largest clothiers of the city to give the newsboys an excursion up the river. The "'scursion" had been the talk for weeks. And for several days there was room for nothing else but to go over, in anticipation, the fun of the coming trip, spicing the prospects of future fun with the plentiful and rather exaggerated memories of the "last year's."

Every boy had something wonderful to tell of what had happened to him, or how much he got to eat, and every other boy thought the present speaker's adventures not a circumstance compared with his own, and only consented to listen for the sake of watching for a chance to edge in his own account. Rob had no experience to relate, and he was an unhappy boy. It is true he had been at Sunday-school picnics often enough; but the minute he tried to tell anything about that, he was stopped with hoots of derision, as though anything in a Sunday-school picnic could come up to the "newsboys' 'scursion" up the river.

"They don't do nothin' but sing Sunday songs, and play ring-a-rosy," jeered Cuffy.

"And what do you do, I'd like to know?" demanded Rob, piqued at this criticism.

"Ho, we have a brass band and lots of things to stuff a feller with, and baseball, and — but you just wait and see; I ain't a-goin' to waste my breath tellin' you now."

And when the day at last came, Rob did see. Early in the morning, down toward Smithfield-street Wharf, poured a stream of newsies of all sizes and descriptions. The steamer Mayflower lay there ready to receive them, and wagons were coming and going, loading the boat with the things the generosity of the merchant prince had provided. Of course it was a holiday for the boys, and there were no papers to sell that day except a few of the earliest morning editions.

"Get up there!" shouted Cuffy in Rob's ear as he was enjoying the bliss of his second nap that morning.

"Oh, go away and let a feller alone, can't you?" was the cross answer; but that Cuffy wouldn't do.

"Let you alone, and the boat will sail off and leave you snoring here, and you dying to know what the newsboys' 'scursion is like? Not much will I let you alone, so come, get out of here and get ready for the newsboys' 'scursion."

It didn't need a second bidding like this to bring Rob to his feet; and in a moment he was beginning to dress and could not make his fingers fly fast enough over the buttons. He and Cuffy were a little late, and by the time they reached the wharf, the band was playing and the bunting streaming from the flagstaff, and the upper deck swarming with living freight so that it was almost impossible for one to make his way through those already there. But there was room, and no matter how many came, there always seemed to be room for one more. If there had not been, those nearest the rail seemed disposed to make more by sacrificing some of those about them, for every now and then a number of them would seize some luckless fellow and suspend him over the rail, in spite of his struggles, as if they

were about to make an example of him after the manner of Jonah, whether the emergency of a storm demanded it or not. Every new-comer down the wharf was greeted with whistles and pots and cat-calls, shrill enough and persistent enough to make life hideous to any one within a square of the place. "Hi! Here comes the mayor and chief of police!" shouted one boy, as Rob and Cuffy made their appearance. A yell of derision went up, and apple-cores and banana-skins and any other loose articles that chanced to be within reach, went flying in a volley over the rail into the boys' faces, as a kind of salute to their highnesses.

But this reception did not seem to overcome their modesty, or abash them in the least. A few shots of river mud silenced the crowd on board sufficiently to permit the boys to run the gantlet of the gang-plank and escape in safety to the lower deck of the boat. Then there was a grand rush to the stairway to beat them back, but, joining issues with a number of others who had gained the same protection by the same ordeal, the boys pushed and fought their way to the upper deck, and then joined in with the crowd there to help make it as uncomfortable as possible for the new-comers who should try to board the steamer. And in this way the time was passed until the boat was ready to leave.

A crowd of citizens had gathered on the Smithfield-street bridge and stared over the rail at the scenes enacted, with about the same degree of curiosity they would have watched a circus parade on the streets of the city. Tickets had been provided for twelve hundred, and had been obtained the day before at the newspaper offices where they had been placed by

Mr. Christy, the merchant. Any boy with a ragged coat and a smut of black on his fare got a ticket, as it was impossible for any one to single out the genuine newsboy from the spurious. All the ragamuffins of the two cities who had heard of the affair were there. There were also representatives of the press, of the firm giving the treat, and a number of invited guests, and with these on board, the Mayflower steamed from her wharf, up stream, through the locks, to a picnic resort, where the boys were left to amuse themselves according to their humor, with such appliances as could be brought along in the steamboat. There were croquet sets, and lawn-tennis outfits, baseball appliances, quoits, swings, and what not.

But the most athletic sports seemed to have the preference. Much of this was due to the interest cultivated for such things by Tim's back-alley gymnasium. If there had been boxing-gloves and game chickens, some of the boys would have been better pleased; and I do not undertake to say there were not packs of cards and bottles of whiskey, too, but even a Sunday-school picnic or a camp-meeting is not always free from such objectionable features as these.

Some of the most exciting features of the day were the foot-races and jumping-matches, in which contests, prizes stimulated the boys to do their best. Rob entered the races and strove manfully for a brass-mounted blacking kit; but while he could sprint well enough for a few minutes, he soon found that his years of indolence and pampering at home had left him without the hardness of muscle and endurance which many of these boys possessed. He did not even come in fifth best, and got a good deal of chaffing for his pains. Cuffy did better, winning a second prize in the jumping-match, a pair of baseball shoes.

He could not have been better pleased, as it was one of his chief ambitions to get himself well clad for winter, and this came right in his line.

When all had got their appetites well whetted by a little exercise, the bugles called them together for the dinner, and pellmell a horde of hungry boys rushed for the tables. In vain did the representatives of the firm and the newspaper reporters try to keep some semblance of order; they might as well have tried to catch the wind. The boys were out for a good time, and they were going to have it, according to their own ideas.

They threw overboard all restraint, and seized and gobbled up anything and everything they could lay hands on without regard for the proper order of courses, or the incongruity of mixing things unsuited to each other together. You might have seen Cuffy with the leg of a chicken in one hand and a banana in the other, or Rob taking first a bite of pickle and then cramming a jelly-roll into his mouth on top of that. A young savage would seize a biscuit, and, squeezing it into a wad, cram the whole into his mouth at once, while another managed to get possession of a pitcher of lemonade, and never stopped drinking until the contents were emptied down his throat.

All this was well enough for the kind of young heathen who were doing the eating, but as soon as their appetites began to be satisfied a little, they went on to worse things. Biscuits began to be passed from hand to hand, and to be used as missiles to pelt one another with. Whole plates of cake were seized and plunged into tubs of lemonade. When there was not cake enough to do the bathing act with, a small boy was laid hold of and given a dousing which might have strangled him or put out his eyes, had not some of the

reporters, who had been nearly splitting their sides with laughter over the scenes enacted, come to the rescue and pulled him out and wiped his face with their pocket-handkerchiefs. It was a good thing that the boys had been trained to rapid eating, and that the generosity of the donor had led him to provide bountifully; still there was no excuse for the waste, except that they were heathens, and being heathens was the one thing that a majority of these boys could not help.

Perhaps you think this was the surest way of encouraging them to continue to be heathens, in this particular at least; but I do not think so; there is no surer way of generating self-respect in one lacking it, than to teach him that some one else cares for him. I am glad there was one citizen of Pittsburg who had breadth of kindness and an insight of human nature sufficient to see this principle in nature and act upon it.

All the different and divers types of street-boys, of whom the honest, hard-working newsboy and bootblack is the highest, were represented at this outing. The professional beggar-boy was there. In dress and appearance you would not know him from the newsboy, perhaps. Indeed, your acquaintance with him would probably lead you to the inference that he was an unfortunate one of that class. You would likely meet him on the corners of prominent streets, crying bitterly as though some great calamity had befallen him. If you were kind-hearted enough and unsophisticated enough to stop and inquire the cause of his misfortune, perhaps the only answer you would get would be a fresh volley of sobs and tears. His dress and general appearance would be enough to lead to the conclusion that he needed alms; and so, despairing of getting an explanation, and

attributing his inability to speak to the overwhelming nature of his troubles, you would drop a nickel in his hand to salve your own conscience and to help the poor fellow, and go on. But what you ought to do is to tarry long enough to watch how many other nickels find themselves in that same dirty palm within the next quarter of an hour, during all of which the boy cries and sobs with unabating bitterness; and then see him go round a corner, when he has drained this particular stream of charity dry, and chuckle over his gains, which far exceed, if he has played his part well, what the best newsboy could earn in a whole day by the hardest work.

"Ha, ha!" he says to himself; "there's money in doing the baby act, so there is. Fooled 'em all as slick as a greased pig's tail. The old lady thought my father and mother must both be dead, did she? Maybe she'd like to see how dead the old man is when I turn in all this boodle. It's dead drunk he'll be on it before midnight. The gentleman with the white choker wanted to pump my trials out of me, did he? Thought it might do some good to pray, ha, ha! It's the other kind of prey I'm up to. I'd a-made three dollars clear out of that crowd if old Brass-buttons hadn't cut his eye around that way so soon, and I knew he was on to it, and I had better skip."

Then he goes to some other place, where there is a constant stream of passers-by, and repeats the process. "Come, why don't you hush, now?" said a gentleman one day to one of this class; "I've given you a quarter; dry your tears and go on home."

"Does the measly fool think he can buy my whole business out for a quarter?" the boy muttered indignantly to one of his cronies after the gentleman had passed; "stop my crying and go home! It's begin to

cry I would in earnest if I went home with only one quarter in my pocket."

Another type of street-boy is the common bum. His father was a bum before him perhaps, or, maybe, he was a respectable, hard-working man who was too indulgent with his boy. He let him play truant from school, and spend his evenings on the streets, and paid no attention to the books the boy was reading. He noticed nothing out of the way with the boy, except, perhaps, that he was growing slovenly in his appearance and irregular at his meals, saucy to his mother, and impatient of any restraint. But the work was being done none the less surely, if secretly, and it only needed an occasion to bring out the fact that his boy had been changed, while he did not dream that such a thing was going on, from an innocent, pure-minded youth, into an incorrigible young tough.

One day the father awakens to the almost crushing truth that he can do nothing with his boy.

He spends his days bumming around the freight yards stealing rides between the bumpers, or he is in at all the chicken-fights, dog-fights, and slugging matches. His nights are put in with the "owl gang," disturbing the peace, insulting and sometimes assaulting passers-by on the more unprotected streets, and committing depredations on chicken roosts, and outlying property of all kinds, defying the police; until, some day, the father is called from his work to attend a hearing at the police court, and give bail for the appearance of the boy, or else let him spend a night in the station-house. Maybe the boy is let go to the workhouse or the reform school, and maybe the fine is paid, and he promises with tears to reform himself; but there are the associations and tastes

he has formed, and sooner or later, in nine cases out of ten, they will drag him down lower than ever, and in the end make of him a confirmed tough, and candidate for the penitentiary. Boys of this kind there are not a few about all large cities; the more's the pity. By the side of the boy who is willing to sell papers on the street, or carry your valise if you want him to, they are the marauding Arab of the desert compared with the peaceful but brutal savage. Their ranks are recruited, sometimes, from the newsboys who grow tired of work, or, thinking there is an easier way to make a living, yield to the fascination of being gentlemen of leisure, and sports among sports, and join the army of youth abandoned to vice, and on the highway to professional criminal careers. Sometimes, too, it is the ill-advised country boy, who has come to the city to try his hand at making wealth by a more rapid process than hoeing corn, and who falls an easy victim to the seductions of a life of this sort, unless he be firmly armored against it.

The associations of the newsboys with this class make up no little of the demoralizing influences surrounding them.

The return trip was quieter, the energy of the boys having been pretty much expended by this time, and their stomachs being too full to admit of so much activity. A number of them sought comfortable places and went to sleep like gorged anacondas, and all the prodding and talking of the more active ones had no effect in arousing them. The band played, and the reporters smoked, and compared notes, and wrote up the day's events for their respective papers, while representatives of the firm rubbed their hands, and looked all complacency over the amount of happiness they had helped to diffuse that day, and, possibly, some of the

more mercenary of them, on the amount of advertising the house would get through the liberality of its head. The day passed into local history as "Christy's sixth annual excursion to the newsboys," and a crowd of tired and thoroughly satisfied boys unloaded themselves on the Smithfield-street wharf, not with the same amount of hilarity they had indulged in on the morning, but pretty lively subjects again for all that.

Rob and Cuffy made their way to the Home in company with a number of others. "There, didn't I tell you there wan't no Sunday-school picnic could hold a candle to this here monkey-show?" demanded the latter of the former.

"I should hope not," responded Rob, who had his own notions about some of the performances he had witnessed that day. "You'd better call it 'The Rag-bag and Ash-heap Excursion.' I don't think more than half of them fellows were ever guilty of selling a paper or blacking anything but their faces in their life."

"Of course," said Cuffy; "but you don't begrudge them a good time once in a while, do you?"

"No," said Rob, wistfully; "I only wish they had more good times, and I wish there was more good times for all the newsboys, too." And Rob said this with the thought in his mind that Tim would be back some time, and his newsboy days would be over, and he would go back to Bridgeton, and have the good times he used to have, only better, because he would know so much better how to enjoy the good things that he before despised; and he thought, too, of what he could do to help his own wish for these boys to be realized.

But he did not dream how near he was to the realization of that at that moment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

But Tim's second look at the boy sent all his blood back to his heart again — it was not Jeems. The general resemblance was strong, but would not bear a second glance. Tim almost sank to the floor, so great was the reaction of his feelings.

"He's shocked," said one of the boys; "see how white he is! Run, get some water and throw in his face! He's going to faint!" But he did not faint. There was for a moment, that seemed to him to be hours and hours, a queer buzzing and ringing in his ears, like the humming of a hundred flies, while the voices of those about him sounded confused and far away. It was a kind of semi-conscious dreaminess from which Tim wished they would never waken him. If he did lose consciousness at all it was but for a second, but all the time he hardly knew whether he was sitting, standing, or lying down. The truth was, when the boys first called out, he had sunk down to his knees, but had quickly rallied again, only to relax into a leaning posture against the wall, from which he gradually slid down to the floor. Then, in a moment, he was himself again and on his feet, though weak in the knees.

"It hit you pretty hard, didn't it?" said one of the boys sympathizingly. "You're all right now, though. Come in and have some dinner."

Tim shook his head. He could not eat. What he wanted was to be alone and to rest and think what to do next, or whether he should do anything more or not. He was not sure that he would ever have the heart to do anything more. He put the boys aside and walked out on the street. The fresh air struck his face with a grateful touch, and he felt better at once. "I'll just walk down street a little ways," he said to himself, "and maybe I'll get this tangle out of my head. It feels like it sounds election days around the post-office — all in a hubbub," and he passed his hand over it in a bewildered way.

A little way farther down the street he turned off into a quiet sort of a thoroughfare, where there didn't seem to be many people passing, and where the shade of the elm trees over his head made it look cool and tempting. He found by this time that he was not yet strong, and seeing an inviting seat near to the curbstone, under the shade of the trees, he sat down and listened to the twitter of the swallows in the trees over his head.

They seemed to be happy if he was not. They had enough to eat and to drink and to wear, and all the friends that they wanted, and they seemed to have no fears of anything. Why should a bird be so much happier than a boy?

"'Cause they doesn't have to worry about selling papers or hunting any lost chaps," he thought to himself; "they gits all they wants to eat without working."

Then he watched one that had alighted on an apple-core that a boy had just thrown down. He pecked and pecked and pulled and twitched, and then he rested awhile as if it tired him to get his food in that way.

"That little chap seems to be working about as hard

at it as if he was selling papers," thought Tim to himself. Then the bird choked on a piece of the core, and it had to cough and cough before it could get it dislodged from its throat. "Don't always get fed on the top shelf either; that ain't no broker's dinner, I'll let you know."

Then Tim's attention was directed to a great twittering and screaming in another part of the tree. There was a great fluttering and screaming of all the swallows in the neighborhood, and they seemed to be following some enemy, and charging upon it with all the fury their little indignant voices could show.

Tim's eye caught the shadow of some moving body, and he just made out that it was a large maltese cat that was crawling along the fence, and, as it leaped over and into the yard, he could see that it had a poor, unfeathered bird in its mouth. Over a little way farther from the scene of all this commotion, was a solitary bird who seemed to be in great distress about something, hopping and twittering in a sharp key, flying over a little way only to return again and repeat the actions.

Tim could not make out what it was all about for a time, but he soon saw the object of the bird's distresses, — a little half-feathered nestling that had fallen from the nest too soon and was not able to get back again. Probably it was the mate of the other one the cat had walked away with. After Tim had watched the mother bird try in vain again and again, his pity for its distress and the helplessness grew so strong that he went and picked the birdling up and put it in his hat.

"Now if you only had sense enough to show me the way to your nest, I'd put this little chap safe where the cats wouldn't catch him."

And he looked and looked into the branches of the trees for some time for a nest. "'Pears to me I never knew birds to have such a lot of trouble as these chaps is a-having, but then I never knew much about them, anyway. I'll take it all back about a bird having an easy time and nothing to worry about — sometimes anyway."

He returned to his seat again, wondering what he should do with the little thing he had sheltered in his hat. "I know what I'd a-done a while ago, I'd a-flung the thing over the fence; but I couldn't bear to see the little thing hurt now. 'Pears like I've made friends with all these little fellers by getting the posish of wet-nurse for this little baby of theirs," and he looked down into the cap and listened for a sound of life in the birdling. Yes, it was still breathing, and he could see its panting heart under the breast that was not yet protected by feathers.

"It's no use to take it along with me, and I declare I hate to go and leave it here; what shall I do with it?"

As he asked this question of himself, he leaned against the arm of the seat, and the Bible in his pocket was pressed into his side, making him remember his possession of such a book. "I declare, I had forgotten! What would He want me to do with it? I wonder if there is any thing in the book about birds? I don't suppose there is, though, for I asked Mr. Morgan if He died for Jeff, and he said there wan't nothing about dogs in the book. Come to think of it, didn't he say there was a way to look in the place in the back of the book and find any word I wanted, and then get the place it was in the reading part? He showed me how, but I never tried it. I'll do it now, though. Sparrow begins with spar, spar, spar — I, oh, there you are, sparrow! Matt. 10:29. Now let's find where Matt. 10:29 is. Oh,

here's what it says about sparrows: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them falls to the ground without your Heavenly Father'— whew! He knew about that one falling, and He saw me pick it up, then. I don't see how He ever gets time to watch after all them things, and this great big world to take care of and keep rolling as Mr. Morgan said He had to do. But if He does take care of such mites of things as these, and knew just how hard that little chap had a minute ago to get his bread and butter out of that apple-core, I guess that I needn't to be afraid that He'll forget me — what does this say? 'Fear not, therefore, for ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

"Jest the very thing I was a-saying, and here it is in the book! Tim, you weak-kneed little coward you, don't you go whining around here any more, or you'll need to be picked up by the seat of your breeches and shook till your teeth come loose. All these things He wants you to do ain't just going ahead and doing, but some of them is waiting awhile to see what He is going to do for you. Maybe this is one of them things He wants you to wait and see what He is going to do, so just you wait."

While Tim was saying this to himself he was looking upward as though he almost expected to see the One he was speaking of doing something, perhaps the very thing he was waiting for Him to do. Of course he did not see that, but what he did see was a glimpse of the bird's nest in the tree from which the little bird had fallen. He started up. "There it is now!" he cried, "and there's the little shaver in the hat that I'd forgotten all about. I see where you belong, now, and don't you say a word, and I'll have you home by the front door in a jiffy."

Then seizing the hat in his teeth, he sprang to the tree, and, clasping it with his hands and knees, he went up with a velocity that would have been a surprise to the boys who had seen him almost ready to faint a minute ago. But it was only a spurt, and had not the lower branches been near the ground, Tim would have fared badly in his attempt to climb the tree. As it was, he barely reached the lowermost branch before his strength began seriously to fail, and it was panting and out of breath that he drew himself up by the help of the limbs. Then he rested awhile, and, taking the greatest care all the while to keep the hat in which the bird was swinging free from every thing, he lifted himself on up by the help of the branches to the point where he had seen the nest. He placed the bird tenderly in, and stood and watched it until the mother bird, who had retreated to a distance and apparently given up all hopes for her little one when Tim had sat down so long on the bench, now began to hover near again, and, seeing her offspring safe in the nest again, became suddenly anxious that the hand that had so kindly placed it there should leave it alone and go away, allowing her anxiety in this direction to make her place Tim in the attitude of an enemy who was to be driven away at the point of her bill.

"Cracky, I doesn't want my eyes dug out for thanks," said Tim, and he hastily scrambled down before he was fully rested from his difficult ascent. His exertions began to tell upon him again as soon as he renewed them, and before he could feel his foot on the lower branch the old faint feeling came over him, and his head began to reel. "Hurry up and get down! You're a-goin' to fall," he commenced to say to himself, and then his foot

slipped past the limb he had intended to rest it upon, and he lost his hold on the branch above, and that was the last he knew of anything. The next minute there was a dark form shooting downward, and then he lay all still in a heap on the green grass under the tree.

Parties saw him fall, both on the street and from the porches of the houses along the street, and various were the exclamations that the accident called forth: "He was climbing the tree. It must be one of the boys who make a business of robbing the birds' nests; served him right if he got a severe fall."

"There, he's slipped! That's too bad; I've been watching him to see what he would do with that bird he had in his hand, and I believe he climbed the tree to put it back in the nest. I hope he isn't hurt."

"Such little ragamuffins have no right on this street, anyway. I noticed him on the bench, and like as not it's covered with vermin. He was reading a book, one of those dreadful stories that demoralize so many young boys, I suppose."

"O papa, do let's go and see if we can do anything for him! See how still he lies! what if he should be killed!"

But the last exclamation came from the lips of a little boy with a gentleman and a smaller boy, who had been passing quite near when the accident took place, and who came up opposite the boy a minute later, as he lay with upturned face on the grass, so white and still. The larger boy gave one startled look at the face, and then rushing and throwing his arms around the prostrate one cried, "Tim! Tim! Oh, my Tim! I have found you again!"

"Tim! Tim! O, my Tim! I have found you again."

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CHAPTER XXX.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It will not be hard to understand why Jeems found Tim, instead of Tim finding Jeems as he had set out to do. It was the afternoon that Mr. Graham and the boys were returning from Dr. Steel's, where, as we have already related, they had been for the second or third time.

They were this far on their way home when they chanced to pass under the trees where Tim fell unconscious to the ground. He did not hear Jeems cry, but the latter clung to him, and acted like one beside himself at thus unexpectedly meeting the brother he had been thinking of so much lately, and in alarm at the condition in which he now found him.

"Why, how do you come to know the poor boy?" asked Mr. Graham in some surprise.

"It's Tim, my own brother Tim," cried Jeems; "and I couldn't help knowing him. Oh, help me lift him up! Is he dead? What if Tim is dead? O Tim, Tim, why don't you speak to me? It's Jeems. Don't you know Jeems any more?"

"The boy is unconscious," said Mr. Graham, drawing the other gently away; but there was a touch of sadness mingled with bewilderment in his tone. He regarded this as another violent outbreak of Rob's malady, and all his hopes that had been raised by coming to the city,

and putting him under treatment of an expert physician, seemed to be dashed to the ground. He took Rob's hand, and would have led him away, but he refused to move from the side of Tim.

"Why, papa," said Teddy, who had been forgotten in the confusion of the moment, and who had stood through it all watching every move with interest; "you isn't going to leave the little boy here on the dround, is you?"

"No," answered his father quickly; "I must not do that; I was so anxious to get Rob away before he becomes so excited again, that I forgot what was due the boy. I suppose I'd better have the policeman call up the ambulance, and take him to the hospital, and they can tell there if he is badly hurt."

"No," put in Teddy decidedly; "oo mus tate Wob's buzzer home wiv us."

"Rob's brother!" repeated Mr. Graham in the greatest surprise; "why, you are not going crazy too, are you, Teddy?"

"No, it's Wob's bruvver, toz Wob ain't tazy, and Wob say ze troof." And all the astonished father's arguments and protestations proved unavailing to shake Ted's belief that the boy on the ground was really Rob's brother, and nothing would do but a carriage must be called, and Tim taken along with them. Mr. Graham stopped at the first drug-store, and had some restoratives applied to the boy, and he began to gasp and breathe, and showed some signs of opening his eyes.

"He is only stunned a little," said the man, "and will soon be all right."

And as he seemed anxious to have them out of his way as soon as possible, and as Mr. Graham desired to

avoid any kind of a scene in public, when the hurt boy should return fully to consciousness, as he saw would be unavoidable from the interested look with which Rob was regarding the signs of restoration in the other boy, he hastily got them all back into the carriage, and ordered the driver to proceed, naming a route that would take them in a roundabout way toward home. He did this for two reasons: he was afraid that to drive home with the hurt boy in his present unconscious condition would be too severe a shock for the nerves of Mrs. Graham, and he also wished to gain time in which to determine the best course to pursue.

The injured boy was now opening his eyes, and staring around him. First they had a bewildered look in them, as they took in the curtains of the carriage, and then the faces of Mr. Graham and Teddy. He was just about to feebly ask where he was, when his gaze for the first fell upon Jeems. He gave one quick start, and then settled down to a half-frightened, half-delighted look. "Is — is this — the place," he faintly whispered, "that — the book — tells of? Where is He?"

But he never took his eyes off Jeems.

"There, you're lost of course, boy, but you'll soon be all right. Whom do you want to find? Where do you belong? Tell us, and we will take you there," said Mr. Graham.

"No, I can't be lost," said Tim with a little more force; "I'm saved, and where is Him wot saved me, and how did Jeems come here, and he didn't know anything about Him? O Jeems, is this heaven?"

"No," said the other, rushing again to the arms of Tim; "this is Cincinnati, and how did you come here? I thought you were in Pittsburg."

Mr. Graham had been an agonized listener to every word, and each one struck home to his heart the conviction he had so long refused to give ground to; that Rob was not deranged, but had been speaking the truth, and there was a terrible mistake about his being his nephew.

"There!" said Jeems — whom we shall now call Rob no more — turning to Mr. Graham with a triumphant air; "now you will believe what I wanted you to all along, that you are my brother, aren't you, Tim, and we did use to live together in a shanty-boat in Pittsburg, and sell papers and black boots?"

"Yes, we lived in the shanty-boat, and sold papers just as you say," answered Tim, ignoring the first part of the question, owing to the remembrance of something that shot through his heart like a dart now that he had Jeems by his side again, and yet was compelled to admit to himself, that he might be farther from him than ever.

"And ain't I your brother?" was the straightforward demand of Jeems, who was determined, now that the opportunity had come so unexpectedly, to clear away the last shadow of doubt.

The situation to Tim was a very trying one, and he had tried to postpone meeting the issue until he felt better prepared for it. But Tim was not the boy to flinch from a duty when he saw the answer would be forced from him anyway; he said in the gentlest way he could:

"That's what you and me used to think, but I found out the other day you ain't, but that" —

"Ain't your brother?" gasped Jeems piteously. "Then you won't believe me; no one will believe that I am Jeems the newsboy! I wish I were dead and out of the trouble!"

"Who is he, then? Tell me quick!" Mr. Graham said, as soon as Jeems had ceased speaking. Tim had thrown his arm over Jeems's shoulder, as if to assure him of his continued love, as well as he could, amidst the sobs of the heart-broken boy; he told Mr. Graham all he knew, and then all about his own past life and Jeems's.

It was such an unquestionable corroboration that he had no more to say about mistakes. His head dropped in silence, and, oppressed by sadness, he had not a word to say through it all.

"Then my brother Robert's son was killed in the wreck, as the first newspaper report stated," he said in a dejected tone as Tim finished.

"Killed? Nothing!" said Tim quickly. "We've 'dopted him, and he's a-sellin' papers in Pittsburg."

"When will wonders cease? Robert's son alive! Who adopted him?"

"Milly and me."

"Oh, then you know Milly! Is she my Milly?" cried Jeems.

"Yes," said Tim, "and she said she knew I'd find you, and I knew it, too, with Him to help, — the One wot died for us, Jeems; you don't know Him, I reckon?"

"Vy, ess he does. Zat's Desus," volunteered Ted, whose ears heard everything. And the look of joy on Tim's face was scarcely greater than that of pleased gratification on the faces of Ted and Jeems, or the wandering stare of Mr. Graham, to whom an earthquake shock, or the announcement of the end of the world on to-morrow, would scarcely have caused greater amazement than the facts that had come to him in such quick succession just now.

It was a time for explanations all around when the carriage had reached the door, and all been received by Mrs. Graham, who, in a state of torturing curiosity, ushered them into the rooms. We need not stop to tell what was said, or how each one felt. We must hasten now to the close.

The next day all left Cincinnati for Mr. Graham's home, not even taking time to wait and inform Dr. Steel of the sudden recovery of his patient. As soon as Mr. Graham could arrange his affairs for an extended absence, all set out for the East. Their unannounced arrival in Pittsburg was a surprise to all. The first to know of it was Milly, to whom Tim conducted the party. At first she hardly knew either Jeems or Tim, the former had grown so plump and rosy since his recovery from his illness, and the latter being so changed by a neat-fitting suit, and the manly appearance his late responsibility and experiences had given him.

Then they all went together to the Newsboys' Home, to hunt up Rob. He had not come in from the street, but while they were busy talking with the superintendent, he came in unobserved. He saw that there were strangers talking with Mr. Platt, and was about to back out: "Some more visitors. They come here and look at us as if it were a show and we were the animals, and then they cross their gloved hands, while they aren't holding up their skirts to keep from getting them soiled, and say, 'Oh, how nice everything is!' And they wouldn't eat a meal here or sleep in one of our beds for a dollar, though they are pretty. Hallo!"

He had just caught sight of a face that he would have known in its accustomed place and garb, and it struck him as being familiar; but he stood with a puzzled look

trying to make it out, and could not, when, "Rob! Why, Rob!" Milly had caught sight of him, and was hastening toward him.

All the others turned, and the minute they did so, Rob started forward, exclaiming, "Tim!" in glad recognition of his old partner and friend. Then more explanations followed, and when it was proposed to Rob that he go on to Bridgeton with his uncle and aunt in a few days, he clapped his hands and burst out crying. He had not admitted to himself that he had felt such a thing as homesickness, because he had steeled himself to brave it out until Tim came back, and that might be a long while; but now that the strain was suddenly removed, he broke down like a child, as much with delight at the idea of going back to dear old Bridgeton as anything else. But all at once he dried his tears, and his look changed. "I — I don't know as I can go quite yet, either," he said with some hesitation.

"Why? What in the world is the matter?"

"The prize; I'll lose the prize if I do, and I wanted to take that back to show the boys," said Rob.

Every one laughed when Mr. Platt explained that it was the five-dollar prize for scholarship, which Rob had bright chances of earning.

"And Black Sam will get it," said Rob ruefully.

"Let Black Sam have it, he needs it worse than you do," said Tim; and Rob's uncle pulled out a ten-dollar gold piece, and held it out to Rob, saying, "You shall have this now, instead of the prize, and I guess you'd better take Tim's advice."

"But I don't want that; I wouldn't be earning it," said Rob. But he changed his mind, and consented to go.

"Come with us this afternoon, and we'll fit you out with a better suit," said his uncle.

"Thank you," said Rob; "I've got a better suit," and he went to his box and took out a very neat, plain suit he had saved money to buy since coming to the Home.

Mr. Graham was much surprised, but more pleased, when he learned the way in which the boy had been managing. But he was not more pleased than Tim.

"You're given up the idea of loading a freight-train with buffalo-hides and grizzly-bear skins and stolen gold and silks then?" he asked mischievously.

Rob blushed such a rosy red that Tim dropped his banter at once. And then it was arranged that they should go and see Bridget immediately.

She was much better, and her pleasure was unbounded and voluble. "The howly saints preserve us! I never thought I'd see yez both again so soon; but the good angels kept yez, an' it was meself that had a dream that ye would come back, because that in it I saw two lights a-burnin' in the Ark, one for both of yez. An' it's back to the Ark we'll be goin' now, me honies." And she looked inquiringly at Tim, as if the decision rested with him.

But Tim's brow was clouded in spite of his happiness. He had grave things to talk about, and he did not know how to begin. "Have you heard from daddy?" he finally asked, after he was done telling about how he had found Jeems.

"Niver a worrud," said Bridget; "it's not him that'll soon be a-comin' back here, I'm a-thinkin', after the last scrape he was in with that bad Joe."

"No, he'll never come back," said Tim seriously. "Daddy's dead." And then he told the whole story, and

was ready for something else as soon as this ceased to be the subject of remark.

"Mammy," he said with painful embarrassment, "what is it 'bout Jeems not bein'" —

"About Jeems not bein' what? Oh, an' was he after tellin' ye that, now? That was the worst thing Pat ever done in his life, peace to his soul now that he's gone."

"But what was it he did?" exclaimed Tim, scarcely able to restrain his impatience.

"Took the poor child that Joe had stolen from its own folks to keep for him, an' would never tell me whose it was, an' they, maybe, mournin' for it."

"Then I can't find no way to help Jeems find them, and" —

"What does he want to find them for? Sure Jeems is your own brother, an' my flesh an' blood, an' the other child died before you could remember it. What iver put that into your head, Tim, to be sure? Oh, it must have been Pat a-talkin' to ye before he died. I didn't let Pat know the truth, for Joe paid him for the keep of the child, and he was that ugly when things went wrong." Then Bridget had to relate the adventure of that night with the shanty-boat.

Tim had Jeems in his arms before Bridget was half through speaking, and never was purer joy than his at the recovery of his brother, who was after all his own brother. It was even greater than when he first recognized Jeems in the carriage, and became convinced that he was alive and not a shadow. But the clouds were not all dissipated. After a little further talk Tim thought of something that troubled him, and asked, "But Jeems, what was it he remembered? You told Milly about it. you know, Jeems."

The old look of bewilderment came over Jeems's face for a moment, and he did not try to answer. Then at last he slowly said, "Yes, I do remember there was a tall man and a beautiful lady, and a pretty room, and they called me"—

"Bliss yer heart, it's what I was after tellin' ye when ye was little, to kape Pat from findin' out. I didn't think it would ever come to harm, and may the saints forgive me."

Then was Tim's cup of happiness full, indeed. The whole mystery was cleared away, and the only drawback to his enjoyment was a touch of pity for Milly. But Milly and her father had talked the matter over with Bridget, and this was no surprise to them. They had resigned themselves to the overthrow of their hopes, and on the whole, the joy overbalanced the sorrow.

Another thing Tim felt a desire to tell Bridget, was his new experience, which had only begun its development when he returned from the workhouse, and did not in that brief interval, before he had set out in search of Jeems, become clear and positive enough to make any announcement possible. But now, whether Tim said anything about it or not, the theme of Him who had given himself to redeem him and had helped him continually in his search, was so the uppermost one in his mind, that expression of it was sure to come in his living as well as his speech. "It's one of the things He wants me to do, an' I ain't a-goin' back on Him now. He never went back on me. He's Jeems's too, an' I want all the boys to know Him. That's one of the things He wants me to do now, an' I ain't a-goin' back on Him, never."

"The saints presarve us! The boy has had a vision; he's gone religious," Biddy exclaimed in a reverent tone; and

thenceforth she regarded him almost as one of the saints, whose word in anything was to be taken as the next thing to Holy Writ itself.

Through Mr. Raynor's kindness they moved at once into a small, comfortable house, and Tim accepted a place in the latter's office, attending a night school. He was determined to be independent as for himself, but he would not say a word against the wish of Milly and her father to take Jeems and educate him. He stipulated that he and Bridget should see him every day.

There are just three scenes I wish to bring before you. The first is the evening when Tim and his little household entered upon the realization of his ideal of a home sanctified from wretchedness, filth, and vice, by Christ, the ideal he had begun to gain that evening at Brakeman Hobbs's. Jeems is there in the neat dress to which he had become accustomed during his stay at Mr. Graham's, and Jeems's ideas about the fitness of things were often called for. Biddy has called up her household skill of other days, enlarged by what she saw while at the hospital, and guided by Milly's taste and judgment, has put enough muscle and pains-taking into the arrangements to make everything scrupulously neat. And Tim comes in just in time to see the finishing touches put on to the pretty tea-table, that reminds him so forcibly of the one he saw at Brakeman Hobbs's. Milly disappears from the scene, and there falls a little hush over those assembled.

"Not much like the Ark," is Tim's remark, after his eye has travelled round the room.

James shudders at the recollection of that dirty abode, and at the thought of living in such a place.

Bridget crosses her hands over her white apron, and views complacently the picture. "Sure an' it reminds me of whin Patrick an' meself first set up. It makes me young again. Patrick was sober then, an' we had a neat little shanty, an' went to church."

"And we're going to church again," said Tim. "This ain't the Ark by a long shot, an' what makes the difference is what He has done for us. I ain't a-goin' back on Him in nothin'; an' this is one of the things He would want me to do." Then he took his Bible from his pocket, and handed it to James, who read a chapter with much more readiness than he could have done it. At the close they all followed Tim in kneeling, and he offered this prayer: "Our Father, you've stood by me and helped me get Jeems back again, an' now all of us is a-goin' to try to do all the things you want us to, as fast as we can learn them. Help us to find them out, and to stand by you every time, and never strike back. Help me to get all the newsies on your side, an' to use clean words, an' keep clean, an' we'll be your children right straight along. Amen."

Then he said, "You ask Him about it, too, Jeems; you can do it a heap better." And Jeems began in childlike manner he had copied from Teddy: —

"Dear good God, make us gooder, and tell us always when we are wrong. Bless Tim an' mammy an' Milly an' her papa an' uncle Will an' aunt Beauty an' the other Rob, an' God bless Teddy, an' make us all as good as we can be, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"The blessed Jesus help us!" ejaculated Biddy; and, to herself, "The saints defend us if we've sinned in readin' the book. I don't think we have never a bit, for the blessed boys are ivery bit as good as the prastes themselves."

The second picture we wish to show you is the fruition of Milly's hopes and plans, the completed Newsboys' Home. If, when you are in Pittsburg, you will take the trouble to walk a square above the new grand court-house, whose massive walls and stately tower rise above every other building in the city, you will see, on a triangular piece of ground, diagonally opposite the jail, a handsome building, whose mission it is to keep empty as many of the cells of the former as possible, by preparing for lives of usefulness and honor, boys whose heretofore neglected condition made them an easy prey to the influences that dragged down and made vicious, and finally led to abandonment and crime.

You must look within this temple of Christian humanity. As without it is a structure to do credit to the Christian benevolence of Pittsburg, so within it is perfectly adapted and furnished, in every detail, for filling the place of a real home to such boys as have been denied the advantages of such by the misfortune of vicious parentage, or the poverty of orphanage. By the especial provision of the contribution of Mr. Maxwell, it is open to all homeless young men under twenty-one years of age, whatever their employment. The waiting-room does not look much like the old one with its bare floor, its hard wooden benches, and its smoky soft-coal stove, and not a single window to lighten the gloom. It is large and light and airy. The floor is covered with neat matting, the steam radiators are much more ornamental than the old stove, and the easy settees and rockers make it an inviting place to any homeless boy who needs to be lured within to spend his evenings to save him from the temptations of the street.

But beyond this, and facing the east, overlooking the

river and out on the hills of the South Side, is another large room, fitted up with shelves and tables and hanging racks for periodicals and books. This is the library. Benevolence did not stop with the building-fund, but thoughtful hearts have stocked the shelves with suitable literature for the long evenings and the Sundays, when the boys have nothing to do. Over at one end of the room, at a neat desk, sits the librarian, whom you would scarcely recognize as Rob's former associate in the old home, — Cuffy. He has improved his early knack of saving money, and now has shoes on his feet and a neat working suit; for the theory of Tim and some of the other newsboys, put into practice on Rob's initiation in the business, that to succeed in the newsboy business one must be ragged and dirty, has been exploded; and it has been demonstrated that a great many people prefer to buy their papers of a clean, thrifty-looking boy, and thus to help him in maintaining decency.

And the bum newsboys, and the rougher class outside of the Home, are beginning to realize this, too, and the new Home is thronged with applications which make additions to its accommodations a prospective necessity. You will want to see the dormitories, and the dining-room, and all the rest. Raise the ceiling of the old sleeping-room to double its height, give the bare walls a tasteful shade of kalsomine, put neat blinds at all the windows, and more than double the number of cots, put matting on the floors, and neat wardrobes along the walls, and you have the picture. The bare white pine tables of the old dining-room and kitchen combined are superseded by a snowy cloth, and the tin plates have given way to crockery. The kitchen is now in a separate room, and on the top floor of the building, for sanitary reasons; a

convenient elevator furnishes the necessary communication. There are flowers in the windows, and bird-cages hanging on the walls; each boy who will manifest any liking for it — and many of them do — having his own especial pet in one line or the other.

Now you go down the elevator, to the basement, where you find a large, well-furnished gymnasium, where fifteen or twenty boys are amusing themselves on swings, spring-boards, weights, and so forth. Or they are going through marching exercises, under the direction of a teacher, a tall, stalwart young man, with a clear eye and fresh complexion, in spite of some freckles on his cheeks, that seem to be there just to match his ruddy suit of hair. In strength and agility he is a veritable David, as well as in his ruddy appearance, and we hardly need further introduction to him to recognize him as our friend of the many and varied experiences of this story, — Tim.

Physical culture has been continued under the best of teachers, as a special part of his education, and he has offered to devote an hour or more of his time every day, as a labor of love, to the boys in the home. It proved to be a good feature; for if there is anything the street-boy admires and worships, it is physical strength and courage, and the ascendency Tim gained over the boys, as their boxing and fencing master, and ideal in all athletic sports, opened the way for him the better to do the other work for them, to which this care for their bodies was only introductory, — to lead them to know and love the One who had helped him, and to do whose will was the one motive of his life.

You will not think of leaving without paying a visit to the superintendent's office. It is a cosey little affair, and Mr. Platt is the happiest man in the world. He

looks back to the old time when he began his work for the newsboys of Pittsburg alone and almost without sympathy. He thinks of the humble beginning and the dark days when he scarcely knew where the next loaf of bread was coming from; and then casting his eye around the present surroundings, can scarcely restrain tears of gratitude to Him who has so signally blessed his efforts and raised up one friend after another till in all the land there is not such a home for the boys who sell papers and black boots on the streets, as the Newsboys' Home of Pittsburg.

But don't go yet, there is one other spot you must visit. You must call on the matron. You will find her in a homelike room, mending the boys' stockings, and humming a tune as she works. In one corner of the pleasant sitting-room stands a sewing-machine, and all around are cupboards and shelves, to the locks of which a bunch of keys hangs at her side. Presently a man saunters into the room as though he had a right to stay there. He shuts the door after him with the utmost precision, and looks straight ahead of him as though he were going to call out: "The next stop is Johnsville!" But he doesn't. But as the woman turns to him and says, "Well, General, is everything all right this morning?" and he answers, "Yes, the track's all clear, and the switches all set right. I ain't had much to do with switches lately, though; since Tim's givin' the boys so much to do in the gymnasium, they don't seem to want to cut up any;" you have no difficulty in remembering Brakeman Hobbs.

When it came to the choice of a matron, Tim pleaded so hard for Mrs. Hobbs, and Milly seconded him so ably, that they carried their point. Tim had kept up a cor-

respondence with him after his arrival home, and had learned that Brakeman Hobbs had lost his place on account of refusing to work on Sunday, and they were quite willing for this move.

There could not have been a better selection for this place than Mrs. Hobbs, and her husband was a very handy man to have around the place as janitor and man-of-all-work. His unfailing good humor and sympathy with boys who stood where he did once himself made him a favorite, and it was as much owing to this as to Tim's exercises that the boys had about quit cutting up.

"Yes," he said to his wife, "you noticed that I didn't bang that door now as I used to do when I first came off the road; well, that's because things is all right with Hobbs who lives in this house under my jacket buttons. I mean the Hobbs that's got a big fortune waiting for him up yonder, and had it all his days, but was too big a fool to know it until that poor, ragged boy came along talking about doing the things He wanted him to, and all that sort of thing, just as if it was a sort of business he had got onto and started up in. Then I said to myself, If he can do the things the Good Man wants him to, why can't I, and why ain't I bound to? and the track's been clear since I give up Sunday work and got into this place."

No one is prouder of the Newsboys' Home than Mr. Maxwell, its largest donor and Tim's friend and fellow-collector in the "rare old coin" line. He comes often to visit it, and keeps a watchful eye on the career of the boy to whom he took such a fancy at the start. They often get together and compare notes on new "finds," and nothing delights him more than Tim's unfailing enthusiasm for this pursuit, unless it is Tim's manliness

and consistent life. And the latter has had its effect on his scepticism. He comes sometimes to the Sunday-afternoon meetings in the chapel of the Home; and when it happens to be Tim's turn to lead, and he tells, as he often does, the story of his wanderings after Jeems, and the miraculous dealings and the wonderful power that guided and upheld him through all his vicissitude, tears may be seen stealing down the cheeks of the man who would scorn to show weakness or sentiment at any other time. In his handsome library he has, in a conspicuous place, Tim's kit with the coins mounted just as when the latter returned, and hundreds of dollars would not buy it.

But we cannot linger longer in Pittsburg, much as we should like to see more of it. We must follow Rob and his uncle and aunt to witness the return of the prodigal to Bridgeton.

As they began to near the place, Rob was filled with feverish impatience coupled with melancholy at the remembrance of what had happened since he had left the place. He was off the train and looking eagerly down the platform before his uncle and aunt could gather up their luggage for leaving the car. Great changes had taken place even in the short months since he had left. A new railroad had come into the town, and a new depot stood in the place of the old one where he had gone so often to see the trains come in. Glancing down the track Rob exclaimed, "What's that big chimney down there, I wonder?" There was no one about the station that recognized him, but there was some one to answer his question.

"That there's the new glass-house," was the answer.

"It's going to be the life of this place; it gives lots of work, and is making the stockholders rich."

"Who are the stockholders?" asked Rob.

"Oh, there's a whole lot of 'em. But the luckiest feller in the lot was the feller what owned the land and put it in half as stock at one thousand dollars an acre. That stock's worth something now, I can tell you."

"I can't remember who did own the land," said Rob; "it's down near where we used to pasture our cow, but it can't be on our land, I guess."

"Oh, you've been here before, have you?" said the fellow with some curiosity. "Well, the land was owned by a man named Graham, and all his folks got killed by the cars, and none of his relatives ever came to claim the property, so I guess it'll all go to Burris, that's managing things for them. He's a sharp young chap, and ain't a-working for nothing as some people think he is."

Rob called a carriage, and they drove straight to the house. The shutters were not closed as Rob had remembered seeing them as he had driven away with his father and mother, and as he had expected to see them still. On the contrary, there were signs of life and activity about the place, that did not please Rob any too well. "Still," he said to himself, "I guess Burris was right to rent it out, though I'll just bet they've got boys, and those boys will swing the gate off the hinges." Then he suddenly recollected himself that some of the hardest scoldings his mother used to give him were about swinging so hard on the gate hinges.

They knew it would be useless to inquire at the house, and so drove on to the store. Burris was there attending to business, and, leaving Rob in the carriage, Mr. Graham went in and introduced himself. "I've been

looking for you," said Burris in his matter-of-fact way; "and you'll find things in good shape. Any one in Bridgeton will tell you that the estate is worth one hundred per cent more than it was the day the owner went away with his family, none of them ever to come back again;" and Burris wiped a tear from his eye.

"So you think affairs are pretty prosperous?" asked Mr. Graham.

"There is a fortune in the business and the glass-house stock together, if they are well managed," answered Burris.

"I am sure they will be well managed," said Mr. Graham. "Rob has developed quite a capacity for business, and with you to help" —

"Rob!" exclaimed the other; "oh, beg your pardon, sir; have you a son named Rob?"

"No, this is my only son, Teddy; I mean my brother Robert's son, who is in the carriage yonder."

Burris bounded past the speaker and was at the carriage door in a second. One glance within convinced him, and he actually had Rob in his arms, hugging him like a baby, before the latter could get out of the carriage. "So I'm not the pest of your life any more?" asked Rob mischievously.

"Never was quite so glad to see any one in my life!" exclaimed Burris.

Then all had to be told on both sides.

"But why didn't you come right home, or write and let me know you needed money?" demanded Burris in a puzzled way.

When Rob had explained his motive for doing as he did, and his uncle had given his testimony as to Rob's changed tastes and habits, there could not have been a

more delighted person in Bridgeton than Burris. He took the greatest pleasure in showing them all the improvements, and insisted that Mr. Graham should at once be appointed administrator and receive his account of what he had done with the property he had been managing.

"I'm going to start to school Monday morning, Burris," said Rob; "but I'll help in the store nights and mornings and Saturdays, and in the summer."

Burris was looking thoughtfully at the sign over the store door. It read just as Rob's father had left it: "Robert Graham, Groceries and General Merchandise."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Rob; "need repainting?"

"It needs changing," was Burris's reply, "and I was wondering which way would suit you better; you know everything is yours now: Robert Graham Junior, or Robert Graham's Son."

"I want father's name left there," said Rob decidedly. "I like the Robert Graham's Son well enough, but uncle suggested something, and I think it's just right after all that you have done. How would you like to take a partnership in the business, Burris, and have it read Robert Graham's Son & Co., and you'll be the company?"

Burris looked too pleased to speak at this unexpected promotion, and so it was settled.

Now strangers who come to Bridgeton and read the sign are told: "It's a queer partnership; one of them is a schoolboy, and the other his father's late clerk, and yet there isn't a firm in the city that's making more money or taking better care of it." And they usually add: "It's not by being close and stingy either, for there

isn't a kinder-hearted young man in all the country than Rob Graham. They say he used to be selfish and full of wild notions when he was younger, but he tried roughing it awhile in Pittsburg, as a newsboy, I believe, and got all of his silly notions knocked out of him, and came back a real Christian boy, and will make a citizen Bridgeton will be proud of."

And with this we must bid good-by to the Jo-Boat Boys.